

\$2.00

DECEMBER 31, 1980

**25th
Anniversary
Issue**

NATIONAL REVIEW

25th

1955 / 1980

CD 80901

R-046 8026 - 1 54 -

TOM BETHELL ■ **LINDA BRIDGES** ■ **RICHARD BROOKHISER**
PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY ■ **WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.** ■ **JAMES BURNHAM**
EUGENE CLARK ■ **M. STANTON EVANS** ■ **GEORGE GILDER**
BARRY GOLDWATER ■ **JEFFREY HART** ■ **HUGH KENNER**
CHARLES KESLER ■ **RUSSELL KIRK** ■ **CLARE BOOTHE LUCE**
KEVIN LYNCH ■ **CHARLES BURTON MARSHALL** ■ **MICHAEL**
NOVAK ■ **DICK WELLS** ■ **RONALD REAGAN** ■ **GROVER**
REES ■ **WILLIAM A. RUSH** ■ **JOHN R. SIMMONS** ■ **JOSEPH**

Marlboro Lights

The spirit of Marlboro
in a low tar cigarette.



Also available in King Size Flip-Top box.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Lights & Lights 100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette,
FTC Report Dec '79. Box: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

LICENSED TO UNZ.DK
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MILLIKEN CREATES THE IMAGE.

Don't think that a machine can
do what an artist can.

But we do. And we have proof.
The machine is called the Millitron.™ It
brings art into carpeting. And for the
last 15 years, it's been producing a run-
ning total of up to 519 patterned carpets.
The number might not impress you.
But the quality of the Millitron's art
sure will. The patterns are clean and
beautiful with pinpoint definition.

No matter what fiber is being used.

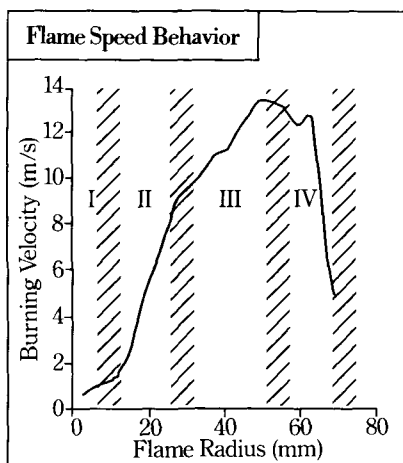
And since the Millitron is computer-
controlled, it can change from one pat-
tern to another in a matter of seconds. So
whichever pattern you order, you can be
certain that it will be readily available.

The Millitron art exhibit is now on dis-
play. You can see it at your Milliken
dealer. And remember, whatever image
you want on your floors, Milliken will
create it.



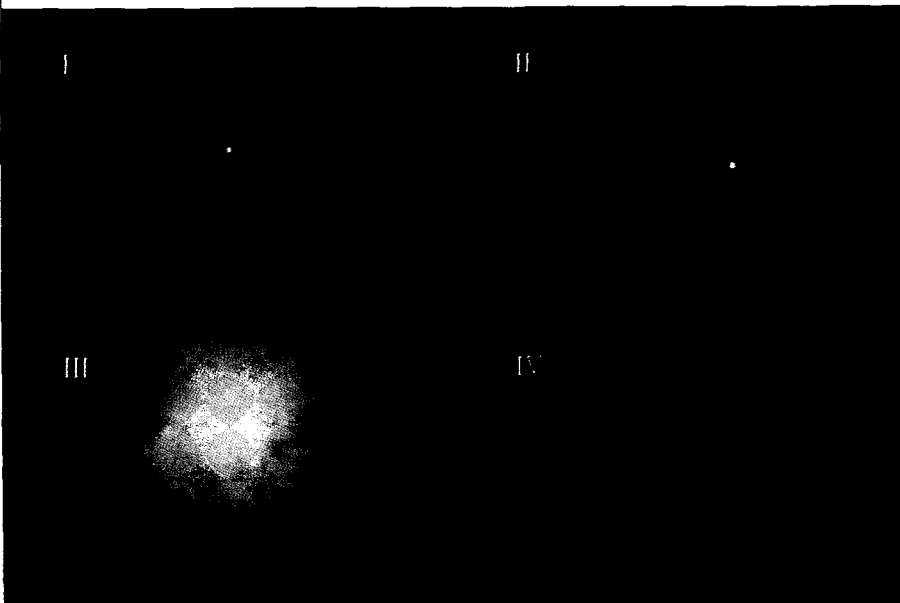
The Turbulence Parameter

Energy-efficient operation of the internal combustion engine requires the highly turbulent movement of fuel and air in the chamber. Recent advances at the General Motors Research Laboratories provide a new basis for determining what degree of turbulence will get the most work from each drop of fuel.



Burning velocity plotted as a function of flame radius. Combustion stages are indicated by roman numerals.

High-speed photographs showing flame evolution (lasting six milliseconds) through four stages: initiation (I); flame growth (II); full development (III); termination (IV).



WITHOUT TURBULENCE, the highly agitated motion of cylinder gases, combustion would take place too slowly for the gasoline engine to function. Predicting combustion behavior in order to design engines with greater fuel efficiency depends upon understanding the relationship between vital, turbulent gas motions and burning rate. The challenge is to quantify this relationship—a complex task made more difficult by the requirements of measuring a transient event occurring in a few milliseconds within a small, confined space.

New knowledge of how turbulence affects flame speed has been revealed in fundamental studies conducted at the General Motors Research Laboratories by

Drs. Frederic Matekunas and Edward Groff. Their investigative results have been incorporated into a model that successfully predicts the effect of engine design and operating conditions on power and fuel economy.

The researchers separated their experiments into two phases. In the first phase, they measured turbulence in the engine cylinder; in the second phase, they determined flame speeds over a broad range of operating conditions. Testing took place in a specially designed, single-cylinder engine equipped with a transparent piston to permit high-speed filming of the combustion event.

Hot-wire anemometry was applied to measure the turbulent flows while the engine was operated without combustion. Instantaneous velocities were calculated from the anemometer signals and simultaneous measurements of gas temperature and pressure. More than 400,000 pieces of data were processed for each ten-second measurement period.

The significant measure of turbulence is its "intensity," defined as the fluctuating component of velocity. Because conditions in the cylinder are both transient within cycles and variant between cycles, separating the fluctuating and mean components of velocity is inherently difficult. The researchers overcame this problem by using a probe with two orthogonal wires properly aligned with the direction of the mean flow.

In the combustion phase, tests were performed at over one hundred operating conditions of varied spark timing, spark plug location, engine speed and intake valve geometry. Detailed thermodynamic analyses were applied to the recorded cylinder pressures to calculate flame speeds throughout combustion. High-speed films were analyzed frame by frame to validate flame speeds and to characterize how gas motions influence the initial flame.

The researchers used these measured flame speeds, turbulence intensities, and the conditions under which they occurred to formulate a burning law for engine flames. They divided the combustion event into four stages. The initiation stage begins with ignition and ends as the flame grows to consume one percent of the fuel mass. In the second stage, the flame accelerates and thickens in response to the turbulent field. The third stage exhibits peak flame speed. In the final stage, the thick flame interacts increasingly with the chamber walls and decelerates.

OVER THE RANGE of turbulent intensities encountered in engines, the researchers were able to describe the turbulent burning velocity, S_T , during the critical third stage of combustion with the expression:

$$S_T = 2.0 S_L + 1.2 u' P_R^{0.82} \beta$$

S_L , the laminar flame speed—a known function of pressure, temperature and mixture composition—is the flame speed that would exist without turbulence. The variable u' is the turbulence intensity. P_R represents a pressure ratio accounting for combustion-induced compression of the unburned mixture. The dimensionless factor β accounts for the effect of spark timing on geometric distortion of the flame which occurs during the first combustion stage and persists into the later stages.

The researchers also observed that the burning velocity in the second stage increases in proportion to flame radius, and that in predicting the energy release rate from the burning velocity equation, it is necessary to account for the finite flame-front thickness.

"The form of our burning equation," says Dr. Matekunas, "shows a satisfying resemblance to expressions for non-engine flames. This helps link complex engine combustion phenomena to the existing body of knowledge on turbulent flames."

"We see this extension," adds Dr. Groff, "as a significant step toward optimizing fuel economy in automotive engines."

THE MEN BEHIND THE WORK

Drs. Matekunas and Groff are senior engineers in the Engine Research Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Both researchers hold undergraduate and graduate degrees in the field of mechanical engineering.

Dr. Matekunas (right) received his M.S. and Ph. D. from Purdue University, where he completed graduate work in advanced optics applications.

Dr. Groff (left) received an M.S. from California Institute of Technology and a Ph. D. from The Pennsylvania State University. His doctoral thesis explored the combustion of liquid metals.

General Motors welcomed Dr. Matekunas to its staff in 1973, and Dr. Groff in 1977.



General Motors

People building transportation to serve people

NATIONAL REVIEW



BETHELL
Page 1560



GILDER
Page 1566



MARSHALL
Page 1570



KIRK
Page 1576



KENNER
Page 1583



NOVAK
Page 1586

25th Anniversary

The twenty-fifth anniversary of just about anything usually has a special significance. At the twenty-fifth reunion of a college class, the members are in their mid-forties, have largely defined themselves, and are at or close to the peak of whatever powers they possess. Looking about them at their twenty-fifth, they get a pretty good idea of what the class has amounted to. A twenty-fifth wedding anniversary has a comparable importance. A marriage that has lasted that long must have at least something valid about it, and so is likely to last the route. Again, the twenty-fifth is definitional.

Now, on its own twenty-fifth, NATIONAL REVIEW has not only defined itself; it has become a national institution, an inevitable point of reference.

Twenty-five years ago, it actually was dangerous to one's academic career to write for this magazine. In 1962, as I recall clearly, while I was teaching at Columbia, the late Lionel Trilling, an eminent and usually reasonable man, required of me assurance that I would *not* write for NATIONAL REVIEW; an assurance I could not give, even had I wished to, since my first NR piece was at that moment in the mail.

Today, any such conversation is unthinkable, at least this side of the Lumumba University. Lively, even feisty, this magazine is part of the cultural landscape.

For this anniversary issue, I have been asked to comment in an introductory way on the generous selection of articles which follows. I do not intend this to be the descriptive contents page to which all NR readers have become accustomed; it will, as a signed piece, represent my own slant as a senior editor, and it will conclude with some pointed recommendations for the future agenda.

One of the most promising developments of recent years has been the emergence of "supply-side"

economics. Tom Bethell, a young British journalist and Washington editor of *Harper's*, not only explains this fresh approach but says something about it that is new to me and quite marvelous (page 1560). The focus of macroeconomics is on the aggregate, the collective; supply-side theory refocuses on the actual behavior of individuals. Bethell here returns economic discourse to its human environment—a move shared by religion editor Michael Novak's beautiful meditation on reason and religion in a person's actual life (page 1586).

Intellectually speaking, George Gilder has had a peculiar career. Once a leading Ripon Society spokesman, he has lately emerged as one of the most persuasive and thoughtful writers on the political Right. Here he explores the utopian and even quasi-religious passions which made of the Great Society a Great Disaster (page 1566).

Charles Burton Marshall, whose qualifications I will not begin to summarize, knows that the Bomb assuredly did not make war unthinkable, just unfashionable to think about; and no one can instruct us about the actualities of our military circumstance with greater authority (page 1570).

In 1953, Russell Kirk published a momentous book called *The Conservative Mind*, a study of traditionalist conservative thinkers from Burke to Santayana; he later added T. S. Eliot. His present essay (page 1576) is a very elegant addendum to that book, and expressive of the central theme of Russell Kirk's career: that we need to recover, that we always need to recover, the idea of the fully human as made available to us by great works of the human imagination.

Hugh Kenner may be the best literary critic now writing. He possesses an astonishing command of fact, some of it odd, but he uses it to produce illumination. Here (page 1583), he shows that periods of artistic brilliance are connected with periods of great technological innovation. He is right. And



NATIONAL REVIEW is published bi-weekly by National Review, Inc., at 150 E. 35th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. © National Review, Inc., 1980. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile.

RATES: \$24.00 (26 issues) a year. Add \$2.00 for Canada, \$4.00 for other foreign subscriptions, per year. The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless re-

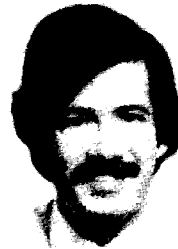
turn postage or, better, a stamped, self-addressed envelope, is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the view of the editors.



BROOKHISER
Page 1589



KESLER
Page 1592



REES
Page 1595



SOBRAN
Page 1602



SIMONDS
Page 1606



BUCKLEY
Page 1623

even now, he believes, we are about to step over the threshold into a new period of artistic greatness.

Section two of the articles, by younger *NR* editors and regulars, focuses on certain items that need to be added to the conservative agenda, or at least given fresh emphasis.

Senior editor **Rick Brookhiser** takes off from Kevin Phillips's famous book, *The Emerging Republican Majority*, and brings it up to date (page 1589). He finds plenty of reason for optimism. **Charles Kesler**, a graduate student at Harvard, mounts an attack on extreme traditionalism (page 1592). Reason, he thinks, must necessarily inform our choices—a position no one, not even any traditionalists I know, would disagree with. The tricky questions concern just what weight to accord tradition when making concrete choices.

Grover Rees, a superb young legal philosopher from the University of Texas, much prefers the Constitution to the gut policy preferences of Justice William O. Douglas, and he eloquently urges a return to serious constitutionalism (page 1595). Senior editor **Joe Sobran** makes some interesting connections between the ideology of socialism (the politics which, in America at least, dare not speak its name) and what he takes to be the ideology of sexual liberation (page 1602). Both, he argues, are inimical to the traditional family. He argues, too, that sex itself has fallen on bad times, a point which, not having been around during earlier centuries, I have trouble checking. The reader will have to consult his own intuitions on that one.

In the more personal articles that follow, our indispensable Managing Editor **Priscilla Buckley** provides us with a panoramic account of what has been happening around the *NR* offices for the last five years (page 1623). **C. H. Simonds**, an *NR* editor for eight years, fills in with highlights on the first twenty (page 1606). And **Bill Buckley** speaks movingly of six editors who were with *NR* in its early days: Willi Schlamm, Willmoore Kendall, Whitaker Chambers, Frank Meyer, James Burnham, and Priscilla Buckley (page 1636). God, a lot has happened. Bravissimo.

I do, however, have an agenda item of my own. It seems to me that conservatives should be much

more hospitable to the dynamism of modern culture. Modernity, which has to do with freedom, is after all the deadly enemy of the assorted leaden socialisms, backward Ayatollahs, and routinizing bureaucrats. The extraordinary Picasso exhibition which recently was seen by tens of thousands of people in New York can stand as a metaphor for that sense of modern possibility. I find a sense of that kind of possibility here mostly in Hugh Kenner's piece. But, as Gertrude Stein once said, "America is the oldest country in the world, because it is the first modern country." She was right; and if conservatism really is the politics of reality it will have to understand that reality.

The various "cultural revolutions" we have lately witnessed have all been intimately connected with the dynamic of capitalism, with the tendency of capitalism to mobility, individual freedom, and consumption. The position of women is changing, no doubt irreversibly, and changes of that order cannot but have profound moral and cultural effects. But there they are, and no social change on that scale, involving a large element of personal choice, can be wholly negative.

Modernization can be dislocating. Indeed, Marxism, Fascism, Maoism, and other reactionary movements should be understood as, centrally, counter-revolutions against modernity.

And if modernization is often dislocating, it also can be brilliant, creative, exciting—and just plain fun. With regard to modernization conservatives should of course be critical, but also appreciative. Shantih. Shantih. Shantih.

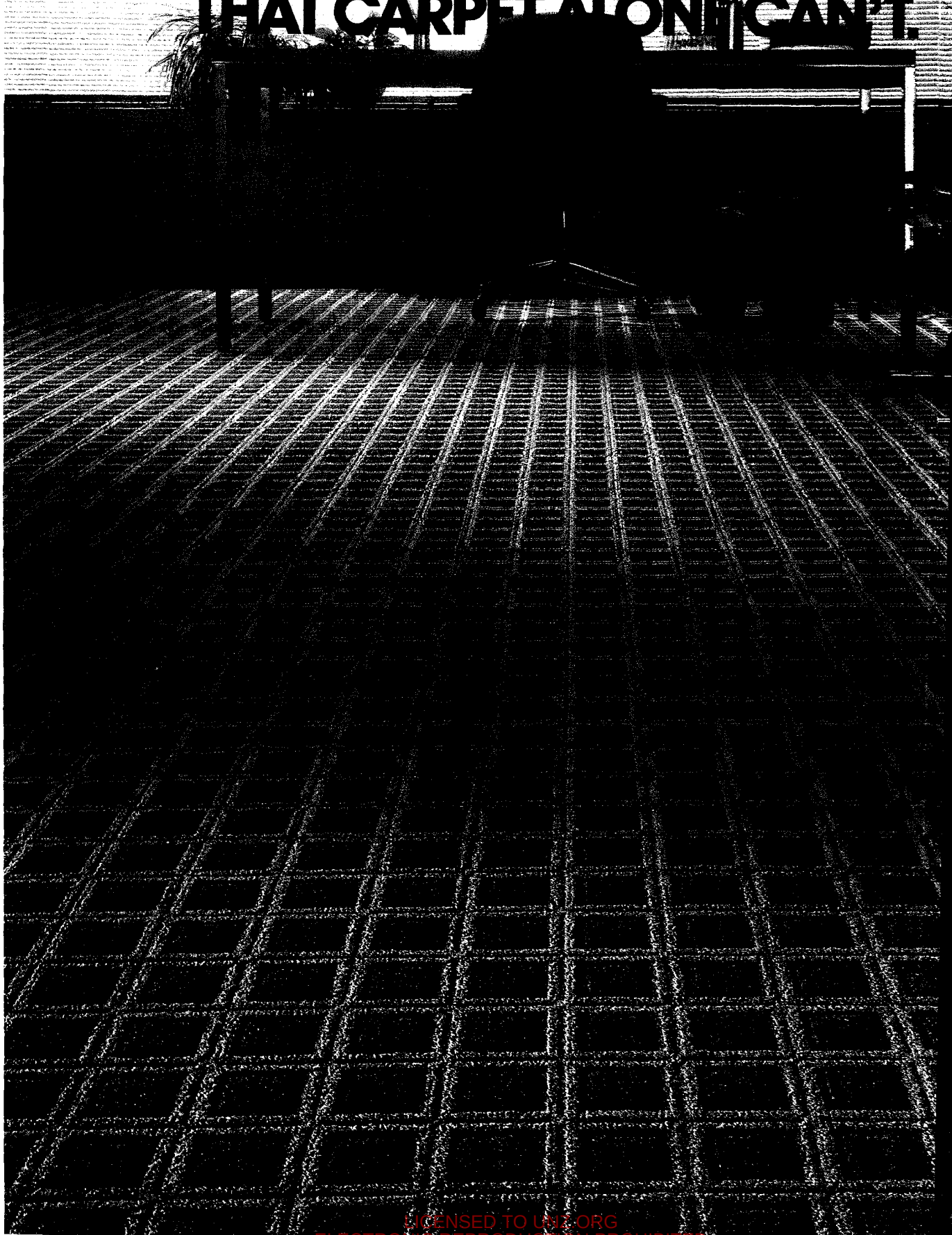
—JEFFREY HART

Letters	1543
For the Record	1548
The Week	1550
25th Anniversary Celebration	1643

Cover design by James W. O'Bryan

Photos by Jan Lukas and Helena L. Martemucci

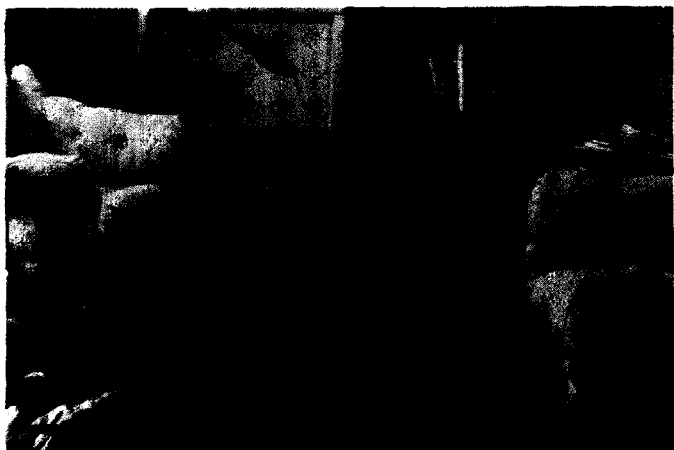
WHAT THE ARMSTRONG COMMERCIAL CARPET SYSTEM CAN DO FOR YOUR FLOORS THAT CARPET ALONE CAN'T.



When you buy commercial carpets from Armstrong, you get much more than just commercial carpets. You get a system of solutions to problems that goes beyond an attractive, inexpensive way to cover floors.

Its different colors, patterns, and constructions give floors a unified look.

The Armstrong Commercial Carpet System starts with a family of carpets, not just an assortment. Most are made of soil-hiding nylon. All are rated for heavy to severe traffic. And in addition to solid-color carpets in a range of constructions, the Armstrong Commercial Carpet System includes a range of coordinated patterns in compatible colors. Simply by mixing and matching, you can give your building's floors the look of a unified design — without having to go to half a dozen sources to achieve it.



Artisan® and Watchtower are two of several color-coordinated qualities in the Armstrong Commercial Carpet line.

It adds a third dimension to your floors.

The Armstrong Engraver's Mark™ Collection gives your building's floors beauty that's more than skin-deep. Each of its six patterns in a total of 25 colors is actually embossed into the nylon, not just printed on. You get a custom look without paying a custom price.

It gives you carpets cut to length, to cut out cross seams.

Instead of giving you just standard-length rolls on selected carpets, our Contract 80 service cuts the rolls exactly to your specifications. So when the carpets go in, you don't waste time and money cutting in unsightly cross seams.

It puts electrical trenches in reach while keeping them out of sight.

The Easy Access Carpet System makes it easy to pull back carpets to get at subfloor trenches or phone, electrical, and plumbing lines. But hard for any visitor to spot where they are. Because the carpet's installed with a release adhesive that lets you lift it up and put it down again. And again. And again. Without coming loose when it's down on the floor. And without having to be reglued to the floor every time you lift it.



Carpet raised to uncover subfloor trench.



Workman putting carpet down over trench.



Carpet in place; no cuts or seams revealing flap over trench.

It stops delamination and seam unraveling before they start.

Armstrong carpets with Certilok® are tufted directly into a dimensionally stable backing that can't delaminate from rolling or pivoting traffic. The flexible backing gives you better edge-ravel resistance for neater, practically invisible seams.

It puts a nationwide staff of carpet experts to work for you.

Armstrong's national network of representatives and stocking distributors helps assure you of more than speedy delivery. It assures you of expert help at the time you need it most — before you order your carpet. So write to us, or mail the coupon below. Why settle for just carpet when Armstrong can give you a Commercial Carpet System?

PUT THE ARMSTRONG SYSTEM TO WORK FOR YOU.

Armstrong Cork Co., Dept. 06XBD, Lancaster, PA 17604

Please tell me more about:

- ☐ The whole range of carpeting
- ☐ Easy Access System
- ☐ Certilok backing
- ☐ Contract 80
- ☐ Have one of your carpet specialists contact me for an appointment.

Name _____

Company _____

Street _____

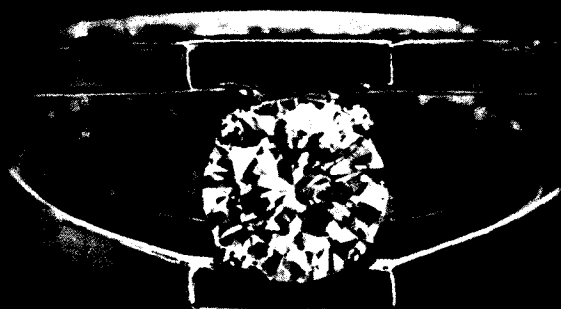
City _____

State _____

Zip _____

FROM THE  INDOOR WORLD® OF
Armstrong

The diamond solitaire.



A rare gift.

One single diamond.
Set simply and elegantly, to sparkle on its own.
The diamond solitaire.
A jewel that becomes more precious with
every passing year.
The gift that makes a rare and beautiful
moment last a lifetime.
A diamond is forever.

The $\frac{1}{4}$ carat diamond shown is enlarged for detail. DeBeers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

William F. Buckley Jr. *Editor*
 William A. Rusher *Publisher*
 James P. McFadden *Associate Publisher*
Editors
 Richard Brookhiser / James Burnham
 Jeffrey Hart / Joseph Sobran
 Priscilla L. Buckley *Managing Editor*
Executive Editors
 Linda Bridges *Assistant Managing Editor*
 Neal B. Freeman (*Washington*)
 Kevin Lynch (*Articles*)
 Chilton Williamson Jr.
 (*Books, Arts, & Manners*)
Assistant Publisher
 Edward A. Capano
Contributing Editors
 Ruth Berenson / Brian Crozier
 W. H. von Dreele / M. Stanton Evans
 George Gilder / Ernest van den Haag
 Nika Hazelton / James Jackson Kilpatrick
 D. Keith Mano
 Charles Burton Marshall / Michael Novak
 William F. Rickenbacker
 Francis Russell / John Simon
 Timothy J. Wheeler
Associates
 Mona Charen / Carol B. Learsy
 Jane Buckley Smith
 Jeanne Wacker Sobran
Frances Bronson Executive Secretary
Dorothy McCartney Research Director
James W. O'Bryan Art Director
Colleen Lawlor Associate Art Director
Anna Lieber Production Editor
Ione Whitlock Associate Production Editor
Robin Wu Research Consultant
Rose Flynn DeMaio Treasurer
Advertising Director
 Robert F. Sennott Jr.
Circulation Manager
 John K. Syze
Contributors
 Aram Bakshian Jr. / David Brudnoy
 John Chamberlain / Samuel T. Cohen
 Miles Copeland / John R. Coyne Jr.
 David Evanier / Mary Gauerke
 Paul A. Gigot / Victor Gold
 Donald Hall / Malcolm Hancock
 Norman Hannah / Henry Hazlitt
 Charles R. Kesler / John Kiley
 Nicholas King / Suzanne La Follette
 Mary Martinez / Forrest McDonald
 Vincent Miller / Thomas Molnar
 Ferdinand Mount / George Nash
 Gerhart Niemeyer / Daniel Oliver
 Joseph A. Rehyansky / Alan Reynolds
 Morrie Ryskind / Taki Theodoracopulos
 Ralph de Toledano / S. L. Varnado
 Charles Wallen Jr. / George F. Will
 Edwin M. Yoder Jr.
Foreign Contributors
 Anthony Lejeune *London*
 Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn *Munich*
 Donald Coxe *Toronto*
 Nena Ossa *Santiago*
 Robert S. Stroh *Cuernavaca*



Letters

Cast Off

Regarding John Draim's suggestion ["Move MX Missiles Out to Sea," Dec. 12], I propose that this is one arena where we really ought to get in over our heads.

Cathleen Gianetta
 New York, N.Y.

Miffing the Founders

I thank Alfred S. Regnery for detailing President Carter's appointments to the federal bench ["The Politics of Merit Selection," Oct. 3]. The appointments per se do seem hopelessly liberal, but I cannot agree with Mr. Regnery's apparent conclusion that the federal judiciary will therefore *inevitably* be more activist and more imperial. However much of our lives federal judges want to control, they can actually control only what Congress allows them to.

The authority of federal district and circuit courts, and indeed the courts themselves, are creations of Congress and subject to congressional limitation, or even abolition. Every federal judicial outrage of the last 25 years—school busing, other racial quotas, abortion on demand—can be vacated by a statute removing those areas from the courts' jurisdiction.

But surely Mr. Regnery knows all this, so I assume his pessimism to be more *de facto* than *de jure*; i.e., no matter what Congress can do on paper, he despairs of what Congress will do in fact. And who can argue with him there? For decades, Congress has been ceding vast powers to regulatory agencies and the courts, but when does it take any power back? Maybe I agree with Mr. Regnery after all.

The present imbalance of judicial and legislative power would miff the Founders. On the common-sense assumption that governing bodies use every eventuality to aggrandize themselves, they constructed a system of checks and balances to prevent any one branch from grabbing too much power. They probably never imagined that any branch would give too much power away.

But then the Founders never encountered the institutionalized self-doubt that is modern liberalism.

Robert K. Olsen
 Los Angeles, Calif.

Cross-Eyed

At first I dismissed it as a momentary aberration, but now I see it again: Bill Buckley wants gasoline taxed up to \$2. Why? To discourage use. Won't rising prices do that? Yes, but this way we get our tax money back in tax cuts.

Now, here's an archetypal conservative who says a) taxation will stop at \$2 (just as the federal excise tax on tires stopped as soon as World War II ended?); b) adding a new tax will cut existing taxes; and c) the government should decide who is to get his money back.

Well, I must be simplistic because I still can't see the sense in taking in money and then returning it, minus administrative fees. Nor can I understand Mr. Buckley's suggestion that since we already have too many transfer schemes, there is no reason not to add another.

I wish Mr. Buckley a speedy recovery from his gas-tax dyslexia so he can appreciate R. H. Timberlake's flawless reasoning in the October 31 issue of *NR*.

Paul F. Tempke
 Doylestown, Pa.

Going My Way

Realizing that the quest for accuracy is continual at *NR*, I felt the need to correct an erroneous impression left at the tail end of the item entitled "Don't Shoot the Easy Rider" ["The Week," Oct. 31]: "Next time you see a hippie on a bike, don't shoot the easy rider, get the hell out of his way."

Motorcyclists do exhibit the characteristics of individualists, and I suspect our majority would resent any more specific classification. Our opposition to the Carter Administration was largely based on recent collisions between individual freedoms and federal motor-vehicle regulations. Several hundred words would be necessary to describe the range of government meddling, but suffice it to note that motorcyclists are not enthusiastic about future prospects. Taking the intent of these regulations to their logical conclusion, we are left to wonder if the freedom to travel can survive the bureaucrat's conception of a vehicle as a padded cell on wheels.

My temper having been sublimely mellowed by Mr. Reagan's election, I will close with two personal remarks. If perchance anyone should see a "hippie" on a motorcycle, please report the sighting to your nearest museum of natural history. As for myself . . . no need to get out of my way; I'll be around you and gone before you can change your frame of mind.

John Rolf Cone
 Marion, N.C.

If I Behold Thee

It is misleading for *NATIONAL REVIEW* to assert as it did in its October 31 issue ["Abroad"] that in respect of Jerusalem

No More Free Ride... For Union Officials.

Thanks to Harry Beck, American workers no longer have to support unwanted candidates or undesired political causes to keep their jobs.

Harry, who was born and grew up in LaPlata, Maryland, has worked for the telephone company for 20 years. He once belonged to the Communications Workers of America union, but resigned "because the CWA was totally impersonal to anyone except those at the top."

However, "those at the top" in the union then negotiated a contract with the telephone company which required all non-union employees, like Harry, to pay CWA an "agency fee" equal to union dues to stay employed.

Harry Beck had to pay up or be fired. But then he learned that the CWA, one of the country's most politically active unions, was using the "agency fees" for partisan politics—and that made him mad. "They backed people," explains Harry, "I just wouldn't have backed."

With the help of the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, suit was brought against the CWA union by Harry and 19 other telephone company workers. And on March 16, 1979, in an historic decision, a Federal court ruled that a union's collecting or spending of compulsory fees for any purpose other than collective bargaining

violates the Constitutional rights of employees who object.

It was the first time that a Federal court had declared that union political spending from mandatory "agency fees" is an infringement upon the rights to free speech and association enjoyed by private sector workers.

Similar protection was established for public employees in 1978 in the

U.S. Supreme Court decision in *Aboud v. Detroit Board of Education*—another case supported by the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation.

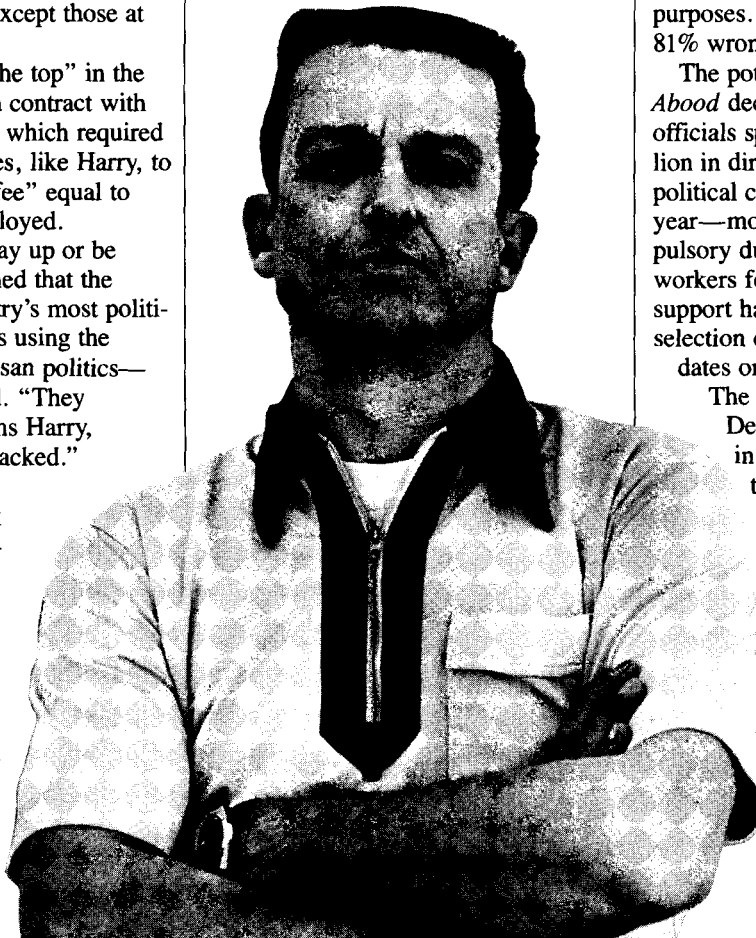
The Beck case acquired added significance in August 1980 when a Special Master, appointed by the court, found that the CWA had spent only 19% of the union's total dues income for legitimate collective bargaining purposes. He recommended that the 81% wrongly spent be refunded.

The potential impact of the *Beck* and *Aboud* decisions is enormous. Union officials spend an estimated \$100 million in direct and "in-kind" support on political campaigns in a single election year—most of it raised through compulsory dues or "agency fees." The workers forced to pay for this political support have rarely any voice in the selection of the union favored candidates or causes.

The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, established in 1968, provides free legal aid to workers whose rights have been violated as a result of compulsory unionism. It is presently supporting more than 100 court cases involving the rights of employees across the nation.

If you'd like to help workers like Harry Beck, we'd like to hear from you.

National Right to Work Legal
Defense Foundation
8001 Braddock Road
Springfield, Virginia 22160



"the Vatican has long considered that an international status is the only proper guarantee of the safety of and access to the Holy Places *along guidelines which have been observed, formally and informally, since the British mandate of 1922.*" (Emphasis added.)

From 1948 to 1967, when the Jordanians occupied East Jerusalem, not only were Jews barred from access to their Holy Places, but their synagogues and cemeteries, some thousands of years old, were deliberately and systematically desecrated. Moreover, during this period neither the Vatican nor the United Nations uttered a single word of protest.

But from 1967, when the Israelis drove out the Jordanians, to the present, Israel has guaranteed both the safety of and access to the Holy Places of all religions. Thus, judging from the record, Israel and only Israel can be trusted with Jerusalem.

Raymond Garmel
Indianapolis, Ind.

The Language of Religion

I am surprised that NATIONAL REVIEW, of all publications, has trouble understanding Pope John Paul II's recent remarks about lust and marriage ["The Week," Oct. 31]. If I can be so bold as to suppose that I know what Pope John Paul meant when he cautioned husbands against lust-
ing after their wives, let me translate:

We have both spiritual and sensual natures. According to Augustinian logic, the primary objective of human existence and the measure of moral worthiness are to make the sensual appetites subject to spiritual values; the soul should command the body, not the other way around. Lust, by definition, is giving yourself over to the animal urge to copulate in ways that obscure the worth of both yourself and your mate; such acts dehumanize the participants precisely because of the impersonality of them.

Sex is redeemable—but only when it results from an *intention* to procreate or otherwise express love (the soul is commanding the body). Lust is the antithesis of such an intention. Therefore, lust is a spiritual fault, a defect, a sin, regardless of the marital status of its object.

"Husbands, love your wives as persons; do not abuse them as objects of lust."

The tragedy bared by the controversy over the Pope's remarks is that our humanist world has become so imbued with the values of self-gratification that it no longer comprehends the language of religion or the symbols of Christianity.

Michael N. Biggs
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Death of an Illusion

Thank you for Peter Lubin's article on the Middle East ["Can We Trust the Saudis?" July 25]. It's about time someone pointed out the true situation here.

NR must be the only intellectual publication in the world apart from *Commentary* to have done so. One hopes President-elect Reagan read that issue.

The State Department bureaucracy has been making a failure of U.S. foreign policy since World War II. After over thirty years of attempting to make friends of the Arabs (and the Russians) by appeasing them at Israel's expense (and that of other democratic, pro-Western countries), they ought to have discovered that it doesn't work that way. Peter Lubin has had the courage to point out a hard truth—that arming "surrogates" like Egypt and Saudi Arabia is an exercise in futility; those arms will never be used against the Soviet Communists or their allies. They will be used, if at all, against Israel, or against other Western allies, or against the Western states themselves, or against other Arab nations. There is no substitute for a locally based American-European military force.

Michael Greengard
Holon, Israel

Infiltration

I have just finished reading NATIONAL REVIEW for the first time. As a new subscriber, may I now inform you that I enjoyed it thoroughly. Judging from the work of Joseph Sobran and others on

your staff I have read in other publications, I am anticipating more entertaining and thought-provoking articles.

It is my belief that this nation's recent political-philosophical movement is not so much a disenchantment with liberalism as a genuine attraction to conservatism. At least my high-school peers, who will be forging the future political climate, are progressively gravitating from Ralph Nader and affirmative action to Jack Kemp and free enterprise. This trend can only be strengthened by your fine periodical, which is now infiltrating our nation's public high schools, challenging *Sports Illustrated* and, more importantly, *Rolling Stone*. With continued progress, perhaps my peers and I can overcome youth's political apathy and pioneer a healthy preference for republicanism and federalism over socialism.

Keith Margulies
New York, N.Y.

Salutations

Congratulations! Having read NR for a very long five years, I know that for many of you this Republican victory of such proportions is the culmination of 25 years' work and passionately held conviction. You were the first there, but the last seen.

Congratulations again, and Happy An-

IF YOU THINK IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE... DISCOVER THE TRUTH:

Americans don't really know what totalitarian life is like because they have never experienced it.

What Will Happen to You When the Soviets Take Over, compiled by famed researcher Ingo Swann and a team of experts, tells, in large illustrated format, what you as an American citizen might expect during the first stages of "Sovietization" of the United States of America.

An understanding of life under Totalitarianism is the best defense.

Starform, Inc.
620 Taylor Way, 14-C
Belmont, CA 94002

Please rush me _____
copies of **What Will Happen
to You When the Soviets
Take Over** at \$8.95 plus
\$1.00 shipping.

Bill my Master Card or Visa

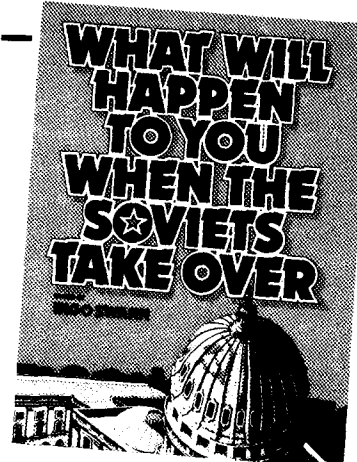
☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
--------------------------	--------------------------	--------------------------	--------------------------	--------------------------	--------------------------	--------------------------	--------------------------	--------------------------	--------------------------	--------------------------	--------------------------	--------------------------	--------------------------	--------------------------	--------------------------	--------------------------	--------------------------	--------------------------	--------------------------	--------------------------

Exp. Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



Meeting a worldwide need for better ways to manufacture gasoline and diesel engines.

*A progress report on what Ingersoll is doing
to help improve the overall operating efficiency
and work quality of engine block machining systems.*

Over the next two years, Ingersoll will be shipping transfer line machinery for the manufacture of new-design gas and diesel engine blocks at the rate of about one machining section every 7-1/2 days. This is a direct response to the growing need worldwide for high quality, more fuel-efficient engines.

Never before has the challenge been greater. Design and materials changes are coming faster. Quality requirements getting tougher. Product life cycles shorter. Worldwide competition keener. Cost considerations stronger.

We must respond with new ideas, new machines and tools, and new and improved methods of manufacturing. To this end, Ingersoll is deep into the development and practical application of new technologies for improving the processing of all sizes and types of engines in low, medium, and high volume production lots.

We're using dynamic simulation by computer

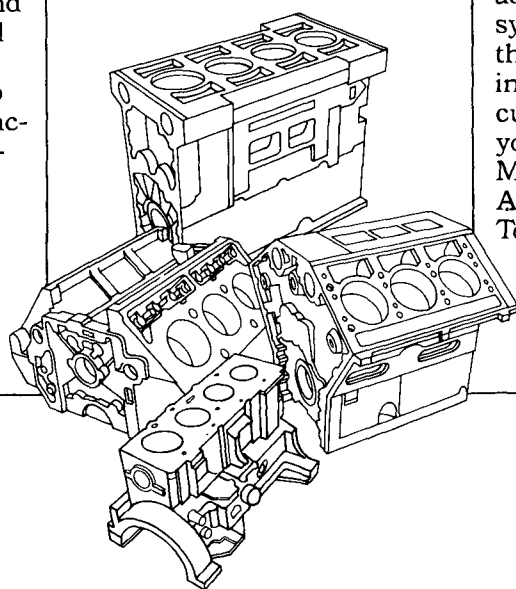
models to test alternate system designs before going to the drawing boards. We're identifying the quantitative effects on production output that result from varying such things as cycle rates, location and capacity of automation and off-line banking, tool materials and cutting rates, full-time and supplemental manpower, and tool change and machine maintenance scheduling. As a result we're learning how to achieve operating efficiencies that are greater than the 55% to 65% traditional with these systems.

We've introduced micro-processor-controlled AC

servodrives to control all machine motions with the promise of increased overall systems reliability and better utilization of space and manpower. Productivity increases of 10% or more, with greater versatility and flexibility are parallel promises to come.

Our engineers are working with automated storing and handling of engine components during the assembly process and we're working with automatic engine test cells—all using on-line computer systems.

Traditionally, Ingersoll has undertaken such work in response to changing needs of the marketplace. Now with the accelerating pace of change, we are increasingly sharing with customers the responsibility for planning advanced manufacturing systems and methods to fulfill the needs of tomorrow. We invite the opportunity to discuss your requirements with you. The Ingersoll Milling Machine Company, 707 Fulton Avenue, Rockford, IL 61101. Telephone 815/987-6000.



INGERSOLL

Ingersoll responds.

niversary. Get in your fair share of gloating—but then think of all the easy targets you'll be missing. Now you're on the Firing Line.

Edmund L. Leach
Plano, Tex

More Moderate than Thou

The December 12 NATIONAL REVIEW reported Rabbi Schindler's remarks concerning "right-wing Christian fundamentalism" under the heading "Voices of Moderation" ["The Week"]. The import of the heading and of the editorial comment, in my view, is appropriate.

However, I feel too that moderation, without implied quotation marks, would have been served had the piece also referred to my reaction to Rabbi Schindler's comments as featured in the *Times*.

With all good wishes to you, and a happy birthday to NATIONAL REVIEW, with hopes for another vigorous and creative 25 years.

Nathan Perlmutter
National Director
Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith
New York, N.Y.

Mr. Perlmutter's point is well taken. His remarks ("I think that looking at the fundamentalists as a monolithic group is every bit as mischievous as viewing Jews or Catholics as a monolithic group. There are good Christians and bad Christians, good Jews and bad Jews. To hear some of the talk lately, we'd also have to say there are foolish Christians and foolish Jews") were carried in the New York Times the day after NR went to press with that particular issue.

—PLB

Forever Young

Many thanks for the kind invitation to a charming evening. It was 25 years ago, at a late December lunch in Chicago with Kirk, Regnery, and some others, that I first learned about the launching of *NR* by that "young chap in New York." Well, he is still young, and so are we all.

Thomas Molnar
New York, N.Y.

One State; One Senator

In "For the Record" [Nov. 28], you identify Senator-elect Mark Andrews as "(R., S.D.)." Please note that Andrews is the senator-elect from North Dakota, and we will not share him with Lower Dakota.

You may be interested to know that in the November 4 election Andrews polled 210,347 votes, which is the largest number of votes ever received by a candidate for any office in North Dakota, and nearly 17,000 more than President-elect Ronald Reagan's total. At that, Reagan's vote (193,695) was the largest ever polled by a presidential candidate in North Dakota.

Richard R. Dobson
Minot, N.D.

Dear Bill:

Eugene Rostow described you the other evening as "at once a poet and a completely coherent man." As a description, that seems to us a good beginning.

Despite your multiple roles as lecturer, debator, television and syndicated newspaper star, essayist, critic, sailor, skier, and—enviably—husband to the Great Lady Pat, we describe you as the Compleat Author and friend.

Your command of fact and fiction; your intelligence, ingenuity, and integrity; your courage, boldness, impudence, and wit...all your writing skills are exceptional, exceeded only by the size of your contract.

This ad, in fact, might be bigger if we hadn't overspent in advertising your *Blacky Oakes** novels. However, if Mr. Reagan, once-installed, stimulates the economy, including book purchasing, as successfully as he stimulated the liberals, the pollsters, and the press, there should be enough money to adequately advertise your next book, based on your exciting transatlantic sail to Malaga.

Still, no matter what the economic fates, we're with you. As publishers, we follow no political or religious line. Even so, we look forward to the 50th anniversary of *NR* and the 100th anniversary of WFB, Jr.

Congratulations and best,
DOUBLEDAY

*Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, N.Y., publishers of *Saving the Queen*, *Stained Glass*, and *Who's on First*.

A Brilliant New Book for All America

The Future Under President Reagan

Inside Exclusive from the New Conservative Majority.

•A major publishing event as dramatic as Election-Day results. As necessary for the American people as the mandate for change.

•A prediction of key changes—many of them already in the works—from Jack Kemp, Robert Carleson, Lt. Gen. Daniel O.

Graham and others.

•The inside story from political specialists most intimate with Ronald Reagan. People who'll be running your government.

The Future Is Now!

The Future Under
President Reagan/
ISBN 0-87000-504-9/
\$12.95 cloth



Happening now at your bookseller. Or order directly from:

ARLINGTON HOUSE/PUBLISHERS
Dept. R, 333 Post Road West, Westport, Connecticut 06880

FOR THE RECORD

■ Sixteen new Republican senators will arrive in Washington Jan. 5: what's their ideological breakdown? Democratic political analyst **Alan Baron** sees them as 1) New Right Activists: **Denton** (Ala.), **East** (N.C.), **Nickles** (Okla.), **Symms** (Idaho); 2) New Right Pragmatists: **Abdnor** (S.D.), **Grassley** (Iowa), **Hawkins** (Fla.); 3) Conservatives: **Quayle** (Ind.), **Kasten** (Wis.), **Murkowski** (Alaska), **D'Amato** (N.Y.), **Mattingly** (Ga.), **Andrews** (N.D.); 4) "Moderates": **Gorton** (Wash.), **Rudman** (N.H.), **Specter** (Pa.). Of the 53 Republicans in the 98th Senate, Baron lists only one as 5) Liberal: **Charles Mathias** (Md.). . . . Cause and effect? 28 of the senators who voted in favor of the **Panama Canal** treaties two years ago are now out of the Senate, retired voluntarily or at the ballot box.

■ What next? **Jimmy Carter** reports that he plans a "quiet" role in party affairs after he quits office. . . . Sen. **Javits** will become an adjunct professor at Columbia's School of International Affairs, and retiring Sen. **Adlai Stevenson III** will return to his original law firm in Chicago. . . . **John Anderson** fatcat **Stewart Mott** is in hot water with Federal Election Commission over \$100,000 he spent for radio/TV spots for Anderson. . . . California Gov. **Jerry Brown** is founding a new political magazine, *Cornerstones*, to help keep in touch with his political supporters around the country, with a weather eye to '84. . . . And **James Jackson Kilpatrick**, in light-hearted column condoling with his liberal colleagues, also warns Republicans: "They have won a victory," he says, "and lost their excuses."

■ **Martin Peretz** of *The New Republic* called a conference in Washington to discuss whether the new Democratic Party. Among the invitees, **Jerry Wurf**



Shailo, *London Daily Telegraph*

Rothco

"Krugerrands?"

of the state workers' union, **Jerry Brown**, Sens. **Bill Bradley** (N.J.) and **Patrick Leahy** (Vt.). Not present: any member of the old Democratic Establishment. . . . Big Labor, which took a drubbing Nov. 4 when its legions marched to a different drummer, is working on consolidation. Look for the **United Auto Workers** to rejoin the AFL-CIO in '81. Talks on a merger of the Auto Workers and **Bill Winpisinger's** Machinists are already in the works. Winpisinger, one of the more radical labor leaders, contends that "there cannot be progress unless we declare unrelenting war on our natural enemy, the business community." . . . Liberal new Massachusetts Rep. **Barney Frank** (he won Father **Drinan's** seat) says liberals in 1980 are "like hypochondriacs who learn they really do have cancer."

■ Year-enders: **Jacksonville, Fla.**, claims

it is the only major city in America to be free of pornography, having closed down its last surviving peep show. . . . **Harold Stassen** will not run again: he's already supporting **Reagan** in '84. . . . **Ralph Nader** has resigned as president of Public Citizen, Inc. . . . The Secret Service reports that inflation has hit the counterfeit confraternity: more bogus \$100 and \$50 bills are being printed than \$20s and \$10s. . . . **Les Kinsolving's** right-wing and viper-tongued *Washington Weekly* is going out of business after six years to loud hallelujahs at the *Post* and *Star*. And (we can't resist this one) so should *N.Y. Times'* **John B. Oakes** as a political prognosticator: "As the Illinois primary indicates, many and perhaps most of the faithful [diehard GOP ideologues] would rather go down to defeat with Ronald Reagan than win with Anderson" (*N.Y. Times*, Mar. 20, 1980).

■ Abroad: Threatened Soviet invasion of Poland has put French Communist Party paper *L'Humanité* on the spot: how far to go in support of the Soviets if the tanks roll? And what effect will that have on CP presidential candidate **Marchais's** showing at the polls come April? . . . **Milton Obote** is back as president of Uganda half a million murders later—that's the estimate of the number of people **Idi Amin** killed. . . . Three months after the start of the **Iraq-Iran** war both countries have instituted rationing of gasoline and other staples. . . . And a **Yugoslav** official, twitted by an East European confrère about spot shortages in Belgrade stores, replied: "One shortage that we do have—is of Russians."

■ **French television**, which has been giving big play to old Ronald Reagan movies, translated the title of one: "*L'heure du dodo de Bonzo*."

"The history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggles."

Karl Marx

"I never forget a face, but in your case I'll make an exception."

Groucho Marx

It's always healthy when diverse opinions have a chance to clash.

Because when opinions must contend for followers, truth and untruth get sorted out, eventually.

Speaking as a corporation that's dedicated to diversity, we're pleased that journals of opinion like this one exist.

It's only in a free society that journals of opinion can exist.

The best ideas are the ideas that help people. ITT

© 1980 International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, 320 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

THE WEEK

■ *Washington Post* headline: "Cabinet Score to Date: White Males 10, Women 0, Minorities 0." Kwitche-bitchin, folks. After everything *you* said about him, it was mighty conciliatory of Reagan not to name the Grand Imperial Wizard to anything.

■ While the press muttered anxiously about the big names in the Reagan Cabinet (it's Tower for Defense, and Shultz for State; no, make that Weinberger for Defense, Haig for State), the Reagan transition team has been assembling recommendations for the three hundred posts just below Cabinet level, and pools of names for the two-thousand-odd positions just below *them*. These are the wood-choppers and water-haulers of the Administration; carelessness in picking them now can mean headaches for the next four years. So it is a matter of some concern that the Office of Presidential Personnel within the transition team is such a mixed bag. Pendleton James, director of the office, is a professional corporate headhunter, formerly with the executive search firm of Heidrick and Struggles. Many of his underlings are fellow technicians or veterans of the GOP's Rockefeller wing. "I've been in this business thirty years," one conservative congressman complained to Ed Meese, "and I don't know these people. What's going on?" Conservatives, meanwhile, have been coming aboard piecemeal—a process of expansion which, if it continues unchecked, may make the whole operation so bloated that it will collapse under its own weight.

■ The Senate Foreign Relations Committee will be recast in the upcoming Congress with 17 members instead of its previous 15—nine Republicans and eight Democrats henceforth, in succession to six Republicans and nine Democrats. To fit the new balance and to fill gaps due to electoral attrition, four Republicans and two Democrats will be added. The chosen Republicans are Charles McC. Mathias Jr. (Md.), Nancy Kassebaum (Kan.), Rudy Boschwitz (Minn.), and Larry Pressler (S.D.), and the Democrats are Alan Cranston (Calif.) and Christopher Dodd (Conn.). Capitol Hill nose-counters concerned with the SALT II treaty rate the new members as five pro and one con—in contrast to the three pro and one con being replaced; thus the for-and-against ratio on the committee, formerly 9 to 6, will become 11 to 6. The point has no bearing on the fate of SALT II, for the here-

tofore effective opposition in the Senate as a whole has been substantially increased by November's results. What is prefigured is a cleavage between the committee and the plenary body—potentially important on other issues. In the overworked ornithological metaphor, the committee's coloration may well prove more dovish than that of the Senate itself—a sort of misrepresentativeness not unknown in the past.

■ Senator Charles Percy, presumptive chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, seems to have passed from Promising Young Man to Eccentric without pausing in between. For some reason, while visiting Moscow, he did a crazy number—which, of course, leaked. Percy gave it as his opinion that the U.S. favors an independent Palestinian state under the leadership of Yasir Arafat, and indicated that he had coordinated his view with that of the President-elect. This, of course, represented a reversal of everything that the President-elect said in the campaign, or, for that matter, has ever said. Now, sometime in the middle-range future, such an independent state might be an option. But it would have to be fenced around with negotiated conditions, probably including demilitarization. Arafat, conceivably, might run it, even as the old terrorist Jomo Kenyatta eventually ran an acceptable Kenya. Things change. But they are also caused to change. Chuck Percy signaled his diplomatic competence by offering to give the reward before the negotiating had commenced. Another, less reported, tragicomic moment occurred in Percy's trip. Talking with Soviet Defense Minister Ustinov, Percy said: "The ideals and goals I've just given you are, I hope, your goals too." Replied the Soviet Defense Minister: "Not always." What do you know.

■ Another anniversary, the eighth, occurring just now recalls the resumption of bombing against North Vietnam and the mining of the Haiphong harbor. These actions—ordered by President Nixon on December 14, 1972, to compel the North Vietnamese to return to serious peace negotiations, and carried out December 18 to 29—sent the U.S. media into a swivet of hyperbole. The *New York Times*, for example, discerned a "reversion to a kind of Stone Age barbarism," and the *Washington Post* decried the "most savage and senseless act of war . . . by one sovereign people upon another." The networks joined in. Columnists and anchormen vied in drawing parallels to Guernica, Dresden, Hiroshima, and what not. Horrors of carpet-bombing civilian concentrations were spelled out in exquisite detail. An absolute end to peace parleying was predicted. Such thoughts echoed intercontinentally. Then all at once the other side abandoned its pose of recalcitrance and resumed negotiating. As was subsequently shown, the bombing had concentrated on

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

If you are looking for an island of reason in a sea of sentimentality, pass on, reader, pass on. For we yield to no man in our sappiness about this magazine and the achievement it represents. Once every 25 years, like clockwork, we depart our customary standards of analytical rigor and proceed shaky-kneed and blubbering to celebrate this implausible publishing triumph.

Our first encounter with the editor of this journal occurred almost 17 years ago. A mutual friend, the Publisher of these pages as it happened, contrived to bring us together for dinner. (To bone up on the host, we consulted the standard biographies, all of which began with the anecdote of the young American, aged 6, writing to the King of England with the non-negotiable demand that Britain pay off its war debts forthwith. The biographers professed to see in this incident some of the cheekiness, some of the rectitude and the sense of accountability that were later to epitomize the editor's public persona. Those of us closer to the magazine, however, came to see the boy's letter in its true historical perspective . . . as the beginning of the Fund Appeal.)

During the course of that first meeting, we learned the truth of Willmoore Kendall's remark that the editor had mastered a lost art, the art of conversation. Even after the other guests had

drifted off into the New York night, we sat there talking and listening, mostly listening, and refusing to be uprooted from our chair. Sometime in the small hours of the morning, his alternatives exhausted, the editor offered us a job and we agreed to leave quietly.

On the appointed day we arrived bright and early at the offices of NATIONAL REVIEW. The offices, of course, were deserted. The peculiar biorhythms of the organization call for a leisurely start building to a frenzied, fire-drill finish as the weekly deadline drops like the blade of a guillotine. In due course, as we learned to say, the staff did indeed drift in and we were informed that the editor did indeed recall his rash offer and that he would indeed be prepared to see us *instantly*. (All members of the staff, it seemed, had been brought up in ancient Rome but had become remarkably fluent in English as well.)

The editor told us that there were three things he wished to cover with us. These were, respectively, A, B, and C. Uhhhh-A was that he was "off to Switzerland for three months." (Absconding with loot? Espionage? Sex-change operation? The mind rummaged for explanation.) Uhhhh-B was that we were to handle his correspondence in his absence. (Sure, boss.) And uhhhh-C was that we were to "stir up the Ike thing." Our blank look, which had turned blanker still on uhhhh-A and uhhhh-B, must have turned to blankest, for he quickly elaborated. "You see, Barry's

got the nomination, but he needs a running-mate who will uhhhh-tranquelize the opposition." Pause. Grin. "Ike!" It is possible that our body language betrayed a scintilla of skepticism. The editor continued: "Don't worry. It's constitutional."

(Flash forward, if you will, to 1968. The editor's innovative approach to the Vice Presidency is once again in evidence. The scene is a motel in Montauk, New York, at the eastern tip of Long Island. Richard Nixon, both hands wrapped around the nomination, has convened a meeting of top staff. The sole agenda item is the consideration of recommendations for the second spot on the ticket. An aide reads off the names. The transcript of the meeting records this exchange: "Aide: 'Bill Buckley recommends John Gardner.' Nixon [interrupting]: 'Buckley said that?'")

The beneficiary of one of life's small blessings, we were not detailed to stir up the Gardner thing. Instead, we moved on to other challenges, other rewards. As the years passed, however, we began to understand the magnitude of the editor's achievement. Keeping a small magazine aloft for 25 years represented the repeal, for the same period of time, of gravitational law. The omnipresent "they" said it couldn't be done, and on countless occasions they were damn-near right. Said we at the editor's anniversary party, "The first 25 years are always the hardest." Said he to us: "They'd better be." —CATO

military targets after all, and civilian casualties were relatively minor. The whole story is now detailed in a brochure entitled *The Prestige Press and the Christmas Bombing, 1972*, written by Martin F. Herz and issued by the Ethics and Public Policy Center (1211 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; \$5)—an interesting footnote to history and a revealing portrayal of self-induced excitement.

■ The Supreme Court of the United States (than whose replacement there is no higher priority) has ruled that Kentucky may not require the posting of the Ten Commandments in state classrooms. *Why not?* First Amendment, you know. Separation of church and state, and all that. *Ah—but the First Amendment merely says, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." And Kentucky isn't Congress.* Okay, but you see, the Fourteenth Amendment forbids the states to deny their citizens the "privileges

and immunities" of U.S. citizens—e.g., their First Amendment rights. *Maybe so. But even the establishment of a religion doesn't prohibit the citizen's free exercise of religion. You can have an establishment along with free exercise, as in England—or for that matter no establishment, but no free exercise either, as in China. So Kentucky wasn't violating anyone's rights.* But the Court was following a long series of precedents bequeathed it by previous Courts. *So it was. Maybe the first one was wrong.* Hmm. Never thought of that. *Neither did William Brennan, you bet. Probably didn't especially want to, either.*

■ Speaking of opiates of the people, the *American Medical News* has unearthed an interesting bit of martyrology. Profiling Dr. Michael Nathan, one of the slain members of the Communist Workers Party and organizer of last year's fatal "Death to the Klan" rally in Greensboro, the *News* reported that although a "dedicated Communist," Nathan did not actually

join the party until hours before his death, "when he was inducted into the party as he lay unconscious in the hospital." It's easier that way. Unconscious workers of the world, unite!

■ The word from Peking startled no one: three members of the Gang of Four are guilty. Only Chiang Ching remains in the dock. Her precise fate is uncertain, but experts in Chinese jurisprudence, noting the presiding judge's instructions to her this week ("You are continuing to make false accusations against people and committing crimes"), are realistic about her chances.

■ Since Edward Seaga replaced Michael Manley as Prime Minister of Jamaica, hotel reservations have risen 17 per cent, shootings in the slums of Kingston have dropped 50 per cent, and the waiting period for the shipping of household goods from the United States (where most of the middle class had fled) back to Jamaica has gone up to six months. Dammit, that's what we call a hundred days.

■ Fun couples of 1980: Tom Snyder and Rona Barrett. The gang of two and the other gang of two. Archie and Führer Bunker. The Departments of HHS and E. Billy and Libya Carter.

■ You'll be relieved to know that the Small Business Administration does not have any rules as to what a "small" business is, and will not issue any this year, which means that anybody from the cleaning lady to IBM can approach the SBA for favors, at a cost to taxpayers that will not be defined as "small."

■ California's grape crush is reportedly the largest ever, up over 11 per cent from last year. Moreover, the sugar to acid ratio seems to be pure vintage, with claims of quality ranging from great to outstanding. Must be Reagan's year.

■ Professional congratulations are also in order to whoever stole that Coast Guard cutter in Oxnard, California without being noticed.

■ A professor at Carnegie-Mellon predicts that the U.S. prison population will go down by 1990 because, why else, the famous baby boom will have petered out by then. This is absolutely our last report on the famous baby boom.

■ A news item states that "the Japanese auto import controversy will be left to President-elect Reagan." The easiest way to end the controversy is to make Japanese autos in Detroit. Put us down for another helpful suggestion.

■ Recent HUD statistics reveal that 127.3 per cent of all the people in Memphis, Alabama, 125 per cent of the people in Santee, South Carolina, and 115 per cent of the people in Gay, Georgia are below the poverty line. By our reckoning, 196 per cent of the people in HUD are grossly overpaid.

■ Washington society is reportedly much relieved to be done with four grim years of Willie Nelson and white wine. Everybody knows that when Washington, D.C. goes sour, the whole country gets heartburn. So let the good times roll. There's a country to save.

■ Heading for retirement, George McGovern says he looks forward to having "time to think." Better late than never.

Let's See if It Works

Sometime around the end of February, we will have a good idea of just how effective the Reagan Administration is going to be. At the moment, the machinery of the Administration is being fitted into place. To put the matter at a bare minimum, what we see reflects undoubted competence; and much will depend on the forthcoming second-level appointments. But all this machinery can be compared to an excellent automobile, finely crafted. It requires a foot on the accelerator and a firm hand on the steering wheel if it is to arrive at its destination.

President Reagan will have to provide his Administration with a sense of mission, first in his Inaugural Address and then in his initial policy moves. He will define himself or fail to do so, seize the initiative or fail to do so, at the outset; and there is little doubt that the kind of beginning he makes will set the course for the remainder of his term. He should therefore move quickly, especially on matters that can be effected by executive order or which command visible majorities in Congress; and he can also indicate the overall direction of his Administration by pressing measures that will take longer, but which will provide political and philosophical rallying points. Herewith, a few recommendations:

1. By executive order, the President should remove existing price controls on gasoline, an action which will be more important symbolically than in terms of economic substance. By doing this, Reagan would signal that he is coming down firmly on the side of greater productivity.

2. The President should immediately send to Congress legislation providing for tax cuts along the lines of Kemp-Roth, the arguments for which are thoroughly familiar and quite persuasive. He should also make

the following surprise proposal, overturning the ideological clichés of fifty years.

Milton Friedman has argued that if all income taxes were reduced to a top level of 25 per cent, the revenues of the government would actually increase. This would happen, says Friedman, because there are 31 million Americans paying more than 25 per cent, with the result that a significant economic motivation of such people is the pursuit of tax relief: in tax shelters, in working less, in the growing underground economy. With a top-level tax of 25 per cent, money and effort would flow once again into tax-producing activity. Such a reduction would meet with the ideological resistance of leveling ideologues. But it should be pressed not because it is good for rich people but because it is good for America.

3. Reagan should call for a Spending Limitation Amendment to the Constitution, and give a pragmatic rationale for doing so.

The usual argument against such an amendment is that it is unnecessary: that Congress itself is capable of putting a lid on spending, and has now absorbed the lessons of inflationary experience.

Well, maybe. But a Spending Limitation Amendment would take several years to make its way through the ratification process. During that period, Congress would be, so to speak, on probation. If, in fact, Congress did find the discipline to balance, or nearly balance, the budget, then the state legislatures would conclude that an amendment is not required. If Congress fails at self-limitation, then the state legislatures can impose it through the amendment.

4. Racial busing is, flatly, a national disgrace. It is opposed by 72 per cent of whites and 56 per cent of blacks, and whatever rationale it originally possessed has been exploded. Mr. Reagan should recommend to Congress that it pass a bill removing from the federal courts, effective immediately, jurisdiction over the racial composition of schools, except in cases where segregationist intent by civil authorities is demonstrable. Mr. Reagan should also recommend to Congress a constitutional amendment outlawing any racial discrimination in the public schools.

5. He should recommend to Congress a tuition tax-credit plan for parents who send their children to private schools.

6. At the stroke of a pen, the President can and should abolish the post of "consumer affairs advisor" which now exists in most federal agencies and is a patronage plum. This would signal the President's further intent to cut away the Naderite excesses both in the government and as imposed on the private sector.

7. Another important signal: Mr. Reagan should ask for the resignations of the present chairmen of the National Endowments for the Arts and the Humanities. Those agencies are now funded at \$312 million.

Greetings from Stockman & Kemp

It was just a friendly memo
To the President-elect
Full of "credit crunch" and "Dunkirk"
Their analyses project.
But they've got solutions ready
Wrapped in neat supply-side kits,
With a two-year time-frame plotted
Till, they say, the deluge hits.

W. H. VON DREELE

Under their present leadership they have become politicized boondoggles. Their funding should be cut in half, and they should receive a new mandate to pursue genuine excellence.

8. The President should announce that henceforth the full economic power of the U.S. will be used to ensure the effectiveness of all embargos and other forms of economic warfare.

9. He should ban cardigan sweaters and blue jeans from the West Wing of the White House and announce that "Hail to the Chief" will be played on all suitable occasions.

. . . And a Hard Place

Ceremonies in Gdansk memorializing the deaths of workers in anti-government riots ten years ago were an occasion for all contenders to voice pleas for an end to contention and all divisive elements to avow national unity. Whether the utterances were of more than ritual significance remained to be seen, but grounds for doubt were evident. In high probability, things in Poland were still tending to fall apart even though the agents of disintegration in their various ways had reasons to deplore what was happening. For concerned outsiders—and probably for the Poles themselves—the Polish problem continued to present an array of interacting dilemmas.

For the general run of Poles, subjugation represents the degree to which the Soviet model has been forced upon them. Freedom stands for the degree of autonomy retained. Militants for freedom, epitomized in the Solidarity group, are aware of the danger of incurring a drastic expansion of subjugation by overpressing for freedom and yet feel unable to desist for fear of being overborne if they release their pressure. The Communist Party hierarchs are fearful of losing control of their rank and file by defections, and thereby dismantling their own position and incurring Soviet intervention, if they fail to clamp down on the freedom militants. But they are fearful also of incurring

more and more strikes, inviting violence, and bringing on Soviet intervention—with probably fatal results for themselves—if they do clamp down. The Church hierarchy is caught between anxieties to avoid Soviet intervention and a tragically bloody resistance, fears of alienating large numbers of Poles by seeming too solicitous of discouraging militancy, and a desire not to legitimize Communist rule implicitly by overdoing placatory gestures.

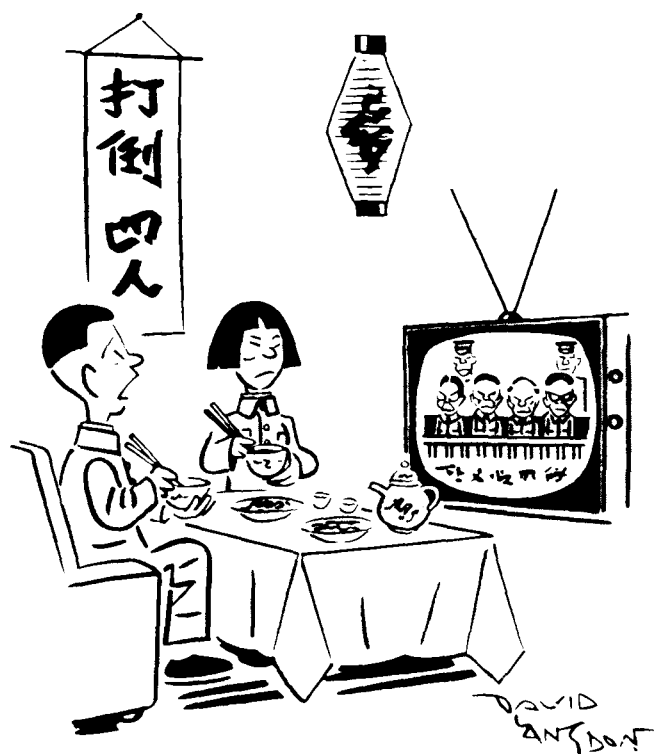
Outside elements are assailed by similar conflicting considerations. The Soviet rulership undoubtedly has misgivings about the costs of intervening. Willy Brandt was surely correct in focusing on that reluctance when interviewed on TV—but not in drawing so large a measure of reassurance from it. The Soviet Union must surely intervene if and when the calculated cost of not doing so becomes unbearable, as, at some hypothetical point, it must become by the logic of the Soviet regime's perceived interests. The NATO powers are caught between the unacceptable positions of appearing indifferent to the outcome in Poland, making unfulfillable implicit promises likely to encourage Poland's militants to overdo, and, by nugatory threats, undercutting the possible deterrent effects on the Soviet Union of their hypothetical responses.

In the face of interwoven imponderables, prediction about Poland becomes impracticable. One can only say that the second shoe will surely drop soon, but what event that figure of speech stands for in this case is beyond guessing.

A Fresh Approach to SALT

Pressures on the incoming Administration to settle—and soon—for cosmetic revisions of the sidetracked SALT II treaty on offensive strategic arms will be considerable. They already are. Chancellor Helmut Schmidt's urgings, former Secretary of State Cyrus Vance's recent pronouncement, and Senator Charles Percy's efforts during and since his Moscow visit are early manifestations. Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin reportedly has been hinting to his counterparts in Washington of possibilities of relatively easy adjustments—perhaps by registering specific figures on the production schedules of Soviet Backfire bombers. The Reagan Administration will be wise to resist any such temptations.

The primary requirement for the Reagan Administration will be to determine what the U.S. must do to shore up its depleted strategic strength and then to get the necessary measures under way. Those matters settled, the U.S. can properly set about testing the chances of working out a worthwhile contract with the Soviet Union. In doing so, this government should set aside the sentimentalities that dominate thinking on

Langdon, *Punch*

Rothco

"Maybe there's table-tennis on the other channel."

the subject within the arms-control community. Arms control has to be subordinated to U.S. security needs, rather than vice versa. Even a bad treaty—bad, that is, from the standpoint of U.S. strategic interests—is *not* preferable to having no treaty at all. A salutary contract on offensive strategic arms will be achievable only if this country demonstrates a resolve to maintain its security, if necessary, without one.

In testing whether a worthwhile treaty is achievable, it would be an act of folly to repeat the procedure of concocting a package of provisions and laying it before the other side to be bargained over. The Soviet side's response to that approach is invariably to pick out the particulars it likes, to pocket them as matters already agreed to, and to reject or put at issue everything else. The prudent procedure would be to insist on taking up one item at a time.

An appropriate place to begin is the term of such a treaty. The SALT II contract is set, at Soviet insistence, to lapse in 1985. That will be a juncture of distinct strategic disadvantage for the United States. In other words, having to bargain over revisions under highly unfavorable circumstances is one of the conditions acceded to by the U.S. negotiators in order to achieve agreement. An arms-control treaty worth having would be valid for at least twenty years.

If the Soviet Union should prove unwilling to contract for any such period, then the United States should reconcile itself to the necessity of forgoing a

treaty until such time, if ever, as the Soviet Union might change its mind. In such a circumstance, this country might expediently elect to continue bargaining—but not under the “evangelical illusion,” as Dean Acheson once called it, that “there is no alternative to negotiations with the Russians.”

A Crime Primer

The handgun murders of Michael Halberstam and John Lennon have produced a new spate of demands for gun control.

Forget it—it isn't going to happen. But the killings of prominent people do help highlight, in the reactions they evoke, the fault lines of American society.

Who wants gun control? Well, in New York it's the people who read the *Times*. Who opposes it? Those who read the *Daily News*.

How do these readerships differ? In affluence, influence, and education. *Times* readers are far more likely to live in apartment houses in safe neighborhoods, with doormen. They are more likely to take cabs. They can afford to insulate themselves from street life and its dangers.

News readers tend to be working stiffs who take the subway to homes in less fashionable parts of town. They are also, ironically, more likely than *Times* readers to be members of minorities. White, black, or some intermediate hue, they know crime as a daily threat.

In the *Times*, crime is consigned to Section B, among the petty local details. In the *News* it consumes the whole front page—no well-proportioned cosmology there, thank you.

The lofty *Times* approach to murder is to pass another law. The streetwise *Daily News* approach is to realize that if the present laws aren't enforced, only the suckers will obey a new law.

Safety is supposed to be the *raison d'être* of civil society. It is indisputably the one thing the government is supposed to provide for everyone. But somehow, in affluent America, this minimum has gotten beyond the reach of some. Safety has become a com-

modity. What there is of it—precious little, it sometimes seems—comes with good real estate. A modest home is a beleaguered home.

Those who can afford relative safety share the *Times*' concern for the root causes of crime and the civil liberties of the accused. Those who can't afford it want capital punishment, stiff sentences, less legalism, and guns. To the *News* reader, the right to keep and bear arms is a right the criminal enjoys until he's caught. Any infringement of it affects only the law-abiding.

Proposals to control weapons therefore strike the working stiff as proposals to disarm the victims. It is the crowning insult of the liberal state—too preoccupied with visionary goals to protect ordinary citizens—to forbid those citizens the last means of defending themselves.

The Swiss statesman Felix Somary remarked a law of inverse proportion: The more inessential tasks a government undertakes, the worse it will do its essential ones.

John Lennon, RIP

You see them on the streets, 16- and 17-year-olds, with orange hair and thin black sunglasses. They are Young People, and their favorite groups are—what *are* their favorite groups anyway? But they are impostors; genuine young people went to high school in the Sixties, and their favorite group is the Beatles.

Such, at least, is the innermost conviction of anyone born c. 1945-1955. Even if you didn't like the music John Lennon wrote, it was inescapable. Every three months, like clockwork, a Beatles song zoomed to the top of the charts. Adults wrote about them, ineptly. Ministers gave sermons on the text of “Eleanor Rigby.” For one anxious week, the curious spun records backward to find out who buried Paul.

Lennon and his friends influenced other things besides music, mostly for the worse. They were not dogmatic leftists—the lyrics of “Revolution” refer sarcastically to Chairman Mao—but then, who in the Sixties was? The tumults of that decade were chiefly explosions of undifferentiated energy, and it is hard to think of a zany idea zipping through the ether which the Beatles, as cultural lightning rods, did not conduct—psychedelia, Maharishi Mahesh Fakir, all we are saying is give peace a chance.

But artists—good ones—are more than artifacts. Only failures are frozen in time and circumstance, reflecting and affecting their environment. Decades from now, when no living man remembers the Sixties, and all the histories of it are tales, the songs will remain: wrenched from context, discrete, glittering.

—RICHARD BROOKHISER

Our Supersleuths

Miss Dohrn of Weatherman renown
Has surfaced and she's back in town.
For ten long years she learned to fly
From state police and FBI,
A feat the girl would flunk if she
Were hiding from the KGB.

W. H. VON DREELE

Oswald Mosley, RIP

Oswald Mosley is dead, and it is appropriate to say a word or two about him. His name conjures up the British fascist movement, and correctly so: such as the movement was, he was its leader. It is generally forgotten that in the early Thirties Mosley led a political party which attracted discriminating and un-brutal sorts (for instance, Sir Harold Nicolson). Mosley was driven primarily by an antipathy to such disorder as brought down the Weimar Republic, and by an intuitively sound strategic hunch that the ideological virus of Communism would outlive whatever menace was represented by the fascism of Mussolini and Hitler. He profoundly misjudged the driven evil of Hitler, and in his autobiography (*My Life*), widely hailed in England even by his sternest critics, he satisfied discriminating readers that he was entirely innocent of that hideous aspect of fascist aberration that turned to genocide (there are fascist movements, e.g., Perón's, that do not require ethnocentrism, let alone Auschwitz). Mosley confessed to a great error in judgment in suiting up his followers in the S/M garb of the Hitler elite guard. But he was also persuasive in maintaining that the British government declined to give his public meetings the protections to which under the law he was entitled, resulting in the creation of his own opera bouffe militia.

He was, by the way, jailed during the war. He wrote to this journal in May 1978, to protest an uninformed account of what it was that took him to jail. His statement was elegantly done, and its economy, plus a sense of justice, induces us to reproduce it now that the obituarists are at work:

The enclosed photostat is a review appearing in your paper [of *A Fine Old Conflict* by Jessica Mitford, reviewed by Selden Rodman, September 30, 1977]. It contains a gross misstatement concerning my wife. ["That particular one of Lord Redesdale's spirited daughters who elected to rebel against neo-fascist Farve by becoming a Communist could hardly have been expected to embrace that dismal religion without the noblesse oblige of a born snob. Daughters Unity and Diana, to be sure, also chose to punish Farve and Muv for their neolithic upbringing by pursuing the Real Thing—Unity by sacrificing her life to the Führer, Diana by marrying Oswald Mosley and going to jail with him for treason—but both slogged ahead doggedly without a trace of wit."] I do not propose to do anything about it as it appeared in your paper but enclose the true facts of the matter which were stated in the House of Commons by Mr. Stokes, afterward a Minister in the Labor government. This statement of the facts has never been refuted from any quarter and represents the simple truth.

Yours sincerely,
Mosley
Orsay, France

["After 16 hours' cross-examination in the private committees to consider 18B cases, Mr. Norman Birkett indulged in this conversation with Sir Oswald Mosley, which I think ought to be quoted and put on record, whatever one's feelings. Sir Oswald Mosley said to Mr. Birkett: 'There appear to be two grounds for detaining us: 1) A suggestion that we are traitors who would take up arms and fight with the Germans if they landed, and 2) That our propaganda undermines the civilian morale.' Mr. Birkett replied: 'Speaking for myself you can entirely dismiss the first suggestion.' Sir Oswald Mosley: 'Then I can only assume that we have been detained because of our campaign for a negotiated peace.' Mr. Norman Birkett: 'Yes, Sir Oswald, that is the case.'" (Mr. R. R. Stokes, Hansard 367, Col. 839: 10:12:40.)]

Eric Voegelin at Eighty

On January 3, 1981 Eric Voegelin completes his eightieth year. In the world of scholars, this will be celebrated as a milestone. Outside of that world not many people even know Voegelin's name. Our culture worships theoretical physicists, acclaims great chemists, reverences outstanding economists. Political scientists may receive an occasional condescending nod; but political philosophers simply remain unnoticed.

Eric Voegelin is the ranking political philosopher of our time. On the occasion of his sixtieth birthday, he was presented a volume of essays; and now 23 scholars from seven countries are offering him another such volume of homage, *The Philosophy of Order*. The cognoscenti thus testify to Voegelin's extraordinary achievements. If these achievements have remained beyond the ken of the larger public, it is because Eric Voegelin has blazed trails and opened dimensions of such novelty that many scholars of the second echelon shun them, preferring the well-trodden paths. All the same, they find it increasingly difficult to pass over Eric Voegelin in silence.

Voegelin first drew worldwide attention by his book *The New Science of Politics* (1952), which, followed by his *Science, Politics, and Gnosticism* (published in English in 1969), achieved a decisive break with narrow positivism and its "taboo on theory," as he put it. Voegelin showed that a merely factual study of institutions, procedures, and policies was barren as well as fallacious, and a mere history of ideas a waste of time. Since each society understood itself as a small world of order in relation to the divine transcendence, and since each made a claim to truth, political theory must deal with that claim through a study of man's participation in the whole of reality, not excluding the transcendent God. Thus Voegelin overcame the fatal separation of fact from value. He found the way to understanding societies "from within," as the Greek philosophers had already done. Going beyond Greek philosophy, however, Voegelin drew into his research



"A transfer payment or your life."

the ancient Middle East, India, China, and other cultures, assembling an almost incredible erudition.

Wherever he looked he found manifestations of order flowing from man's participation in a transcendent reality. This provided him a constant to which he could refer particular societies and political developments. A most important first fruit was his accurate assessment of our time, with its grave disorders of political irrationality, Fascism, Communism, Nazism, and other isms which he, together with other top-rank scholars, learned to understand through the precedent of ancient Gnosticism, a heretical religion of the first to fourth centuries. Voegelin's resulting concept of modern "ideologies" has served as a much-needed guide to statesmen, students, and journalists.

Voegelin's analysis of our time, however, was only part of his study of the whole of history. The concept of order turned out to be the key. "The order of history is the history of order," meaning that whatever has taken ordered form in the past can be understood only as a variety of man's relation to the divine transcendence. Thus he began to publish his magnum opus, *Order and History*, of which four volumes have appeared so far. The first, dealing with ancient Egypt, Mesopotamia, and Israel, drew the unstinted admiration of Old Testament scholars. Then followed a study of Greece, *The World of the Polis*, coupled with one of *Plato and Aristotle*. The fourth volume opened up a wider horizon, as it focused on *The Ecumenic Age*,

i.e., the empires from 500 B.C. to 500 A.D., which encompassed a variety of smaller cultures, and whose conquests and strivings for spiritual and moral unity wrought deep changes in human order. A fifth volume is now in the making, and scholars are speculating on its probable contents with bated breath.

In between, Voegelin turned to the philosophy of consciousness with his book *Anamnesis* (published in German in 1966; a modified English version appeared in 1978). This effort indicates that his eighty years have not diminished the vigor of this searching mind. *From Enlightenment to Revolution* (1975) is a collection of brilliant studies from his earlier years. In addition his numerous articles are in themselves a small library of new insights and hitherto unknown materials. It will be many years before the academic world can fully assimilate the rich finds contained in Voegelin's writings.

Voegelin's political science is not new in the sense of a beginning from scratch, a self-willed separation from all that has gone before. That was the character of the Cartesian and positivistic legacy which he has overcome. His is a restoration of true theory, a meditation on order in the company of great human experiences everywhere and at all times, in conversation with great minds and wise souls of the past. His link with them is the insight that man lives not out of himself but rather out of God, and that an attempt to pull order from an autonomous human will must result in demonic irrationality. Thus reason and revelation are not necessarily in conflict. Awareness of God does not silence the intellect. Man is a being made to participate in the divine, and his experiences of participation mark the milestones of the history of order.

Voegelin thus has given us a restored concept of man, a properly enlarged idea of reality, a new philosophy of history, and a most perceptive portrait of our time. If his great erudition has stood in the way of an easy popularity, he nevertheless has become one of the great discoverers of lost knowledge, an outstanding teacher of the distinction between the true and the false as well as the rational and the irrational, and a much-needed therapist of diseased modern minds.

—GERHART NIEMEYER

Here It Comes

In 1981, the Soviet harvests will fail, thanks to the 64th consecutive summer of peculiarly bad weather following the Bolshevik coup of 1917.

The Gang of Four will become the Gang of Zero.

New York publishers will fall all over themselves bidding for the memoirs of Jean Harris (working title: *The Gang of One*) and Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter (working title: *The Gang of One and a Half*).

The Civil Service Act will be amended to provide that hostages who reach retirement age may extend their tour of duty.

Liberal pundits (the Gang of One Million) will announce, no later than February, that conservatism has been tried and found wanting.

The following will be reported as Missing Persons: Ramsey Clark, Andy Young, Jody Something, Ham-fat the Exquisite, John Anderson, Jerry Brown, Ralph Nader, Jane Fonda, and all of South Georgia.

What's-his-name, the Secretary General of the United Nations (the Gang of 149), will travel in grand style to fifty or sixty theaters of armed conflict, continuing the noble UN tradition of keeping the peace or reducing international tensions or putting in an appearance, or getting one's picture in the papers, or evading New York City during the snowy season, or, in any case, checking out the new restaurants here and there from wild Singapore to wild exotic Geneva.

Teddy Kennedy will get a haircut. (He has already taken his bath.)

The post office will introduce 69-digit zip codes and Erica Jong will do a book announcing . . . but the mind boggles (working title: *The Bang of One?*).

Justice Marshall (the Gang of One Too Many) will announce that he intends, like Justice Douglas, to serve on the Supreme Court as long as he possesses his faculties. His friends, hoping he goes Douglas one better, will urge him to make it retroactive.

The Wilmington 10, in a dispute over the spoils, will split up into the Wilmington 5 and the Wilmington 4, confirming what many observers had suspected from the start.

Congress (the Gang of 535) will cordially cooperate with President Reagan as long as the members see their way clear to getting re-elected. To mitigate their perturbations they will vote themselves a hike in pay.

Chrysler will stick us for another billion and then go bankrupt.

There will be no more Polish jokes, or there will be many more Polish jokes, depending upon Moscow's disposition of troops. America's favorite Polish

joke will achieve financial independence by publishing his memoirs of his experiences as Secretary of State.

The grass will come up green in the spring, the geese will fly north, and the apple trees will open their white blossoms to the honey-making bees. Worms, fish hooks, rods, and little boys will be found keeping company. Venus will reappear in the evening sky. Girls will bake cookies and think about boys repaying the compliment and the puzzlement. It will be a very good year, like all the years that have gone before. Even the folly has been fun.

One welcomes the New Year with a certain chirping happiness, like a sparrow cupped in the Lord's comfortable hands.

Notes & Asides

■ Memo to: WFB

From: Dorothy McCartney

Subject: Where was Daniel Patrick Moynihan during the Augusts of Yesteryear?

In the August 16, 1980 issue of *The New Republic*, Senator Moynihan writes: "Anyone who has glanced recently at the crowded reading tables of his or her Republican friends will be impressed by the evidence of their new intellectual interests. NATIONAL REVIEW, once considered by some to be a mere purveyor of dogma, has changed. Pick up the August 8 issue and you will find reviews of Solzhenitsyn, Arnold Beichman on Nietzsche, Fichte, Hegel, and Marx, and Joseph Sobran on Richard Sennett." Senator Moynihan seems to have missed antecedent August NRs. For instance:

1979, August

Senator Moynihan on private schools and the First Amendment; Jacob Neusner on the Holocaust; reviews of Elizabeth Hardwick and William Styron.

1978, August

Reviews of Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag III*, the memoirs of Anthony Powell, two books on Trotsky; Dale Vree on Daniel Bell as socialist/traditionalist.

1977, August

Tributes to Will Herberg by Nathan Glazer, Lewis S. Feuer, Bernhard W. Anderson, et al.; Ruth Berenson on black American art; reviews of books by Harold Wilson and John Hersey.

Chairman, Foreign Relations

What's to be done with Charles Percy?

Is it his trolley, you think?

Senators touch at their temples;

Friends are suggesting a shrink.

Shall we alert the attendants?

Who's for the loony bin *now*?

After his "summit" in Moscow

He can't stop taking a bow.

W. H. VON DREELE

1976, August

Reviews of the letters of John Steinbeck and of books on the *Brown* decision, Chekhov, and Robespierre.

1975, August

Reviews of Heinrich Böll, G. K. Chesterton, Tom Wolfe; Keith Mano on *Natural History* magazine; an essay on Schumpeter's economics.

1974, August

Reviews of Daniel Boorstin, Raoul Berger, John Le Carré, and Kate Millett.

1973, August

Alexander Bickel reviews Louis Henkin's *Foreign Affairs and the Constitution*; reviews of the memoirs of William Butler Yeats, stories by Nabokov, and Theodore White's *The Making of the President 1972*.

1972, August

Review of Samuel Eliot Morison's book on Samuel de Champlain; Nathan Glazer on Michael Novak's *The Rise of the Unmeltable Ethnics*; reviews of England's Royal Ballet and a new play by Christopher Isherwood.

1971, August

Keith Mano on the Episcopal Church; reviews of Willmoore Kendall and of books on Samuel Johnson and Wyndham Lewis.

1970, August

Colm Brogan reminisces about the Bloomsbury group; reviews of *Beyond the Melting Pot* by Daniel Patrick Moynihan and Nathan Glazer, and of recent fiction by John Updike, Kingsley Amis, and Joan Didion.

1969, August

Reviews of a work on C. S. Lewis and of the letters of E. E. Cummings; Ruth Berenson on nineteenth century American art; a review of Gay Talese's book on the *New York Times*, *The Kingdom and the Power*.

1968, August

John Dos Passos views the American scene; reviews of Lord Acton and Henry Fairlie; Will Herberg on American Catholicism.

1967, August

Reviews of J. H. Plumb and Arnold J. Toynbee; Guy Davenport on American poetry; Alec Waugh reminisces about Aden.

1966, August

Garry Wills on James Boswell; reviews of John O'Hara and of a book of essays on C. S. Lewis; Will Herberg on the "Death of God" theology.

1965, August

Milton Friedman on social responsibility; Frank Meyer on Abraham Lincoln; reviews of Wilfrid Sheed and Simone de Beauvoir.

1964, August

Colm Brogan on Lord Beaverbrook; Theodore Sturgeon on the latest science fiction; Professor Walter Berns on the sources of law; reviews of Garry Wills and Auberon Waugh.

1963, August

Reviews of Hannah Arendt, Erich Fromm, and Nancy Mitford; Hugh Kenner on Cleanth Brooks's literary criticism.

1962, August

Murray Kempton on Herman Wouk's *Youngblood Hawke*; reviews of Anne Morrow Lindbergh, James Baldwin, and Philip Roth.

1961, August

Sir Arnold Lunn reviews Hugh Thomas's *The Spanish Civil War*; reviews of the Adams-Jefferson letters, a study of Goethe's *Faust*, and Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*.

1960, August

Hugh Kenner on poetry; an analysis of the economics of John Kenneth Galbraith; reviews of works on D. H. Lawrence and Thomas Jefferson.

1959, August

Dorothy L. Sayers on "The Lost Tools of Learning"; reviews of Crane Brinton, Jacques Barzun, and C. Wright Mills.

1958, August

Reviews of Sir Harold Nicolson, Oscar Handlin, and Milovan Djilas; Thomas Molnar on intellectual life in Paris.

1957, August

Garry Wills on *Time* magazine; James Burnham on Henry Kissinger's *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*; reviews of Samuel Eliot Morison and of books on Colette and Marie Antoinette.

1956, August

Reviews of James MacGregor Burns, Marcel Proust, and Aldous Huxley; an essay on the influence of Keynes.

Dorothy: Many thanks. It's lucky we weren't publishing in August of 1955—one more might have embarrassed Senator Moynihan!

—WFB

25 Years

OF LOOKING BACK

The Death of Keynes: Supply-Side Economics

TOM BETHELL

MY ECONOMICS education began 21 years ago at Oxford, when my tutor dropped Samuelson's uncomfortably heavy textbook in my lap and instructed me to return the following week, having written an essay entitled "What Is Money?" Samuelson turned out not to be very illuminating on the subject, I felt. For further enlightenment, I examined the few coins in my pocket, but with the gnawing suspicion that my tutor had something rather more abstract in mind—otherwise, what was I doing at a university?

Then I attended an economics lecture, my first and I fear my last. I sat in the midst of a crowd of scruffy freshmen, and we were straightaway introduced to the mysteries of national income. My own income, I knew, was zero, as no doubt was that of most of my fellow students. Apparently national income was everyone's income added up: a summation leading to yet another abstraction—an aggregation, precariously computed and seemingly irrelevant, but for some reason of tremendous importance to Oxford dons. I remember learning at this lecture that unpaid housewives unjustly depress the national income figures. What about unpaid students, I wondered.

It was no good. I couldn't understand it at all. A week later I abandoned my career in economics; rats running around in mazes seemed to promise more in the way of human interest. I never did fully unravel the mysteries of money, which remains true to this day.

Twenty years later exactly I returned to Oxford, inquired at the porter's lodge, learned that my old economics tutor was still in residence, and decided to look him up. I murmured an apology for the brevity of my encounter with the dismal science. He waved that aside and offered sherry. Glass in hand, I asked him how he felt about the Laffer Curve. Clearly it was an uneasy moment

for him. He was not familiar with the concept. With some prompting he made a creditable recovery, but I felt he would have been more comfortable discussing the vagaries of national income. As I looked out of the mullioned windows, I confess, thoughts of ivied towers crossed my mind. I had a suspicion that I might have been keeping up with the dismal developments a little more enthusiastically than the professor.

As it happens, the contrast between national income statistics and the Laffer Curve is an appropriate point to begin a discussion of recent developments in economics. The study of nationwide statistical aggregates is called macroeconomics. The study of the incentives and disincentives facing the individual, or firm, is called microeconomics. The Laffer Curve, a graphical representation of the disincentives created by high tax rates, is one element of a brand-new theory called supply-side economics. Its recent emergence in the public consciousness—signaling the beginnings of a return to micro, or classical, economics, and a turning away from macro, or Keynesian, economics—is no doubt the most important development in economic theory in the past 25 years.

Paul Samuelson, Keynesian devotee and macro-man to the last, doesn't like this development one little bit. He recently referred to "Washington hot air about 'supply-side economics.'" But Milton Friedman, the well-known monetarist, television star, and author of the best-selling *Free to Choose*, whose column in *Newsweek* first demonstrated to me that intelligible writing about economics was not impossible, seems to be endorsing aspects of the theory after some initial reluctance.

Macro- and microeconomics are so different that they almost qualify as separate disciplines. The summation of figures entailed by macro reduces economics to a task for statisticians and computers. In the study of averages, reality is excluded. A rich man and poor man, added together and divided by two, yield an average man. When half the people in a country enjoy incentives to work harder (thus becoming richer), and half are discouraged from working (so staying poor, or becoming poorer), the very notion of incentive disappears from view behind the great clumps and thickets of national income and GNP.

Microeconomics is closer to real life. But because it deals with such unmeasurable qualities as motive, desire,



“Iconbusting, brawlingly staid, and wonderfully highbrow.”

—WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

“One of the nation’s most energetic and sprightly journals of opinion. . . . If *The American Spectator* has a guiding philosophy, it is little more than a disgust for hypocrisy, utopian social engineering and bad writing.”

—TIME

“One of the liveliest, best written, best edited journals of ideas and politics we know.”

—BALTIMORE SUN

“One of the few magazines which dares to focus on both popular and terribly unpopular viewpoints. The result is a fascinating, intelligent, and totally readable approach to current affairs. It is highly recommended.”

—LIBRARY JOURNAL

Do you disrelish frauds, gas bags, and philistines armed with the full power of the State? Do you relish humor, intelligence, eloquence—writing that cuts to the heart of an issue in memorable style? If so, *The American Spectator* is for you.

Inside every issue you will find intelligent articles on important subjects ranging from politics to literary criticism, from economic analysis to policy analysis to film commentary.

Along with such serious articles you will find regular features and special articles that are guaranteed to make you laugh out loud. Each issue, for example, carries a full page of idiotic quotations gathered from the far corners of the Republic. Another page summarizes the latest monkeyshines perpetrated by the world’s buffoons.

Our all-star lineup features not only well-known writers like Malcolm Muggeridge, Irving Kristol, and Milton Friedman, but also some of the most talented members of the rising young generation, for instance, editor R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., whose opinions *Time* magazine has said “are couched in some of the liveliest prose since the passing of H.L. Mencken.”

So if you are wearied by those magazines that approach every issue with a sour face, you should consider *The American Spectator*. If you are also looking for a magazine that will render you thoughtful, then inflamed, *The American Spectator* is definitely for you.

To order a trial subscription at our special money-saving rate (30% off the regular subscription price) just complete

the coupon and send it to us with your check. Or—if you prefer—we can bill you. In either case we offer a 100% money-back guarantee.

Subscribe to a magazine that stirs the blood and engages the mind. Subscribe to *The American Spectator*.

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, IN 47402

YES, I'll give *The American Spectator* a try. Please enter a one-year trial subscription (12 issues) for only \$9.95—more than 30% off the regular newsstand price of \$15.00.

☐ Please bill me. If the first issue disappoints me, I'll write “cancel” across the bill and owe nothing.

☐ My check for \$9.95 is enclosed. Please send me TWO ADDITIONAL ISSUES AT NO ADDITIONAL COST. I understand that full refund is guaranteed if I cancel on seeing the first issue.

[Please print]

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

ONAA

aspiration, and expectation, it does not easily lend itself to quantification. Statisticians will therefore be unenthusiastic about a return to micro; as will academic economists in general, because it cannot be so easily shaped into a "model," complete with inputs, outputs, fine tuning, computer printouts, and forecasts, all of seeming mathematical precision. Such analysis always depends on the assumption that the future will be like the past. It is precisely such static analysis that supply-side economists wish to overthrow. After incentives have been changed, they argue, it is erroneous to believe that the future will be like the past. (This is *the* fundamental mistake that is routinely made by U.S. Treasury forecasts.)

The conversion of economics into a nationwide survey of digits is a comparatively recent development. There are no national income statistics or anything of that nature in *The Wealth of Nations* (1776) by Adam Smith. But John Maynard Keynes's *General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money* (1936) reads in part like a treatise in algebra.

"Keynes constantly goes wrong," Henry Hazlitt wrote in a great book, *The Failure of the New Economics*, "because he chronically thinks in terms of averages and aggregates that conceal the very causal relations he is trying to study. This aggregate, in-block, or lump thinking is the exact opposite of economic analysis. Its recent prevalence, largely under Keynes's influence, represents a serious retrogression in economic thought." Hazlitt was right on target, but his book, which left not one stone of the Keynesian edifice standing upon another, had the misfortune of being published in the heyday of Keynesianism (1959).

The propensity to study aggregates is a curious one, and it may have been a quirk of the times. Only a few years before Keynes's *General Theory* appeared, Sir R. A. Fisher, a contemporary of Keynes's at Cambridge, published *The Genetical Theory of Natural Selection*, which studied not organisms but the statistical tendencies of aggregates of organisms, as determined by mathematical deduction. (A given page of this book looks much like a page of Keynes.)

Keynes *A man hostile to capitalism*

Those were the glory days of science—before the atom bomb. To share in the immense prestige of science, many disciplines were eager to please by demonstrating that they too could assume scientific guise. The tendency has by no means disappeared, of course (particularly in the pitiful realm of "social science"), but it may be on the wane.

The other great bonus provided by aggregate economics was that it permitted ideology to lurk undetected behind all those mathematical symbols. It is amusing to read, at the outset of a covertly politicized chapter of Samuelson's *Economics*, for example, that "the [Keynesian] income analysis here described is itself neutral: it can be used as well to defend private enterprise as to limit it . . ." (But mainly to attack it, he should have added.)

In the old days, economics was accurately described as "political economy." Since Keynes it has masqueraded as a science studied by apolitical technicians. "Nobody here but us computer programmers," we were given to understand whenever we dared open the door to the economics lab. (But let us at least doff our caps to J. K. Galbraith, who has straightforwardly conceded that his analysis of the political economy was socialist.)

Although Keynesian analysis *looks* objective, as it is intended to, it is worth recalling that Keynes was personally hostile toward capitalism (although he personally did nicely out of it), and his theory demonstrating "mathematically" that new government spending programs were the solution to existing problems was immediately embraced by the Left.

The point here is not merely that the Left likes the government to spend as much of the people's money as possible (although obviously it does). Perhaps more important, the Left strongly dislikes any suggestion that economics should be discussed in terms of incentives, rewards, and penalties.

This is because the central feature of left-wing ideology is the belief that people are capable of transcending self-interest in their lives. This in turn leads to the belief that people work, not for *profit*, not for enrichment, but for the good of the collective. Therefore, the new economic model that Keynes provided, in which the individual really does disappear, to be replaced by collective statistics embracing a whole nation, was bound to have enormous appeal for the Left.

That is why the appearance of supply-side economics is of such importance. It restores the individual to the center of the economic universe, thus forcing left-wing economists to face up to the matter of incentives, which they could so easily evade while pondering aggregate demand. Hardly surprising, therefore, that such leftish economists as Lester Thurow and Hobart Rowen of the *Washington Post* have expressed no enthusiasm for supply-side theory.

The discrediting of a theory, whether in science or economics, must necessarily await the arrival of an alternative hypothesis. Darwin's theory of natural selection, for example, exposed in recent years as devoid of meaning because of its circular nature, survives in practice for lack of a rival. Keynesianism survived Hazlitt's analysis because there was at the time naught to replace it. But now that supply-side theory is with us, Keynesian theory is under sustained attack. (As we shall see, Keynesian practice flourishes.) What, then, are the key elements (and errors) of Keynes's theory?

Surveying the depressed Western economies of the 1930s, Keynes concluded that the problem was a shortage of demand. He meant, of course, aggregate, overall demand. He reasoned that this was brought about by an excess of saving. (Keynes had an animus against thrift, which he derided by attributing it to "Pride and Avarice," among other motives.)

If people save too much, then clearly they don't spend enough. Keynes recognized, however, that when savings pile up in bank accounts, those who wish to borrow these savings in order to invest them will benefit from

low interest rates. Thus Keynes's argument that savings were excessive depended crucially upon the further demonstration that these savings were not leading to additional investment through the mechanism of interest rates.

In fact, they were not. Investment lagged. Savings were not borrowed even though the interest rate dropped as low as 1 per cent in the mid-Thirties. Keynes therefore argued, with apparent legitimacy, that the government should come to the rescue of the economy and do what individuals refused to do; it should spend their money for them. The government bonds that would have to be issued to keep the budgetary books in balance would absorb private savings.

This rationale for government expansion received immediate and widespread academic endorsement, much of which survives to this day. Governments would henceforth need lots of economic advice, and that would mean academic advice. By contrast, free-market economists are forever talking themselves out of a job. (This was first pointed out to me several years ago by Barry Bosworth, then considered to be the Brookings Institution's house conservative. He later went to work for President Carter's Council on Wage and Price Stability and somewhere along the line was converted to wage and price controls as the answer to inflation.)

Lately, however, one or two economists have pointed out the crucial error in the Keynesian argument. Investment lagged in the 1930s not because of excessive saving, but because interest rates were very high in real terms.

Keynes



Deflation is the key to this mystery, and Keynes never quite grasped it. The price level, in both Britain and the U.S., was falling year after year. (One reason was that Britain had made the mistake of returning to the gold standard after World War I at the prewar gold-price level—that is, without allowing for the intervening wartime inflation. The gold-price mechanism then pulled all prices down toward their prewar level.)

If you borrow \$100 at 5 per cent, and the following year prices are 10 per cent lower, you are in reality paying an interest rate of 15 per cent. Since interest rates cannot fall below zero—as Keynes does acknowledge *en passant* in *The General Theory*—it follows that a downward adjustment of interest rates cannot beyond a certain point compensate for deflation in the same way that an upward adjustment of interest rates can compensate for inflation. We see here a crucial asymmetry between inflation and deflation.

Depression

The Smoot-Hawley analysis

In short, Keynes failed to grasp the distinction between real and nominal interest rates. The problem was not an “excess of saving” at all, but very high real interest rates, “equivalent to nominal rates of 30 per cent at today’s rate of inflation,” as Alan Reynolds pointed out in *NR* last year (November 9, 1979). Reynolds, vice president of research at the First National Bank of Chicago, was perhaps the first to stress this point about real interest rates deterring investment in the Depression.

Moreover, as Jude Wanniski has convincingly shown in *The Way the World Works* (a rare volume, in that it conveys a non-dismal view of the non-science), the Depression and subsequent deflation was brought about not by an overindulgent prosperity or by overproduction but by the erection of destructive barriers to trade in the form of the Smoot-Hawley tariff act, resulting in a sharp contraction of world commerce.

Further, the argument is now heard that Keynesian theory is doomed in practice because the “management” of demand—giving spending money to some people, whether in the polite guise of government jobs or directly as transfer payments and welfare, and then borrowing the necessary funds from savers—is at best a zero-sum exercise, resulting in no addition to aggregate demand. In practice it is worse than this, condemning a whole recipient class to lives of consumption. Production being arduous, it is almost never achieved by people who are given money whether they produce or not. (A view that once again accepts the idea that people are moved to effort by incentives, not the collective good.) This is the modern affliction of the welfare culture, Third World foreign-aid recipients, and—often—the hereditary rich.

Keynes set an appalling intellectual precedent when he argued that if only consumers would spend more, then the productive would respond by making more. He thus reversed logic, truth, and the order of the universe. It has been a great comfort, of course, for government-employee unions and the tax-recipient class generally to believe

that in response to their demands for higher payments, factory workers will toil away even harder. But this is hardly the way the world works. "Supply" seems to have been taken completely for granted in Keynes's day, as it has been until recently. In the intervening years, however, government has grown so huge, regulations so complex, tax rates so high and effective at such moderate income levels that the supply of goods and services now trails way behind the demand for them; which is another way of describing inflation.

Laffer's Curve

Supply doesn't equal demand

The new supply-side theory appeared in response to this growing imbalance between production and consumption. A number of economists contributed to the new theory, although Arthur Laffer has received most of the credit, touching off (I gather) schisms and priority disputes. So let us acknowledge, in no particular order, the efforts of: Paul Craig Roberts, Norman Ture, Michael Evans, Alan Reynolds, Robert Mundell, in addition to Laffer's Boswell, Jude Wanniski.

The essential argument of supply-side theory is that adding to supply, unlike adding to demand, is not a zero-sum task. In order to make something—let us say something that will later be valued at \$100—a producer does not need to be given any money. Instead, he has to be given an incentive—an intangible. Consumption, on the other hand, really is zero-sum. If a policymaker tries to stimulate demand by giving someone \$100, then he must either take the money away from someone else, or suffer the Federal Reserve Bank to print it, thus marginally devaluing everyone else's money. Supply and demand are therefore far from being symmetrical, although supply and demand curves in textbooks mistakenly suggest that that is exactly what they are. They differ in this crucial respect: things are consumed with cash—but made with effort.

This is the point that Lester Thurow fails to grasp in his recent book *The Zero-Sum Society*, in which he makes a kind of last-ditch appeal for continued and expanded government control of the economy. Thurow denies supply-side theory by arguing that additions to supply can only come at the expense of consumption. The spending constituencies will therefore not allow changes in government policy favoring the redirecting of the economy toward greater production.

Like so many other economic commentators today, Thurow has failed to grasp the first principle of supply-side theory, which can be simply stated as follows: tax rates are one thing, tax revenues are another. If you believe that cutting a *high* tax rate results in a *large* revenue loss, then you are precisely thinking in static, zero-sum, Thurovian terms. Supply-siders think of high tax rates as potential barriers to commerce, not as revenue-collecting devices. In fact, high tax rates collect tiny revenues, and Laffer's curve graphically makes the point that a 100 per cent tax rate will collect no revenue. People are not prepared to work entirely for the benefit of

the government. Naturally, left-wingers don't like *that* idea, and they have done their best to rebut it.

They have been brilliantly abetted by journalists who constantly talk of tax changes in terms of revenue—"a tax cut of \$30 billion," for example. This utterly misleading formulation should be jeered out of the public prints as soon as possible. Tax changes should always be expressed in rates, and the thresholds at which they apply; to do otherwise is precisely to posit a static universe in which there is no post-tax-change shift in incentives. High tax rates in fact deter taxable economic activity, drive it underground, or cause it to switch into legal but untaxable outlets. Craig Roberts has expressed the point by saying that a reduction of tax rates increases the "price" of leisure and reduces the "price" of work.

Many well-paid functionaries in Washington, who spend their off-hours studying tax-shelter manuals, or advising their friends to put their money into real estate "because of the tax breaks," will strenuously deny that "tax cuts" are anything other than inflationary (by which they mean that they will increase the budget deficit). But of course a "tax cut" means a tax-rate reduction, and after rates are reduced we inhabit a new world; in which, very possibly, it no longer pays to seek tax shelters.

Milton Friedman has in general been cool toward supply-side theory; perhaps not surprisingly considering that Arthur Laffer goes around the country telling people that "there is a free lunch." But recently, in one of his *Newsweek* columns, Friedman made a significant concession by pointing out that a reduction of the top income-tax bracket from the current 70 per cent down to 25 per cent "would have reduced the total 'tax generated' for 1977 (the most recent year for which the requisite data are available) by only 13 per cent."



Friedman went on to argue that the reduced rates would in fact increase revenues because people would instantly report higher taxable earnings. "There is ample leeway for a more than 10 per cent increase in the taxable income reported," Friedman wrote. "Just ask any tax attorney, tax accountant, or tax-shelter specialist."

Friedman still clings to the doubt "that such a cut would spur incentives to work, save, and invest enough to offset any possible loss in revenue," even though he has already conceded that high tax rates drive people to tax specialists just as surely as high fevers drive people to doctors. This is why Laffer et al. are confident that a reduction of tax rates would *instantly* capture new revenue (without having to wait for new factories to be built): people would switch out of tax shelters and (to some extent) out of the underground economy.

The truth is that all the major tax-rate reductions in this century have resulted in increased revenues. The problem for the critics is to find one case where this has not happened. The most recent illustration has been in Puerto Rico, where, under Governor Carlos Romero Barceló, income-tax rates have been reduced by 15 per cent in the last two years. As Representative Jack Kemp (R., N.Y.) pointed out recently on the floor of the House, "they found as they reformed their tax code and lowered their rates of taxation on all individual taxpayers that not only did revenues climb by 13.5 per cent but so did the number of people filing tax returns." If the Puerto Rican confirmation of supply-side theory has been reported in the U.S. press, it has escaped my attention.

George Gilder points out, in his important forthcoming book *Wealth and Poverty*, that the tax change that would do the most by far to stimulate supply is a reduction in income-tax rates. His argument is that savings (which above all need to be stimulated today) are taxed twice under current law: first when income is earned, and then when subsequent income (whether interest, dividends, or capital gains) is generated by savings. Income-tax-rate cuts would therefore doubly stimulate savings, while reducing consumption.

Unfortunately, we have heard a tremendous amount of nonsense from the Carter Administration, Congress, and the news media about the need to "fashion" tax cuts with extreme caution—a tiny little cut here, a nibble there. There is a reluctant recognition that "productivity" must be increased, but the idea seems to be that, although productive enterprises should be encouraged, we should take extra care to ensure that *people* aren't rewarded in any way. That is what the reluctant tax-cutters mean when they talk about "targeted" tax cuts. But they won't work, if enacted. "You can't have capitalism without capitalists," Gilder says.

This brings us, at last, to the truly dismal state of current economic practice. Theory may at last have forced economists, academics, and editorial writers to face up to the question of rewards and incentives. Unfortunately, in the halls of Congress, not a great deal has changed. Enlightened legislators such as Kemp, Dave Stockman of Michigan, Newt Gingrich of Georgia, and Ron Paul of Texas (Republicans all) are in short supply.

The persistence of Keynesianism, in practice, is easily

explicable, because it provides a learned-seeming rationale for doing what legislators have always wanted to do—spend other people's money. The crucial legislative/economic nexus consists of income-transfer payments, enabling congressmen to be re-elected by doling out money to a recipient class now almost as large as the donor class. Since tax recipients each have one vote, just like tax donors, it is hard to see how this is going to end any time soon.

Lord Keynes is therefore still firmly on his pedestal on Capitol Hill. The Congressional Budget Office, presided over by Alice Rivlin, routinely advises the legislators who hired her that added government spending will stimulate the economy more than an equivalent reduction in tax revenues: undiluted Keynesianism, derived from the "balanced budget multiplier." This stipulates that a dollar spent by the government will "multiply" faster in the economy than a dollar spent by you (because you will be ill-advised enough to save part of that dollar).

It is something of an outrage that, at a time when even economics reporters from papers like the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* have begun to notice the need for more savings, no newspaper reporter to date (as far as I am aware) has bothered to point out in print that the Congressional Budget Office, and tax policy generally, persists in regarding saving the way Keynes did in 1936: as something quite explicitly to be discouraged. The problem with these reporters is that they have been too busy denouncing President-elect Reagan and the Kemp-Roth proposal for income-tax-rate reduction as "simplistic" to pay any attention to the theoretical underpinnings of current policy.

Pipe Dream

The budget-balancing act

The other main superstition that needs to be overcome is the tenacious faith in a balanced budget. Keynes was at least imaginative on this point. It is better to pay off government debt with bonds than to try capturing added revenues by lowering tax-rate thresholds. (Bonds are the equivalent of *voluntary* taxation and do not constitute a deterrent to economic activity in the way that high tax rates do.)

The balanced budget superstition today emanates mostly from old-fashioned or cautious conservatives who have completely failed to grasp one vital point: the dynamics of Congress are now such that a call for a balanced budget results in one and only one public outcome: increased taxes. (That is why sly liberals—e.g., Common Cause—also support a balanced budget.)

The federal budget has the following built-in feature at present: expenditures increase automatically (because of "mandated" adjustments for inflation and ever-expanding "entitlements," or eligibility for transfer payments); and revenues increase automatically (because inflation moves people into higher tax brackets).

I don't think that Herbert Stein and other ardent budget-balancers fully grasp the point that senators and representatives no longer even have to *vote* on these issues.

They can sit in their offices entertaining constituents, and as they sit there spending goes up, more people become eligible for larger transfer payments, and the revenues to pay for them go up at the same time. But these days spending goes up even faster than revenues. Therefore, to call for a balanced budget is to call for tax increases.

The budget-balancers respond at this point that they recommend cutting spending, not raising taxes. A fine idea—in theory. If one of these gentlemen would present to me his plan for electing to the U.S. Senate 25 more Orrin Hatches and 25 more Jesse Helmses I might begin to regard the idea of cutting spending as something other than a pipe dream. Unfortunately, it seems that the budget-balancers never find the time to read the *Congressional Record*, and so are unaware of the huge margins by which spending reduction measures are routinely defeated. Within Britain's far more authoritarian parliamentary system, Margaret Thatcher with the best will in the world is finding it nearly impossible to cut spending. It will be far worse here, even in the new, far more conservative Congress.

The supply-side argument is not only sound in theory. It is politically feasible. Politicians won't cut spending, but they don't mind cutting taxes—cutting tax *rates*, I should stress.

If they do cut these rates, then government revenues will increase, just as they always have in the past, and the budget will begin to move into balance.

If on the other hand those who demand from the future a nonexistent measure of certainty prevail, then economic contraction will persist, inflation will worsen, and the general economic deterioration will continue. □

The Disease Of Government

GEORGE GILDER

AS THE Ayatollah Khomeini's ascent reminds us, nothing in politics is more potent, for good or ill, than the triumph of a religion. American history since the early 1960s is the saga of the good—and then the evil—that ensued the triumph of a similarly weird and mystical cult within the institutions of American power: namely the belief that the spiritual equality of human beings dictates a statistical equality in the distribution of wealth.

Government in America reached this summit on that day in 1964 when President Lyndon Johnson boldly closed the chasm between church and state, between the nation's dominant political party and its prevailing religious movement, crudely fusing the power of the Presidency with the passions of worship. Since the religion he embraced was the most ardent faith and superstition of

America's intellectual elite, every voice of the media and the academy chimed its approval. The Supreme Court saw nothing amiss, the American Civil Liberties Union was ecstatic, and there is no report that even Madalyn Murray O'Hair was anything but pleased.

It was a faith, of course, so widely upheld that no one called it a religion. Like Christianity in earlier times, it was simply believed by most intellectuals to be the foundation of morality and truth. Nonetheless, when President Johnson responded to the murder of three civil-rights workers in Neshoba County, Mississippi by declaring that "*We shall overcome*," he was claiming the reverential authority of a religion for the actions of the state. He was invoking the holiest words of the most sanctified hymn that a secularized generation of American liberals ever knew, and in his deep Southern voice, he was imparting to those words a greater freight of piety and power than they had ever before attained. And the juggernaut that they released would seem to confirm the fears of the Founding Fathers on the dangers of a union between political and spiritual authority.

The problem, however, was not merely religion in politics. It was the rejection of the deepest Christian truth, proclaimed on an earlier summit, when Jesus repudiated the Devil's offer of absolute power over human society. As Johnson unveiled his program during the subsequent year it became clear that he intended not merely to repeal the laws of racial segregation and thus countermand an earlier great evil of the liberal state. This would have been a practical and desirable, though difficult, agenda. Instead, Johnson resolved to rescind the facts of life: the radical scarcities and struggles, the profound differences among men, that are the essence of biological humanity. In the name of a Great Society, he would repress all the diversity and contingency of human affairs that are the conditions of human greatness.

As an alternative, he offered *equality*: equality not just as a "right and a theory" but as a "fact and result." Poverty, disease, and injustice—these, too, he said, "we will overcome." Government programs would reconstitute the domestic order of American life and replace it, as Robert Kennedy demanded, with "a newer world." Such incantations of change and perfection are the stuff of a millenarianist faith, not of practical affairs. Its clerics, however, could gain practical returns even if the parishioners could not.

The Johnsonian vision did not end in rhetoric, nor did it end with the Johnson Administration. Great Society programs came forth by the hundreds. A War on Poverty was declared and armies of bureaucrats, lawyers, and social workers thronged into America's slums. Welfare rights were promulgated, jobs were "created," income was redistributed, class-action suits were litigated.

By their fruits we shall know them, and the fruits of the Great Society can now be seen as unmitigated tragedy. The focus of all these programs was the ghetto, and that is their test. The results are now clear: the destruction of the black family in the slums and the perpetuation and intensification of poverty. By 1980, all the indices of social chaos and dependency, violence, addiction, and demoralization, that Daniel Patrick Moynihan cited in 1965 in his

alarming account of the black family had approximately doubled. Of all black children, including the offspring of the stable middle class, six of ten were being raised without fathers, compared with fewer than two in ten whites; virtually all ghetto families were female-headed, assuring that the chaos would continue into future generations.

The War on Poverty with its "welfare rights" campaign had ended by halting in its tracks a dramatic ongoing improvement in the lives of the poor, reversing the progress of the Fifties and early Sixties. Instead, there were created hundreds of thousands of jobs for middle-class civil servants and social workers and a wreckage of broken and dependent families—cradles of crime and despair—that should ever remain on the conscience of American liberalism. The fact that these families now have more income than before only disguises the terrible fact that most of them have lost all hope of self-sufficiency or family life.

'Parenting'

Fathers in child-care centers

Such tragedies had no effect on the confidence of the bureaucracy, however. It merely moved on to other goals. Having deprived poor black children of their fathers, the government offered—as a remedy for the problems that ensued—a series of programs to remove the mothers as well. In the grip of the mystique of equality, the Mullahs agreed that what the welfare mothers needed was to enter the bracing world of work, and that what their children needed was some peculiar form of social service called "parenting," to be provided through a \$20-billion program of child-development centers. And what jobs were to be provided for the welfare mothers? Several ideas were prominent, among them the exploitation of their well-known skills in carpentry and photovoltaic engineering by putting them to work on the rehabilitation of slum buildings and the construction of "alternative energy facilities." But the scholars and administrators finally resolved that the best role for these women was to care for the children in the child-development centers. The only dissenters arose in meccas of more refined thought such as the Carnegie Council on Children, which urged getting the *fathers* to staff the day-care centers and the women to find jobs on construction sites.

Such bizarre arrangements remain the solution of choice of the governing class. Women regarded as incompetent to care for their own children are to be liberated to care for the children of others in government accommodations under the guidance of bureaucracy.

This ingenious program—joining the "liberation" of women from the home with the appropriation of new money for the state—was combined with a whole new agenda of social prosthetics. The mandate of federally enforced equality was extended from the descendants of slaves to the daughters of plantation squires, from American Indians to all recent ethnic arrivals, and then to the young, the old, and the handicapped, and finally to addicts, alcoholics, and homosexuals. Any American who could not be king was to be issued a customized federal crutch. Government resolved even to banish gender as an

influence on human arrangements. As the circles of enforcement were extended, absolutely no claims of common sense, and no sense of absurdity, could faze the authorities. Smith College was prosecuted for bias against women; and early this year a restaurant in Ventura, California was convicted of sex discrimination for requiring men but not women to wear neckties. Two male patrons were awarded a total of \$18,000 in damages.

By 1980, in fact, the rigors of egalitarian worship had infused America's governing class with an obtuse and complacent fanaticism that is close to demonic. From the Department of Energy to the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, no array of evidence, no appeal of principle, no claim of logic, no example of absurdity, no precedent of history would shake the beady-eyed assurance of the average high-level federal bureaucrat or federal judge that his cause is just and necessary: that the reach of regulation and the crush of equality should be further extended and more fully enforced—on small businesses, on private clubs, on families, on church schools, on professional sports, on newspapers, on universities, on mines and construction sites, on boys' choirs, on artists and writers and dancers and musicians, on authors of high-school history texts, on Little League baseball teams, on nursery-school pageants, on every nook of individuality and distinction, wealth and achievement in American life, on every recipient of government aid and harassment, and even, in an almost breathtaking *démarche*, first on police forces and fire departments and then on the military draft and the combat units of the American Armed Forces. Behind a façade of rhetoric of "deregulation," the regulatory budget rose by a factor of six, and between 1976 and 1979 the number of rules in the *Federal Register* increased by 50 per cent.



Meanwhile, these same prestigious authorities—who believe that family and society can be profoundly transformed by the mere issuance of laws and rules—maintain that nothing whatever can be done about the ever wider dissemination and advertisement of ever more sordid, violent, and perverted displays of degraded sexuality, that nothing whatever can be done to bring about the rapid and traumatic punishment of the perpetrators of vicious and sadistic crimes in America's cities, that nothing can be done to halt the teaching of depravity and promiscuity in American schools, that nothing can be done to arrest the debasement of the American dollar and the destruction of American wealth, and that nothing can or should be done to restore the military power of the United States. In fact, the governing class has a name for people who believe that something can be done to resist the propagation and perpetration of evil in America and the world: it calls these people right-wing extremists. Or, with special relish, it calls them religious fanatics.

Unlike the faith of Christians and Jews, however, the egalitarian beliefs that Johnson embraced in his determination to overcome the world and the flesh are subject to empirical analysis. The drastic failures of American government spring directly from demonstrable fallacies in the liberal faith. The faith is founded on three great superstitions: mathematical public opinion, governmental objectivity (or public interest), and philosophical materialism.

One of the crucial safeguards of democracy is the diversity of interests, opinions, and purposes of the people. Their differences and idiosyncrasies are so great and multifarious that except during a period of extreme crisis no detailed or thoroughgoing program of regulation and control can ever command a majority. Democracy is inherently a form of restricted government. Yet the egalitarian agenda requires the imposition of detailed rules on the entire range of human activity.

Liberals overcame this problem by inventing the concept of a detailed public opinion, scientifically measurable through polling techniques. Although the logic of democratic processes in fact strips the state of its mantle of absolute power, the liberal emperor could acquire new sovereign finery in the form of public-opinion surveys that revealed majority support for whatever he wanted to do.

It did not matter in the least that detailed public opinion, of the sort presented in the polls, does not exist—that the sort of data which the surveyors collect is almost totally meaningless. As President Carter's pollster Patrick Caddell himself has said, measuring public opinion is like "staring into the void." Nonetheless, in the same way that the hierophants of a Roman emperor pored over the entrails of pigeons to confirm the sanctity of his majesty's whims, the public-opinion experts can emerge from the murky mass of fragmentary impressions, conflicting impulses, and whimsical reactions of polling data with a decisive and scientific mandate for particular government actions.

Even on such issues as fiscal and monetary policy, welfare reform, the adoption of the B-1 bomber, affirmative action, the taxation of investment income, and other abstruse matters about which pollsters themselves know lit-

tle and the vast majority of the people couldn't care less, the experts were able to find a clear numerical pattern of majority views.

Yet, for the average respondent in most of these polls, the question itself is the chief source of information and determines the answer. Nice words—equality and the like—tend to evoke affirmative responses (Do you support an Equal Rights Amendment? A balanced budget? A job creation program?). Less nice ways of presenting the same policies will induce rejection (Do you support the drafting of women? Higher taxes? More bureaucracy?). The polls are merely a Rorschach test of various charged words and phrases. To add up these figments into mathematical totals and then lend them the sovereignty of democratic choice is an exercise more akin to numerology, or astrology, than political science.

Great Society

The materialist fallacy

Individual opinions are not equal in intensity, influence, knowledge, or practical effect. To pretend they are is pure superstition, reducing representative democracy to an unworkable charade that ends in the steady aggrandizement of the governing elite. Perhaps that is why the media place such stress on polling data—giving them regular front-page coverage—while paying little or no attention to the policy debates that proceed within real democratic institutions, such as the U.S. Congress.

In any case, majority support for concepts like fair housing, energy development, equal rights, adequate welfare, better education, and cleaner air is translated—in the name of democracy—into higher taxes, more intrusive regulation, and gargantuan bureaucracies that achieve none of their professed aims but steadily enlarge the power and perquisites of the governing class.

A second great superstition of liberal theory is the existence of something called government that transcends the concerns and limitations of its members and pursues something called the public interest. To think about government in a unitary way is deeply deceptive. Like any other group of men and women, government is in fact a vast assemblage of special interests. Unlike the members of businesses, however, most public servants escape the constraints of the marketplace and thus avoid the need to serve the public: while commanding coercive power, they are even relieved of the need to induce voluntary compliance. Government officials thus can pursue their own pseudo-religious preoccupations, exploit businesses, and bilk the taxpayers without the slightest compunctions of conscience or the slightest consciousness of real public needs and interests.

Alfred Marshall, the teacher and precursor of Lord Keynes at Cambridge, once wrote: "Government is the most precious of human possessions; and no care can be too great to be spent on enabling it to do its work in the best way: a chief condition to that end is that it should not be set to work for which it is not specially qualified, under the conditions of time and place." As the 1980s began, government was everywhere squandered on special-inter-

est activity and moralistic posturing, while the most indispensable public interests—the defense of the nation, the maintenance of law and order, and the management of the currency—were disastrously neglected. Secular humanist devotions blandly continued while a new barbarism prevailed across the land.

The central superstition of American liberalism, however, was not “public opinion” or the “public interest” of the state. It was the illusion of materialism in all its many forms. The materialist fallacy arose everywhere: in the belief that the distribution of money and goods could overcome poverty; in the belief that America could be “re-industrialized” through governmental accumulation and management of capital; in the belief that American wealth depends on a great endowment of “natural resources” which are somehow running out; in the belief—summed up in the theory of “entropy” in the Second Law of Thermodynamics—that the universe finally consists of matter and is governed by the laws of matter; that the universe is essentially dead, and deteriorating into uniform gasses.

The materialist fallacy is among the oldest of human delusions, from the period of great empires, when men imagined that wealth was mere land, to the era of Mercantilism, when they fantasized that it was gold bullion, to be accumulated through surpluses in trade. Today, the world believes wealth is oil, and clutches at land and gold as well, while the more sophisticated liberal economists add to these totals the quantitative sums of capital, comprising machines, buildings, and resource reserves. They suppose that the U.S. economy can be revived by increasing levels of “capital formation” and “investment” called forth by increasing powers of government.

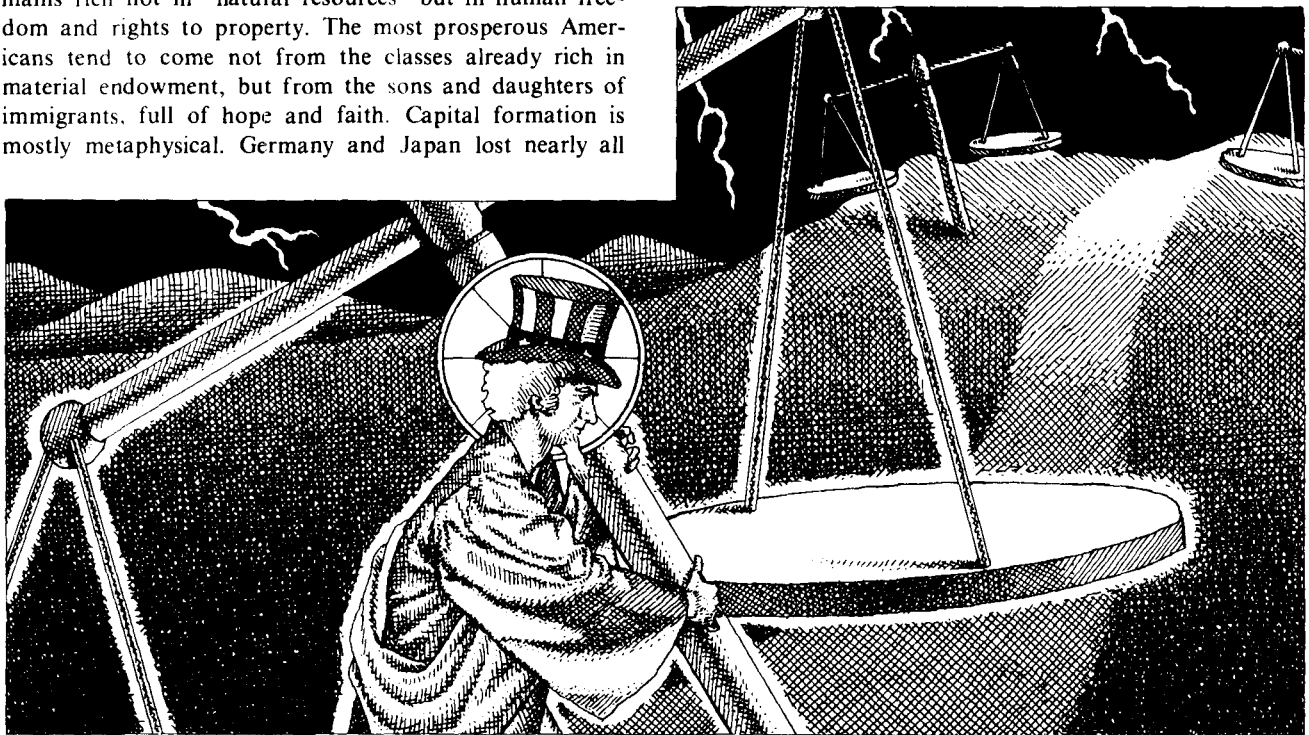
Throughout history, however, the most prosperous countries—from Phoenicia to Venice, from England to Japan, from Hong Kong to Singapore—have been domains rich not in “natural resources” but in human freedom and rights to property. The most prosperous Americans tend to come not from the classes already rich in material endowment, but from the sons and daughters of immigrants, full of hope and faith. Capital formation is mostly metaphysical. Germany and Japan lost nearly all

their material facilities during World War II and surged back by emancipating human minds and enterprises.

The materialist fallacy is what links the meliorist programs of liberalism to the totalitarian theory of Marx. As Tom Bethell has pointed out, Marxist and liberal economists are at one in denying the importance of motivation in the voluntary economic behavior of workers and entrepreneurs. Both imagine that capital consists mostly of resources and machines. Both Marxists and liberals imagine that redistribution can relieve poverty without causing dependency and destroying the metaphysical sources of wealth and productivity. Both fantasize that human leaders can gain sufficient knowledge to elicit innovation by force. Marxists and liberals alike deny the incentive effects of taxation and depict economics as a system devoid of any human motives between the extremes of coercion and habit. Both reject the voluntary culture of family and religion that is indispensable to the maintenance of civilized and creative human society.

This view of life, as governed by the laws of matter, has shaped and informed most governmental activity for two decades. It is the essence of the Great Society, and it explains most of the failures of liberal policy. Incomes and resources are to be moved to and fro, people are to be ordered about, all without affecting their families, their work effort, their willingness to face risk, their readiness to forgo current pleasures for later gains. Policy is presumed to achieve effects on people, but people are not believed to affect, much less to nullify, the purposes of policy.

These assumptions and practices are the essence of materialism. Coercion, after all, is the appropriate way to manage matter, and matter can be depended upon to behave in accordance with physical laws, after it has been coerced, redistributed, channeled, or accumulated. But the laws of matter are utterly alien to the nature of man-



kind and are relevant to the nature of the universe only to the extent it is dead. Therefore, any government—or theory of society—based on the materialist fallacy will completely miss the living consciousness of God that underlies all reality, and will completely fail to achieve any positive goals in human society. The inevitable failures will prompt more coercion, in an attempt to reduce human beings to the predictable units that the theory presumes—to reduce man to the manipulable matter which all the policies presuppose.

This is the familiar road to serfdom that begins in the hubris of intellectuals who imagine that they can gain a scientific understanding—and beneficent control—of human life; this is the road that has led so inescapably to the horrors of Harlem and 42nd Street, and will end inexorably with pogroms and plague. For human life can triumph over its inevitable trials and scarcities only if it is open to the unplannable surprises of creativity and Providence.

The irony of “scientific socialism” is that when physical scientists themselves explore the frontiers of matter, where life again begins, they invariably find themselves confronting the mystical indeterminacy and paradoxical fatality that springs from the presence of God; and if they possess the humility of greatness, they fall to their knees in wild surmise. It is chiefly the obsolete modernist scholar who still believes in the theory of probabilistic evolution or in the idea of the autonomous brain—the human mind as enclosed in a physical space—or in the concept of human society as a manageable and intelligible system. All contemporary scientists, when they are honest with themselves and the public, recognize how hopelessly little they know and how completely dependent we are on faith and revelation, imagination and worship, for the knowledge of anything important and the achievement of anything worthwhile.

The deepest sources of creativity and wealth are found in true religious beliefs and can only be debauched by the materialist creeds of modern liberalism. It is these false creeds, arising from a deluded pursuit of wealth and happiness, that have spread poverty in America where once there was growth and are inflicting conflict and regression on a world where once widened the enriching circles of capitalist commerce and mutual sympathy. This is the disease of government that has arisen from the egalitarian religion proclaimed by Lyndon Johnson as the messianic cause of our politics.

To fight this disease of the state, one must first understand it. The great virtue of contemporary conservatism, as it has been shaped and inspired by *NATIONAL REVIEW*, is a deep comprehension that what the world faces is a crisis of religion, not merely a disorder of policy. The gravest weakness of many neoconservative opponents of statism is their essential belief in the secular definitions of the problem, their essential acceptance of the materialist fallacy, their persistent willingness to operate within the limited and demoralizing compass of social and political “science.”

In our current extremity, family and freedom cannot be effectively defended by a tentative and ambivalent movement which awaits the results of each new statist program

before offering a cautious critique—which issues a series of careful post-mortems, without expressing any particular alarm that the patients are all dead or dying. From the outset, *NATIONAL REVIEW* has always rejected the most limited notions of our predicament, always known—what I did not readily understand—that among the contending armies struggling in the darkness of our time victory will come not to those who can best maneuver in the shadows or accommodate the darkness, but to those who can see and proclaim the transcendent light and fight with the passion of principle and faith. □

Taking War Seriously

CHARLES BURTON MARSHALL

A CONTINGENCY may be regarded as serious (a versatile word), in the sense of having important and dangerous effects, without being *taken seriously*, in the sense of receiving rigorous attention and hard effort. Thus, a householder does not really take the danger of fire seriously if, after installing extinguishers and smoke sensors, he—and I know one such—neglects to check pressure gauges or to replace played-out batteries. In that sense, this country has not been taking war seriously.

Obviously, the analogy between fire and war cannot be pushed too hard. Fires arise mainly from inanimate forces, while war is a work of human agency. Preventing and fighting fires require different sorts of means, but the same sorts of military capabilities are used both in deterring and in fighting wars. Except to arsonists, fire prevention is an unexceptionable good, but being spared from hostilities may exact an enormous and brutal price from a nation. In the case of fires, finally, it is hard to imagine how a horror of their effects could ever induce a householder to neglect the means for coping with them. Yet a twist of that sort appears to have afflicted American military policies in recent years.

A statement by Senator George McGovern (I select it as the most recent invocation of the concept of deterring war by assured destruction to come to my notice) illustrates this quirk of thought. Because it has the potential for destroying both sides—so the line goes—war between the nuclear-armed superpowers would be contrary to the national interest of either side and, accordingly, is unthinkable. That alleged unthinkableness does not preclude cerebration on the topic, according to the Senator. Still, what is inconceivable is unlikely to stimulate rigorous thought.

For me, a key to what is dubious in the Senator's reasoning lies in the meaning of interest—“a readiness,” according to Webster, “to be concerned with or moved by

an object." Interests called *vital* pertain to objects that are deemed worth risking or even sacrificing peace and its pleasures for—a value not *a priori* or fixed in nature, but established by human beings through their choices and actions. Conflicting vital interests are what give rise to wars. War itself is not a prize coveted by either side but rather a cost accepted on both sides at the outset in preference to the perceived consequences of not fighting. Just as peace breaks down when vital interests collide, so war breaks down when one side or the other, probably as a result of being pummeled, re-evaluates the object originally deemed worth fighting for. What the Senator's somewhat unclear line of thought does is to define out of existence all possibility of any such coerced re-evaluations by either superpower—each of them having already done its re-evaluating, perceived no object to be worth risking hostilities for, and hence foreclosed itself from either maintaining or challenging a vital interest.

This particular mode of not thinking seriously about war has considerable appeal for Americans. For one thing, it fits in with notions of deliverance dating back to the Founding. An early version, commemorated in the phrase *novus ordo seclorum*—"a new order of the ages"—on the reverse side of \$1 bills, cast the U.S. as an exemplar of warlessness for the whole world, a country born free of its animosities. Distance enhanced that dream when European military forces were withdrawn from the American environs in the Napoleonic epoch. Woodrow Wilson's League and its reincarnation in the now imbecile United Nations both originated as projects to make exemption from war universal by instituting a permanent overwhelming coalition to dissuade any would-be aggressor. The notion of a built-in technological solution—relegating cold-war military competition to the unhappy past by grace of an unshakable strategic equilibrium—is



in keeping with an old tradition. Like its antecedents, the notion appears to give promise of avoiding much bother and expense, by disjoining the means for deterring wars from the means for fighting them. The practical result of such a policy is careless economizing, erosion of military institutions, and subversion of standards. Why worry about how to win a war that will obviously never begin?

Economizing has had deleterious effects even at the strategic level—a question thoroughly canvassed during the SALT II hearings. The bomber and submarine components of U.S. strategic nuclear power are pinched by a continuous loss of technically talented personnel. U.S. strategic bombers are superannuated. B-52 crews are generally younger than their aircraft. Some pilots find themselves operating planes once flown by their fathers. The ICBM component of the strategic triad also has been compromised to some extent by our overlong retention of fifty-odd liquid-fueled Titan II missiles—dramatically emphasized by the explosion of one such missile in its Arkansas silo this September. Most of the other Titans have been leaking badly—with their attendants putting in for hazardous-duty pay. The gravest item at the strategic level, however, is this country's persistent default regarding civil defense—a zero performance to match against a pervasive, disciplined program on the other side.

But the malign effects of our intellectual dereliction permeate our entire defense realm.

Preparedness

One mortar round to a crew

Among the proper criteria for assessment of military establishments are readiness for the onset of warfare and capacity to persevere in it—or sustainability, in professional jargon. Dolorous information on both has abounded in recent months: six of ten Army divisions in the U.S. found deficient for operations at one juncture; half our Navy fighter planes deadlined—only a little better for the Air Force—against a 20 per cent norm; critical increases in operational and static accidents; sonobuoys (used for detecting submerged submarines) in inventory inadequate for even a month's wartime operations; too few torpedoes in inventory to fill all submarine tubes; too few air-to-air missiles available to permit F-14s on Navy carriers more than one full reload each; U.S. armor in Europe both gravely outnumbered and—in contrast to Soviet counterparts—lacking the equipment to roll through radioactive, chemically saturated, or biologically infected terrain; and so on. A U.S. tank captain just back from Europe told me about the lack of target practice for his crews (again a contrast to the other side). At \$50 each, mortar rounds are rationed—one each to a crew in training instead of the ten to twelve needed for proficiency. Air crews are allotted one swipe at a target with a missile per biennium. Only the top man in each class specializing in the red-eye (a shoulder-borne ground-to-air homing missile) gets to fire the weapon—once. These are grave matters, for a combatant's courage hinges in essential part on confidence in his weapon and how to use it.

Like all prudent souls, military planners reckon within

limits of what they think can be done. Their hypotheses about warfare in Europe (envisaged in the dire event that deterrence fails) accordingly call for the putative foe to launch the type of attack our side could most easily repel—a direct frontal assault on NATO strong points, with only a brief build-up, and quickly losing momentum. Such a scenario calls for a lot of luck on our side and obtuseness on the other. Our NATO allies would have real trouble sustaining operations for more than a month; U.S. forces could manage about two months. Logistical plans call for a 50 per cent increase of staying power in that theater—but over the next five years, not right away.

Sustainability depends crucially upon the industrial base here in the United States. Despite much talk of a huge military-industrial complex, the reality is scant and simple. Facilities for producing the wherewithal for combat have largely dissipated. The barebones remnant provides scant chance of getting a surge of output in an emergency. Prudent foresight might have kept some extra plant capacity warm and intact by spreading the recent tricklets of production around. Instead, careless economizing has conformed to peacetime canons of efficiency by concentrating production in a minimal number of facilities, keeping some unreplicated machines going 24 hours a day, seven days a week. How long would a restoration of productive capacity take? I defer to experts for an answer. Their estimates run a year to a year and a half for an energetic program allowing a degree of dislocation, or three to four years for an effort designed not to make waves.

Needed

A new perception of military duty

Saving the worst till last, I turn finally to manpower (must one say personpower?) problems, the gravest of the infirmities of our military organism. Their relation to hardware problems is obvious. An artillery captain with no one in his battery qualified to clear a jammed breach is likely to have unsolvable problems with the guns. A Navy short twenty thousand petty officers—the official figure—is bound to encounter enormous trouble keeping its vessels and aircraft going. Like hardware deficiencies, personnel problems would count for little if deterrence by assured destruction at the strategic level were a manifest reality. Contrarily, if deterrence—at a price for the nation other than being continually squeezed into making concessions—hinges on war-making capability, then quantities and qualities of military manpower are incontestably significant.

A critical consideration is how the Armed Services are to acquire their manpower base—those who enter for a predefined term, and at the end of that term either leave or opt to stay on. These men may enter the services by volunteering or through conscription. The choice between these two modes is not exclusive. Volunteering takes place continually. Nobody, except dogmatic pacifists, objects to having any armed forces at all. The question is whether and when to conscript in addition.

To understand the effects of conscription, one must take account of distinctions among the Armed Services. Grubby assignments predominate in the Army, in com-

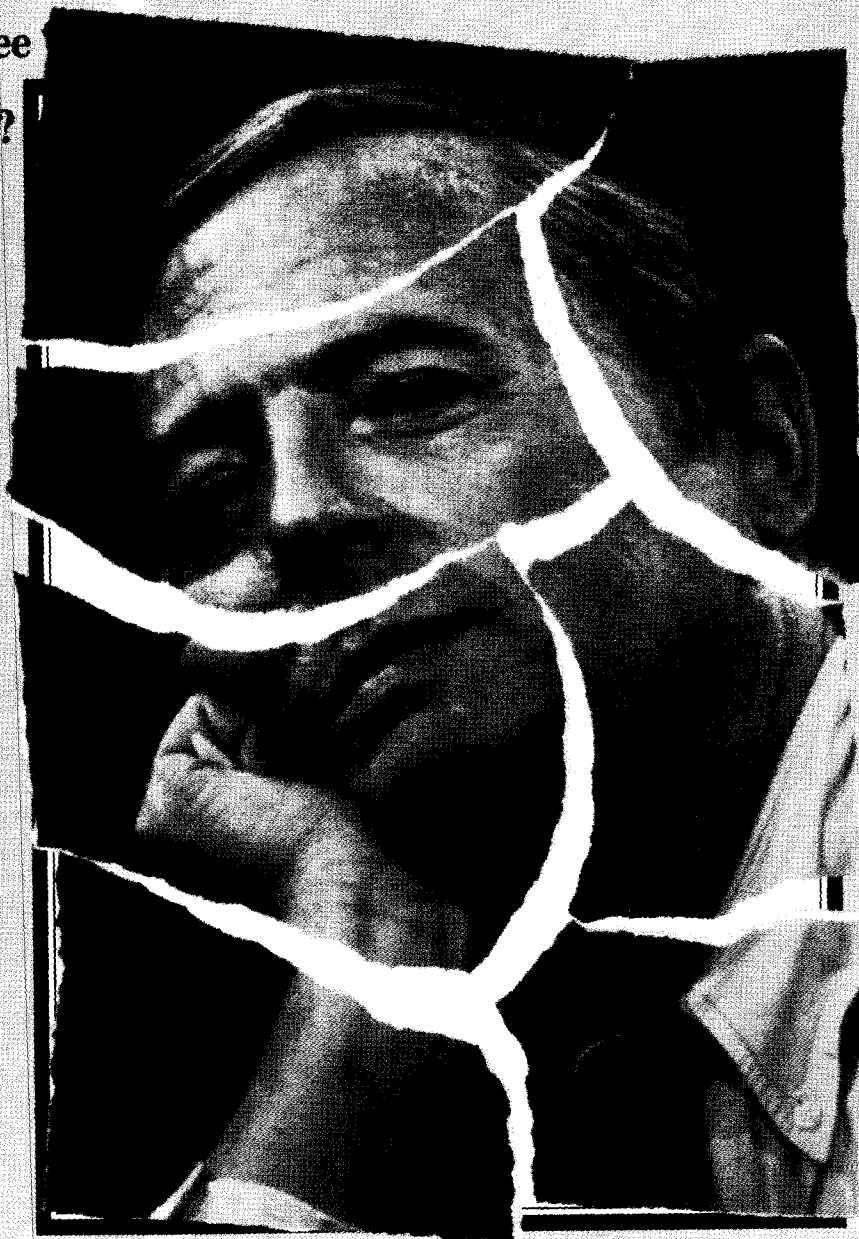
parison to companion services, and exposure to combat in its line outfits is more likely than in any service except the Marine Corps. Accordingly, a potential effect of conscription is stimulation of volunteering by eligibles intent on making the best of necessity. Thus conscription, while most directly affecting the Army, has side-effects on manpower for the other services. Those abjuring recourse to conscription may think it uncalled for under existing conditions, wish to avoid induction for themselves or their kin or friends, or invoke principles such as philosophic distaste for compulsion or preference for market forces. From a contrasting standpoint—I share it—military service is an inherent and legitimate obligation to be called into effect as befits the nation's security needs.

Conscription—previously resorted to in the Civil War and in World War I—was first applied under conditions of nominal peace in 1940 and, after a brief lapse following World War II, was reauthorized by Congress in 1948. Only a little earlier, Congress had passed the National Defense Act—creating such peacetime novelties for the U.S. as the Defense Department, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and an ongoing intelligence agency—and had underwritten the Truman Doctrine by authorizing assistance of an unprecedented sort to Greece and Turkey; also, the U.S. had undertaken for the first time ever a permanent alliance. Concomitantly with renewing conscription, Congress passed the European Recovery Act. The North Atlantic Alliance was in the offing. In such a setting, peacetime conscription scarcely seemed incongruous.

To avoid aggravating the existing antagonism, conscription was gingerly enforced during the Vietnam misadventure—with exemptions granted more or less wholesale to young men with good educations and promising opportunities. A color of inequity was thus added to the disrepute in which the military was already held because of the unfolding debacle in Southeast Asia. In broaching an end to conscription in 1969, President Nixon said, “We have lived with the draft so long that too many of us accept it as normal and necessary.” Surely, conscription to supplement volunteering in order to fill security needs in a time of strenuous strategic challenge short of formal war was novel: it had not been resorted to in a less demanding past. But was it, as implied, abnormal—that is to say, unnatural or eccentric? No more so, I should answer, than other cited policies dating from the same period—that is to say, not at all abnormal.

The second half of Nixon's judgment—that conscription was unnecessary—was as dubious as the first. Yet that presidential opinion subsequently was carried to a dogmatic extreme by a blue-ribbon panel named not to ponder whether or not to retain conscription, but to elaborate a case for abandonment. Its lengthy report, produced with big-name staff assistance and still recurrently cited as the gospel on military manpower, articulates variations on a theme contrasting the asserted wholesomeness of an all-volunteer set-up with the postulated iniquity of conscription. Its tendentiousness is typified in the following excerpt: “The Commission has been impressed by the number and the quality of the individuals who, despite conscription, now choose a career in the military. The fact that we must resort in part to coercion to man the Armed Services must be a serious deterrent to potential volunteers.” Thence the focus shifts to salu-

**Who do you see
when you
look at WFB?**



It depends on your perspective.

You might see a pundit, TV personality, businessman, novelist...or a sailor, harpsichordist, husband, father.

We see a person who typifies our view of all people. The rest of us may be less celebrated, but we're also multi-faceted.

We all play multiple roles, and these roles can conflict.

As workers, for example, we all want to earn more, while as consumers we want to pay less.

As investors we all want growing profits, while as citizens we all want a protected environment.

At Boise Cascade, we try to reconcile these desires, to balance them in a way that provides rewarding jobs, affordable wood and paper products, growing profits and thriving forests.

We hope to do as well at this task as WFB has at his.



Boise Cascade Corporation

Wood and paper for today, trees for tomorrow.

tary results to be expected from getting rid of conscription and reverting to total reliance on volunteering: "A force made up of men freely choosing to serve should enhance the prestige of the military. Every man in uniform will be serving as a matter of choice rather than coercion."

Experience has confounded that happy anticipation. As Jack Taylor wrote recently in the *Sunday Oklahoman*: "Seven years after military conscription was scrapped in the wake of the Vietnam War, American Armed Forces are suffering a manpower crisis. The concept of an all-volunteer force is on the verge of failure." Details evidencing persistent shortcomings in numbers and a debilitation of professionalism in one or another military branch have been surfacing all year in news items about ground units hobbled, ships unable to go to sea, and aircraft grounded—all for stark deficiencies in the human side of the equation, deficiencies that are the cumulative results of trends under way for several years. The gaps, qualitative even more emphatically than quantitative, affect not only regular units, but also Reserve and National Guard components, where, according to one commanding officer, "We couldn't generate enough firepower to stop Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."

How bad a situation do the indicators add up to? Answers vary with answerers. At last summer's annual senior strategy conference at West Point, I was impressed by the divarication between civilian spokesmen from the Pentagon magistracy and professional officers fresh from serving with live outfits. It was a case of headquarters graphs *versus* field experience—of complacency confronted by perplexity. A lieutenant colonel—insisting, "No way those figures can be right!"—sharply challenged an upper-level functionary's optimistic offer of data aggregating recruits' mental test scores. His skepticism has since been vindicated by the Army Department's red-faced acknowledgment of gross statistical errors in the pertinent numbers—simultaneous with a decision, in the mode of a hectic patient breaking a thermometer, henceforth to abandon such testing.

Deficiencies in the all-volunteer concept and psychological fallout from the idea of deterrence by assured destruction magnify each other. Stress is placed on inducting gross numbers. Quality becomes tertiary for forces presumptively exempt from ever being tested in real hostilities. Recruiting appeals are pitched to non-military themes. "You show them pictures of the Alps," in one recruiter's words. "You don't show them the Berlin Wall. You sell leave time, . . . travel, and job skills. You don't sell basic training." Respondents sign up for various expedient reasons—such as inability to catch on in the labor market, promised chances to learn civilian trades, opportunities to goldbrick, plea-bargained avoidance of penalties for transgressing the law, and, in extreme but not negligible instances, opportunities for larceny, drug-pushing, and the like—all extraneous to and some subversive of military considerations. Volunteers are catered to by making dismissal difficult and quitting easy. In deference to their sensibilities—in a drill instructor's phrase, "to get the kids relaxed"—rigors of training have been gentled, by, to take just one example, elevating overhead fire to 18 feet in infiltration practice and sparing trainees the discomfort of bellying across the ground.

When an institution's *raison d'être* becomes eclipsed, moreover, other ideas crop up in its place—in this case, bilingualism, equal opportunity, affirmative action, enhancement of self-expression, and other social goals having little if anything to do with military capability.

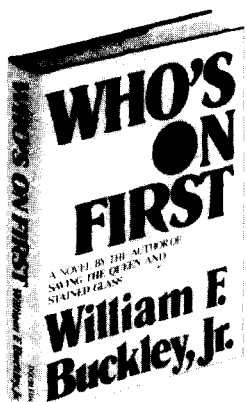
The problem of molding cohesive forces out of raw material should be understood as a matter of proportion. Military institutions—especially the Army, the one with which I am most familiar by experience—involve use of great aggregates of mediocrity to accomplish large missions. The mix is ever far below perfect. Still, some portion of leadership has to come from the ranks themselves. The proportion with natural push is likely to be 30 per cent or even less, even within elite outfits such as the Marine Corps. Even a run-of-the-mill 20 per cent gives something to work with. A dip to one in twenty presents commanders and non-commissioned officers obstacles beyond what leadership—that catch-all solution—can surmount. Yet 5 per cent is the sorry portion among recent volunteers, according to assessments by some gloomy but discerning professionals.

The consequences show in rising withdrawal rates, declining re-enlistments, and shrinking replenishments for non-commissioned levels where technical proficiency and talent for authority in narrower ambits are essential. One effect at commissioned-officer levels—particularly in the Army—is a decline in the appeal of command. Officers, diffident about putting their distaste on record, prefer to use quiet influence to avoid assignments with troops—too risky now for careers in view of the obstacles to sound accomplishment and the dangers of being held responsible for increasingly expensive and intricate equipment handled by increasingly underqualified subordinates. Authorities up the line—where high command is exercised and high policies decided—have become preoccupied with performance on social goals to the disparagement of the organism's military character. The overall effect is organic damage, in a loss of rapport between layers of responsibility.

Manpower

What was good enough for Sherman . . .

Does any of this matter? I touched on these things before a sophisticated audience recently. One response—from a nuclear physicist—was: In view of war's obsolescence, a proper role for the military establishment may well be custodial care of surplus young people. Pressing these views on one of Ronald Reagan's high advisors during the campaign—in hope of indirectly dissuading the candidate from renouncing conscription too categorically—I drew in reply a shrug: inferior quality in peacetime military organizations, as for example in the interval between the World Wars, was to be expected. That was guesswork. Actually, U.S. forces between those wars provided a superb framework for the drastic expansions required for victory in World War II. In any event, a three-year interval in which to ready our striking power is no longer in the cards. To say that what was good enough in the Thirties is good enough now in terms of military organization is equivalent to saying horse-drawn vehicles still suffice because they did in Sherman's March.



NOW

Get Bill Buckley's new Spy-Thriller FREE

Yep, we're talking about the original hardcover edition of *Who's on First*, Buckley's latest Blackford Oakes (who's better than James Bond) spy novel — the same one selling in bookstores everywhere right now for \$9.95. If you have never read one of WFB's novels, here's your chance to get a free copy; of course if you're already a Blacky Oakes fan, you won't want to miss this opportunity to get the latest one — don't miss it.

We don't want to give away the plot, but it's about the race with the Soviets to be first in space — and Buckley makes it a nail-biter, even though you already "know" the historic outcome (this *tour de force* seems to be what impressed many critics: it *is* a neat trick, because it makes you, the reader, impatient as all get-out to *see* how Buckley can pull it off). By the way, as a kind of bonus, Buckley also performs some fascinating stunts with dialogue between such characters as Allen Dulles and Dean Acheson — you begin to wonder if maybe he wasn't there with a tape recorder? It's great stuff, you'll love it.

All you need to do to get this \$9.95 book *free* and postpaid (another big saving) is to enter a subscription (or renew your current one, no matter when it is due to expire) for one year at the regular \$24 rate. Just fill in the handy coupon and return it to us today. We'll send off your free copy of *Who's on First* immediately. Do it right now, before you miss out on it?

NATIONAL REVIEW
Attn: Subscription Dept.
150 E. 35th Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

Gentlemen:

OK, I will take you up on this special FREE offer. Please enter my ☐ new ☐ renewal order for a full year of **National Review** (26 big issues) for just \$24, and send my own personal copy of **Who's on First**, FREE and postpaid.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ I enclose payment-in-full of \$24. (Sorry, we cannot afford to bill you on this special offer.)

The recent presidential campaign was not reassuring. The major candidates and their owlish competitor sounded alike in their zeal to abjure conscription. Yet somewhere ahead—and soon—the country must reckon seriously with manpower aspects of defense. Pay raises to redress obvious inequities and, perhaps, to stanch losses of technical talents are necessary but scarcely sufficient as a remedy. Reliance on market forces is not enough. How much per year, for example, is the point man in an infantry squad worth? The total bill, thus calculated, is more than the country can pay. What will be needed is renewed perception of military duty as a respectable obligation. That change of heart calls for taking war seriously again—the only basis for restoring to their proper status those who know how to wage it seriously. □

Imagination Against Ideology

RUSSELL KIRK

FOR A QUARTER of a century, in the pages of this magazine, your servant has contended against the dominations and powers of Holy Educationism. St. Paul fared better against the wild beasts of Ephesus. I confess myself beaten down, horse, foot, and dragoons.

From kindergarten through graduate school, American education is an extravagant failure. The forlorn exceptions to this rule do not suffice to leaven the lump. Since the Second World War, many books demanding educational reform have been published and favorably reviewed; associations for educational renewal have been formed; any number of reformatory gestures have been made. But nothing has happened, by way of improvement, at any level. On the contrary, standards have been abandoned, average performance has declined conspicuously, and the rising generation will have to pay the penalty.

Yet perhaps the most dismal shortcoming of American schooling has been our national refusal to nurture the imagination. C. S. Lewis, in *The Abolition of Man*, sufficiently denounces this failure in its British form. For our part, this starving of the imagination will have political consequences still greater than those which our nation has already experienced. So permit me to offer some desultory observations concerning the twentieth century struggle to fend off ideology through the renewal of imagination.

"It is imagination that governs the human race." Who said that? No poet: instead, Napoleon, master of the big battalions. He knew that in the long run a good poem's power is greater far than the power of a whiff of grape-shot.

In the theoretical and the practical politics of the

United States, much nowadays requires restoration. What we have lacked more than anything else since the Second World War, I suspect, is poetic imagination in the minds of public men.

I use here the word "poetic" in its larger sense: to borrow from the old *Century Dictionary*, I signify by "poetry" the art of exciting "intellectual pleasure by means of vivid, imaginative, passionate, and inspiring language . . ." And by "poetic imagination" I mean those powerful insights of the armed vision which transcend Benthamite calculations.

Paul Roche, translator of the Greek poets and a considerable poet in his own right, wrote to me once that he had thought of a means for reforming the politics of Britain. He would require that there be appointed to advise every cabinet minister some competent poet. The minister would be expected to listen to the poet, whether or not he should accept the poet's counsels finally; and thereby the minister's folly would be somewhat diminished.

For what poet, Roche wondered, would have been deluded for an instant by a grandiose design for paving virtually all Britain with tarmac, building American-style superhighways running everywhere, doing huge mischief to the ecology, destroying a large part of Britain's best agricultural land, smashing through historic towns and charming countryside, undoing British Railways? Yet just such a policy was followed in the United Kingdom, by both Labor and Conservative governments, until at last experience, that hard master of fools, showed everybody the costly silliness of the undertakings of the Ministry of Transport. A competent poet might have dissuaded a minister of transport from any such Lagado projects; for the poet possesses imagination, which includes a certain power of foreseeing the consequences of actions.

This Roche argument is equally applicable to the American Republic. At a time of immense difficulties for the American polity, our political leaders obviously have been deficient in their higher imagination. This has been true of both political parties. It may suffice for me to mention the embarrassing spectacle, four years ago, of Mr. Ford and Mr. Carter standing like dolts on a stage under the scrutiny of television cameras, neither of those candidates being able to debate without intensive coaching, and neither of them prepared to think of anything amusing to say while waiting for technicians' blunders to be repaired.

We are told Mr. Ford and Mr. Carter are "political animals." Doubtless so. What chiefly distinguishes the human kingdom from the animal kingdom is the power of imagination peculiar to the former realm. Carter and Ford are unspotted by poetic fancies. Even the verses of Edgar A. Guest might overwhelm Mr. Carter. And when a poet offered to call on President Ford, he was repelled at the outermost defenses of the White House: Solzhenitsyn, of whom Ford said privately that the exile must be seeking an interview with the President so that he might get publicity to sell more of his books. (Dante was fortunate not to have encountered in Can Grande della Scala a forerunner of Gerald Ford.) Carter and Ford, the

Cleon and Brasidas of 1976, champions of the Bicentennial year: what dull dogs!

President Nixon, let it be added, did endeavor to attract to himself men of imagination, although aware that his own imaginative powers were limited. He summoned me to Washington to talk with him a few days after the Cambodian campaign began. One question he asked me was this: "Dr. Kirk, what one book should I read? I'm always asking that question of Henry Kissinger or Daniel Patrick Moynihan, but they give me lists of a dozen books in a specialized field, and I don't have time to read a dozen books. What one book should I read?"

I did not hesitate: "T. S. Eliot. *Notes toward the Definition of Culture*."

The President wished to know why I chose that book. "I could read about it in your book on Eliot, couldn't I?" He seemed faintly reproachful at my sibylline recommendation.

But I replied that I was serious, and that it would be well to read the book itself, a very slim one, and that I would send him a copy. I went on to explain to him that a President should find especially interesting Eliot's "Note on Culture and Politics," with its suggestions that men of political affairs should become acquainted with men of thought and letters. And I added that Eliot's little book touched upon many fundamental concerns of modern society, matters which Mr. Nixon and I had mentioned during our hour's conversation. Poets, I pointed out briefly, sometimes possess a power of vision exceeding that of practical men of affairs.

Unlike most public men nowadays, Mr. Nixon does read some serious prose, and remembers what he reads. But the notion of poetic vision seemed unfamiliar to him. I do not recall his ever having quoted, in any of his innumerable speeches, a line of verse—though in that de-

ficiency he is no more than representative of the present generation of politicians.

At the conclusion of their recent book *What's Happening to American English?* Arn and Charlene Tibbetts touch upon the relationship between poetry (in the larger sense of that word) and public concerns. "The right and wrong of a practice cannot be discussed unless we use words," they write. "And we cannot begin to understand the complexities of moral questions until we use words accurately and employ the appropriate grammatic adhesive to bind them together. What Watergate showed, among other things, is that a failure in the proper use of English can be a failure of both thought and morality."

White House

Indifference to things poetic

That is true—although it may be added that the English employed in the Kennedy White House distinctly was not more pure than that heard on the Nixon tapes. I do not know that an intimacy with great poetry would have saved Mr. Nixon from his ruin; yet such an acquaintance might have made him shrewder in concerns of state, paradoxical though that may seem. Like Eliot's Coriolan, Nixon lacked that peace and confidence—

O hidden under the dove's wing, hidden in the turtle's breast,

*Under the palmtree at noon, under the running water
At the still point of the turning world. O hidden.*

And so, like Coriolan, he was engulfed by committees and commissions; and presently the voice of the crowd was heard:

*We demand a committee, a representative committee,
a committee of investigation*

RESIGN RESIGN RESIGN

It would be dismal to touch upon the vacuum of Lyndon Johnson's imagination, or to describe the limitations of the Kennedy clan. Their White House was no Camelot.

*I know the Table Round, my friends of old:
All brave, and many generous, and some chaste.*

At those Victorian lines the Kennedy clan would have scoffed. But why prolong this account of presidential indifference to things poetic?

A conspicuous change is about to occur in the practical politics of America. In consequence of some thirty years of debate, it appears, American liberals are losing their ascendancy, and American conservatives are supplanting them in power. We conservatives have been better at *peitho* than have the liberals and the radicals. Whether this November's resounding triumph of conservatives at national and state elections will bring to our governing counsels some measure of poetic imagination, however, we have yet to learn. If it does not, the ascendancy of conservatives may be brief.

The search for conservatives with imagination need not be a hopeless undertaking. I turn to a perceptive passage in Paul Elmer More's *Aristocracy and Justice*:



As a negative force, conservatism is based on a certain distrust of human nature, believing that the immediate impulses of the heart and visions of the brain are likely to be misleading guides; whereas the liberalism which ran through the eighteenth century by the side of Whiggery, and finally absorbed it, being of the same parentage as the religion of Deism and the philosophy of "Enlightenment," rests on the assumption that, practically speaking, all men are by nature good and need only be let alone to develop in the right direction. But this distrust of human nature is closely connected with another and more positive factor of conservatism—its trust in the controlling power of the imagination. These, as I analyze the matter—the instinctive distrust of uncontrolled human nature and the instinctive reliance on the imagination—are the very roots of the conservative temper, as their contraries are the roots of the liberal and radical temper, the lack of imagination, if any distinction is to be made, being the chief factor of liberalism and confidence in human nature being the main impulse of radicalism.

Amen to that. We seem to be entering upon the Post-Modern Age (John Lukacs setting A.D. 1945 as Year Zero of this Post-Modern Age); and new thoughts and new sentiments and new modes of statecraft—or renewed thoughts, sentiments, modes—may take on flesh soon. The Post-Modern Age surely will be an epoch of big battalions and Napoleonic figures; possibly it may be also a time of renewed poetic imagination, and of the reflection of poetry in politics.

Thus Americans may learn, for instance, that the sanguine response to the dreary abstraction called Marxism is not a dreary counter-abstraction called Capitalism (embracing Marx's own jargon), but rather a reaffirmed poetic vision of the splendor and the misery of the human condition. Poetry tends to draw people to humane politics, as opposed to ideological politics.

Conservatives

... and the politics of imagination

I do not mean that poetry somehow will bring about the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World. As Plato instructs us, poetry may inflame. So when I speak of the poetic imagination's humane influence upon politics, I am not suggesting a kind of pacifist influence. Rather, I suggest that poetic images draw us toward a politics concerned with the actual circumstances of living men and women, as contrasted with the grisly abstractions of the ideologues. Poetry promises no changeless idyllic state of humanity, no end to history; the great poet knows that we human beings cannot be content to rest, angel-like, in an eternal changelessness. In Robert Frost's lines,

*Nature within her inmost self divides
To trouble men with having to take sides.*

Such may be some political characteristics of the Post-Modern Age in which we find ourselves already; the year 1980 may mark America's political adaptation to the necessities of the new era. The statesmen of the Post-Modern Age must be skilled equally at making bold decisions and at the art of pleasing the volatile public. Thus the qualities of actor, rhetorician, and poet may count for more than ever before in the American experience.

Kipling, during the First World War, foretold our present circumstances, and the hard necessity of pleasing the crowd:

*When desperate Folly daily laboreth
To work confusion upon all we have,
When diligent Sloth demandeth Freedom's death,
And banded Fear commandeth Honor's grave,
Even in that certain hour before the fall,
Unless men please they are not heard at all.*

I am suggesting that if those in the seats of the mighty do not dream the high dream, they must dream the low dream; if they will not watch the Gates of Horn, they must know the Gates of Ivory; and then we all must sink deeper into what Toynbee calls our Time of Troubles. It is a question of whether conservatives can summon up once more that imagination which is native to their cast of mind.

What is the alternative to the politics of imagination? Why, the politics of ideology. For "ideology" means political dogmatism, politics made into a pseudo-religion. The ideologue has no room for imagination, which he dismisses as mere fancy; the ideologue is one of Orwell's "streamlined men who think in slogans and talk in bullets." The ideologue already has all the answers to everything, set down in secular tables of the law; and he stretches or hacks society to fit his Procrustean bed. Ideology is Burke's "armed doctrine," and John Adams's "art of diving and sinking in politics . . . the science of idiocy." Marxism and other ideologies readily dispense with men of imagination: such men are dangerous.

The nature and menace of ideology have been sufficiently described in recent years by such writers as Eric Voegelin, Raymond Aron, and J. L. Talmon. Conservatism, as H. Stuart Hughes put it once, is "the negation of ideology." Ideology does not mean political principle; it means political fanaticism. So I find it surprising that so interesting and astute a writer as Mr. Irving Kristol, on the editorial page of the *Wall Street Journal*, recently exhorted us as follows: "In an age of ideological parties, conservative parties have to develop a sharp ideological identity."

Mr. Kristol is aware that modern conservatism has rejected ideology, and that America's Founding Fathers erected "a complex political structure that would work so as to give priority to the politics of 'interest' as against the politics of 'opinion.'" But conservatives must mend their ways in this age of ideology, he instructs us: "It has become clear that, in our time, a non-ideological politics cannot survive the relentless onslaught of ideological politics. For better or worse, ideology is now the vital element of organized political action."

Is this an admonition that if we can't fight 'em, we must jine 'em? Not precisely. For Mr. Kristol also perceives in the renascent Republican Party a "high-spirited politics" of hope and intelligence, not dissimilar from the politics of imagination that I have described just now. Yet Mr. Kristol adds, somewhat oddly, "such a mood, such a vision, is a precondition for any successful ideology." Does he aspire to ossify this mood, this vision, into a rigorous system of political dogmas, vulgarized for public consumption, narrow and intolerant as all ideologies must be?



JETTA. 4 IN THE FRONT. 8 IN THE BACK.

Compare the relative merits of today's family cars, and you'll find that a trip to your relatives would be a lot nicer in a Volkswagen Jetta.

In the front, for example, there's room enough for a family of 4 to actually stretch out and enjoy the ride.

In back, there's a trunk big enough to handle 8 suitcases. (Something you don't even get with a Rolls-Royce.)

And under the hood, there's a CIS fuel-injected engine powerful enough to take you from 0 to 50 in just 9.2 seconds. As well as around any trucks, onto any highways and up any mountains you meet along the way.

What's more, even though Road & Track has said it "will embarrass a lot of cars costing a lot more" with its performance and

handling, Jetta will never embarrass you at the gas pump.

It gets an EPA estimated 25 mpg, 40 mpg highway estimate. (Use "estimated mpg" for comparisons. Your mileage may vary with weather, speed and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.)

And it gives you front-wheel drive, rack-and-pinion steering, all-independent suspension and classic European styling.

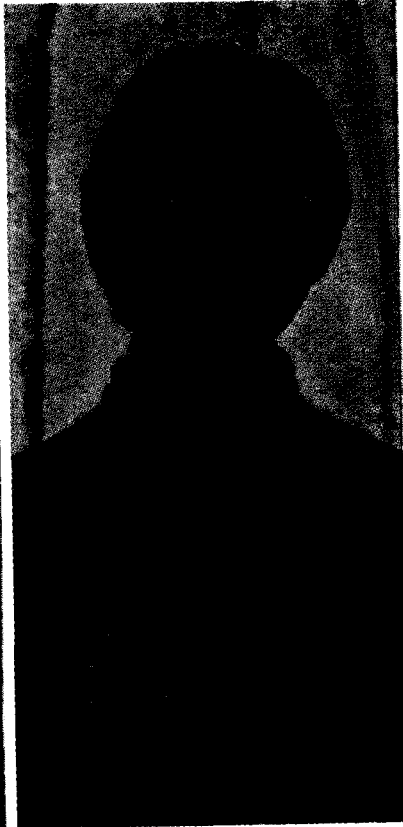
Impressed with Jetta's relative merits?

Your relatives will be, too.

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN



They su



rvived.



These are some works painted in Germany when the world of the artists, and the world itself, was coming apart. And yet they are, more often than not, joyous and exuberant affirmations of life. They are part of a fascinating exhibition gathered from the private collections and great museums of Europe and the United States entitled "Expressionism—A German Intuition, 1905-1920." It opens at The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum on November 14th.

Working in Germany, the Expressionists took inspiration from the French Gauguin and the Dutch van Gogh and the Norwegian Edvard Munch. They fashioned a universal language that would speak to us all—a language of sinuous lines and upward-striving angles, of brilliant colors and powerful emotions. They wanted us to know not merely what they saw but how they felt. They succeeded brilliantly and, though banned by Hitler, their works still speak eloquently of the strivings of the human spirit to be free.

We are proud to join the Federal Republic of Germany and the National Endowment for the Arts in sponsoring this exhibition—and we invite you to see it at the times and places listed below. In our business as in yours, we need to be reminded that the language of human feeling is far older and far more valuable than the language of computers. Sponsorship of art that reminds us of this is not patronage. It's a business and human necessity.

If your company would like to know more about corporate sponsorship of art, write George Weissman, Chairman of the Board, Philip Morris Incorporated, 100 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Philip Morris Incorporated

It takes art to make a company great.

Makers of Marlboro, Benson & Hedges 100's, Merit, Parliament Lights, Virginia Slims and Cambridge; Miller High Life Beer, Lite Beer and Löwenbräu Special and Dark Special Beer; 7 UP and Diet 7 UP.



"Expressionism—a German Intuition, 1905-1920" appears at The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York, November 14, 1980 to January 18, 1981; San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, San Francisco, February 18 to April 26, 1981. This exhibition is sponsored by the Federal Republic of Germany, Philip Morris Incorporated, and the National Endowment for the Arts. An indemnity for the exhibition has been provided by the Federal Council on the Arts and Humanities. Additional support has been contributed by Lufthansa German Airlines.

(top left) Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, *STREET WITH RED COCOTTE*, 1914. Thyssen-Bornemisza Collection, Lugano.
(bottom left) Vasily Kandinsky, *SMALL PLEASURES*, 1913. The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York.
(top center) Paula Modersohn-Becker, *SELF PORTRAIT WITH CAMELIA BRANCH*, ca. 1906-7. Museum Folkwang, Essen.
(top right) Emil Nolde, *DANCE AROUND THE GOLDEN CALF*, 1910. Staatgalerie moderner Kunst, Munich.
(bottom right) Franz Marc, *THE SMALL BLUE HORSES*, 1911. Staatgalerie Stuttgart.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NONSTOP!

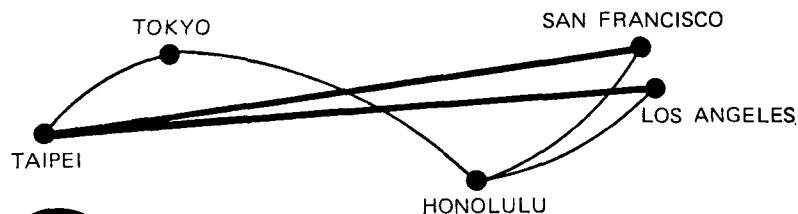


San Francisco or Los Angeles to TAIPEI!

**Stretch out in
our new First Class Sleeperseats and sleep in real comfort!**

You not only save 3½ hours to Taipei, but also enjoy speed and spacious comfort on the only 747SP nonstop San Francisco-and Los Angeles-Taipei service. Or save time to Tokyo when you fly our roomy 747s via Honolulu direct to convenient Haneda Airport, bypassing the "Narita Bottleneck." Fast connections on to other Asian and Middle Eastern destinations.

We are fast, courteous and professional with all the right connections. If you're on a tight schedule but want the luxury and comfort long-distance passengers are entitled to, you want China Airlines.



China Airlines
Flag Carrier of the Republic of China

For reservations or information: San Francisco: (415) 989-3300, Los Angeles: (213) 624-6160, Honolulu: (808) 536-6951, New York: (212) 581-6500, Chicago: (312) 427-2920, Houston: (713) 965-0474, Washington D.C. (202) 833-1760.

I do not suppose that Mr. Kristol so intends. The seeming inconsistencies within his argument are produced by his loose employment of that tricky word "ideology." Here he might find it useful to repair to Edmund Burke's distinction between "abstraction" and "principle." Abstraction in politics (which we now call ideology) signifies *a priori* inflexibility, the vice of the Jacobins; principle signifies general concepts, consensus, derived from historical experience and long-respected authorities. Similarly, the term "ideology" (coined in the first decade of the nineteenth century by Destutt de Tracy and his associates) means the direction of society by a body of abstract ideas; while the hopeful "neoconservatism" praised by Mr. Kristol actually is a revolt against central direction by arbitrary doctrinaires.

I fancy that Mr. Kristol would not be happy with any triumphant domination of "conservative" ideology. Such a domination, indeed, could not actually be conservative at all, the antipathy between conservatism and ideology being ineluctable. So it would be necessary to settle for an ideology of the Right, as distinguished from genuine conservative principles.

And what sort of Right could supply a systematic ideology? Would it be an Objectivist Right, the negation of the negation, a kind of inverted Marxist economic determinism, clearly absurd? Mr. Kristol knows that to be as impossible as undesirable. Or might it be a Libertarian Right, a little chirping sect of impractical quasi-anarchists, the very people who are forever carping at Mr. Kristol? Such are American ideologies of the Right.

No, theoretical dogmata of this type are not what Mr. Kristol has in mind. He means "faith in the potentialities of a dynamic democratic-capitalist society which is 'nationalist' but not at all isolationist in the international arena." He is ill at ease with "the politics of resentment," which is concerned passionately with "such 'social issues' as abortion, women's lib, capital punishment, school prayers, etc.," and which "defines the outlines and limits of any emerging Republican ideology, rather than its intellectual substance."

In short, Mr. Kristol seems to be steering for a haven of hopeful practical politics—politics is supposed to be the art of the possible, after all. So why this talk about ideology?

We do need badly in American politics a general apprehension of enduring principles of order and justice and freedom: but that is a task for true education, not for ideological propaganda. We do need to remind the rising generation of the sources of our order and justice and freedom—a task I essayed in my book *The Roots of American Order*; but that is not at all the same task as instilling political dogmatism.

"Seek ye first the political kingdom, and all things will be given unto you." Those words sufficiently express the nature of ideology. Such was the inscription upon the base of a statue of himself erected by Kwame Nkrumah, the ideologue of Negritude, in the capital over which he tyrannized. The man and the statue soon were overthrown. Ideology, with its fantastic promises of the Terrestrial Paradise, always betrays its votaries.

An ascendancy of "conservative ideology" would be similarly ephemeral. But a renewal of our American order, animated by an imaginative conservatism, is a

different undertaking altogether. Conservative Americans ought not to convert themselves into Burckhardt's "terrible simplifiers," or ideologues. Instead they ought to aspire to what P. E. More calls the aim of Burke: "to use the imagination as a force for order and self-restraint and political health."

The ideology of Marxism—as distinguished from the Red Army and the secret police—already is far decayed in Russia, undone by men of humane imagination, Solzhenitsyn eminent among them. We would be foolish to try to promulgate a "dynamic democratic-capitalist" ideology in the Post-Modern Age, which is beginning to transcend ideologies. But if we quicken our imagination, we may succeed in conserving far more than our goods and chattels. □

Glimpses Of All of It

HUGH KENNER

THE FOUR-COLOR THEOREM, you will be glad to reflect, has been proved; that is one irreversible accomplishment of the past quarter-century. It was posed by a man who died in 1868, Augustus Ferdinand Möbius, he of the strip, and amounts to the statement that on a map of any complexity, where any number of countries meet along common frontiers, four colors will suffice to keep them distinct, no two adjacent countries colored alike.

The proof, a topologists' White Whale for more than a century, yielded just a few years ago to ingenuity abetted by an American Midwestern computer, and it has this vaguely unsatisfactory feature, that in detail no human mind can follow it. Euclid's beautiful proof that there is no largest prime number can be written out in full on a sheet of notepaper; but the proof of the four-color theorem entails disposing of special cases so numerous and so tedious a tireless machine is all that we can trust for the whole middle part.

Machine error we can eliminate, by running the program as many times as we please on as many different machines. The adequacy of the program can be checked and re-checked, as can the reasoning that leads up to it and away from it. But gone are the days, the former spacious days, the days that stretched from Euclid to quite recently, when whatever it was needful to comprehend could be spread before the mind for comprehension in a virtually instantaneous act of attention.

That was the dream of Descartes, that the life of the mind could consist of irreversible irrefutable acts, things you could be made to comprehend in a moment of insight. It was true, when it was true, only of mathematics, and it is no longer true of mathematics either. No change of government will alter this. We are back to confronting what Thomas Aquinas confronted, the need for a

lifetime of study to half-comprehend a portion of what is real, and so, and obdurate.

This earth is real. We all grew up repeating that it is round. ("Men have sailed around it," we said. It could have been the shape of a cucumber and men could have sailed around it.) Late in the 1960s for the first time men saw the round earth, the spherical earth, glowing blue, white, and brown in impersonal interstellar sunlight, and no one's sense of where we all are has been the same again. ("One World," from Wendell Willkie's lips, was a ploy of politics merely.)

There are photographs; one is on the cover of the *Whole Earth Catalogue*. The Saturn rocket made the photographs possible. Hitler (dare one say?) and Jack Kennedy made the Saturn rocket possible.

And the photographs the Saturn rocket abetted made the counterculture plausible.

"One world," cried the counterculture, seizing a metaphor: a world of renewable resources (trees in sunlight), of non-renewable resources (dinosaur vegetation liquefied in shale). They rushed to the woods, formed unstable communes, built domes and shanties, returned in some cases to Wall Street, rebaptized. "Ecology" became an in word.

("Oecology," says the *Oxford English Dictionary*, "... that branch of biology which deals with the relations of living organisms to their surroundings . . ." The word seems to have been imported in 1873 by a translator of Haeckel's *History of Creation*. It was a century getting popularized, and it met resistance. "Ecology is just landscape gardening," Robert Moses once snorted. Even the kids knew better.)

As if to teach an ecological lesson, fossil fuel dries up. Or no, it doesn't; the present scarcity is political, economic, artificial: Washington pusillanimity, OPEC boldness. But face it (we're learning to face such facts), it's finite. Whole Earth, a closed system.

Criss-crossing the whole earth go jet routes, novelties that date from the Sixties, before which decade one chugged; and if one ventured to cross an ocean the airline offered a certificate. Pan Am offered me one as late as 1956. The sense of who we are and where we are shifts when an average college classroom contains a minority who have not poked about Europe, climbed the Tower of Pisa, eaten hamrolls at Davy Byrne's, scrutinized a morning light on the Aegean. "Europe" is one thing in the atlas, another thing entirely once walked in, coped with, smelled. German in the language lab, German in Munich *beim Stachus*, these are not interconvertible.

For technology (if you'll think back to the four-color theorem and the computer) alters our sense of what the mind does, what are its domains, how characterized and bounded. And the simplest characterization of the quarter-century 1955-1980 is that its denizens have experienced the most massive accretion of technological change since 1885-1910, the 25 years the adjustment to which created what was called until recently the sensibility of modernism.

In those years, said T. S. Eliot, the internal combustion engine altered men's perception of rhythm; little was pervasively rhythmic previously save one's own heart, one's

lungs, and horses' hooves. X-rays (1895) made plausible transparent planes of matter (Picasso), wireless superimposed the voices of twenty countries (*Finnegans Wake*), newsreel quick-cutting helped prompt *Ulysses* and *The Waste Land*. Words moved over wires; distant voices sounded in your ears; you could traverse London or Manhattan underground; you could read by an englobed glowworm and climb Pike's Peak sitting down.

And since 1955 (a short list): TV has turned movies into Cinema (priced accordingly); the silicon revolution has put a microprocessor in your Radarange; the double helix has moved genetics into Information Theory; jets have terminated the airplane's evident kinship with the ship (propellers) and the bicycle (wire struts); the typewriter at which I sit transcribing this line is powered by (nuclear-generated) electricity; later tonight a computer-guided plane will carry my typed pages toward New York. In laboratories five miles from my front door, the mapping of dopamine receptor sites is slowly revolutionizing pharmacology, and from the phone in my kitchen it is becoming cheaper to telephone Los Angeles than to write. (My writing time, that's a cost.)

The Pill

People come in two flavors

Such matters impinge upon the life of the mind by altering our perception of what realities the mind handles. The pill, it is feasible to suggest, begat feminism, which begat unisex, which begat the supersession of "Male and female created He them" by a quaint intuition that people come in two flavors, with anatomical differences that are on the whole unfortunate. Pleasurable interaction between Type M and Type F may leave F gestating a child, which she is apt to feel entitled not to do, noting as she does that M faces no similar worry. Thus a pharmacological innovation nudges us toward moral and legal dilemmas, unsure as we are what the words "man" and "woman" mean.

That uncertainty underlies uncertainty about the word "marriage"; "living together" is in; "in," for that matter, is in; so is talk of "lifestyles." Biology is not fate, it is a preference; we hear of "sexual preferences."

Computers, so far, are absolved from sexual preferences; but have they potentially preferences? Do they think? What is thought? ("What is truth?" asked jesting Pilate, and did not stay for an answer."—F. Bacon.) It is easy to set down such sentences derisively; but "What is thought?" has become a new order of question since it was posed in Athens.

In 1844 Johann Martin Zacharias Dase of Hamburg, gifted with prodigious powers of concentration and a photographic memory that enabled him to count a flock of sheep at his leisure having glanced at it once, calculated 205 digits of pi in two months; the first 200 later turned out to be correct. In 1980 a retired mail carrier in California, having taken one math course at the local community college, managed to program a pocket calculator to compute correctly 1,160 digits of pi. He spent a few weeks on the program, the machine 16 hours running, 5

sions of thought. Now they are job categories. To keep a degree in English from doing no more than qualify the receiver to teach English-as-she-is-taught now absorbs all the resources of faculty ingenuity. That's one thing that makes curricula, to the casual observer, seem chaotic.

The system, I'll guess, will adapt itself, in the process seeming not to resemble a system. Meanwhile the temperamental outsider, who was able to find it congenial in the Fifties, Sixties, and Seventies because it tended to leave him alone, may sense wisdom in moving on. Poets may well stop being writers-in-residence, not out of disenchantment with students but out of respect for their art. The next *Theory of Justice*, if we face a future in which the subject is even conceivable, may well be written not at Harvard but in a cabin in Montana. I'll give its author, and myself, 25 years to see if I'm right. □

Religion: Alive and Well

MICHAEL NOVAK

WE MAY BE GRATEFUL that the experts are always wrong—and wrong for a systematic reason. To be an expert is to know one subject or one perspective thoroughly. Trouble arises because life never hits us one subject at a time and from one angle only; so that expertise and life are mismatched. Thus the same experts who confidently predicted the evaporation of ethnicity as a force in world affairs have lovingly described, as well, the secularization of modern man, which also never happened.

In fact, the world in 1980 is breaking out in religion, in a way that must have seemed improbable in the quarantine of 1955. (Yet, even then, was not the now-beloved Eisenhower announcing that 98 per cent of the American people believed in God, no matter which God they meant?) The species "modern man," it turns out, represents a rather staggering minority.

To my mind, one of the highest types of "modern man" was the delightful, intelligent, reasonable professor of philosophy at Columbia University (and contributor to *NR*'s Fifteenth Anniversary issue), Charles Frankel. What a splendid man he was! I see him still, in his remarkable television series on the humanities, white-haired, amiable, discerning, velvet-voiced. I remember the benign optimism of his book *The Case for Modern Man*. He reacted viscerally but reasonably to the posturing of Existentialists, whose ironies, paradoxes, love of the irrational, and half-feigned despair did not impress him. He was a man for a better age than ours. He died in most brutal, senseless violence—shot, along with his wife, by midnight intruders bent on petty larceny—not easily explicable in the vision of philosophy he called us to.

It is not wrong, I think, to draw a moral from Charles Frankel's stay among us, from his nobility, from his restless sunny hope. His image, burned into my mind, epitomizes what a true humanist should look like, and for many years, ever since I was an undergraduate, I have conducted an internal dialogue with him. (This dialogue broke into print only once, when he commented fairly and courteously, ten years ago, on my own attempt to begin philosophy from *The Experience of Nothingness*.) Somehow Frankel's death did not mean, for me, simply the passing of a sane and good man; it symbolized the passing of an age of secular reason.

Life has been cruel in our generation to those who place their faith in reason. For reason—it turns out—requires other juices, is nourished and kept strong by roots which reason itself may know of but is not able wholly to inspect. So it was, I thought, with Charles Frankel. When others around him were thrown off balance or lost their heads, Frankel drove his mind deeper, drew energy from some fund of vision and of hope. He was not eager to dig into the roots supporting his faith in reason lest, perhaps, he cut them. But there was no mistaking the fact that Charles Frankel's persistent reasonableness was stronger than facts that met the eye, or passions that swept the land—facts and passions he was always fair to, indeed felt himself. He trusted reason even in reason's momentary helplessness.

There are those, to be sure, who believe quite simply that reason is such that faith in it is quite natural, even when the storms blow and the sea rages. Perhaps such faith is, indeed, natural to some. They are heroes of a kind. For the middling sort of person, however, reason is not so strong a reed. When the evidence mounts up, they tend to bend with it, finding in reason itself reasons to abandon reason. To trust reason even when it seems to be failing is no easy deed for mortals, not even for reason itself, called in to pass judgment on its own abilities.

When a man ceases to believe in God, Chesterton once wrote, he does not believe in nothing; he'll believe in anything. Not so Charles Frankel. For millions of other highly educated people, however, Chesterton's observation seems apt enough. Walk through a university bookstore, fight your way past the Tarot cards and astrological handbooks, and seek out the works of Aquinas and Spinoza (if you can find them, single rare copies under crowded shelves on witchcraft, the occult, esoterica, erotica). The Enlightenment occurred for this? For this we needed mass higher education? "Modern man" is not up to the heroism Charles Frankel desired for him.

Our most highly educated classes, supposedly the least likely to be religious, do not appear to be more invulnerable than others to superstition, panic, myth, symbol, passion, ideology, conventional wisdom, censorship posing as sophistication, nonsense, silliness, and infatuation. Show me an intellectual, someone has said, and I'll show you a man being unfaithful to his wife. Any foolishness, any inconstancy, any unreliability the human race is prey to meets no special obstacle in higher education.

Faith in reason, therefore, is not so easy as it once appeared, when one could imagine that, ancient prejudices having fallen like autumn leaves, reason might stand forth

as stark as a prairie elm in Kansas. West of the Mississippi, just before the Rockies rise, reason is easier to believe in than on either coast: the favorable soil for Whitehead and process theology, the base of belief in progress still. Yet, as prairie elms in Kansas are subject to tornadoes, disease, hail, and wind, so even on the Plains reason is less sturdy than it used to be.

The era of "modern man" has passed, therefore, all too quickly. Who can look about him and still expect an Age of Reason to arise? Who can now look back and believe that the Age of Reason, apart from a very small circle of imaginers, ever was an Age of Reason? In the field of philosophical theology it is now the rage to argue that the Enlightenment was narrower, less adequate, less full of light than its illuminati ever recognized. Some bewail this eclipse of faith in reason. Those who defend reason today—and they are many—do so in a way more complex, indirect, obscure, and one might even say dialectical (knowing how *that* word can mean so much and yet so little) than formerly.

According to earlier expectations, science, technology, and free markets ought by now to have produced a progressive and enlightened world. If they failed, scientific socialism ought to have taken up the slack. Yet, the "new socialist man" whom Marx and Trotsky foresaw seems oddly interested in "Christian-Marxist dialogue," and Marxism is now defended (in non-Marxist lands) as a "humanism" owing more to the "early Marx" than to Marx the dialectical materialist. Whereas once the competition seemed to be over who could be more materialistic, today the race goes to the more spiritual, moral, and humane. Only those believe in "systems" who do not have to live under the system in which they place their faith.

Daniel Bell, one of our most distinguished intellectual presences, writes movingly about the sacred, and about the founts of religion within human experience, in *The*

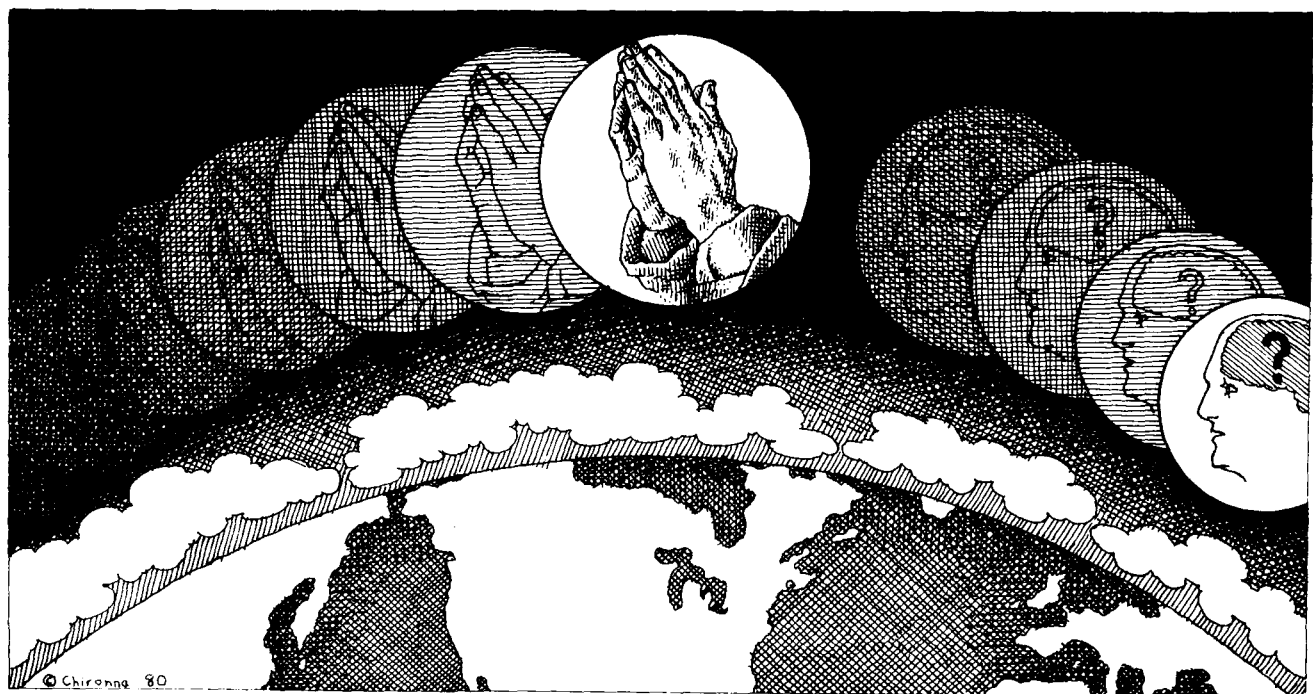
Winding Passage (a marvelous book). He perceives a dreadful contradiction at the heart of capitalism. The axis of its economic system, he holds, lies along the line of calculative rationality, whereas the axis of its cultural system lies along the line of the self. These lines, he thinks, cross, to depart in opposite directions. Is this true? Less, I think, in the experience of the real individual than in the abstract model.

Automatons

I, for one, have never met one

Consider for a moment the life of a university professor. In what respect does the "calculative rationality" of the economic system cleave the center of his life? In what respect is he impaled by the axial need to "find himself"? Compare his daily life with, say, that of Thomas Aquinas. The close logical and lexical work of the *Commentary on Aristotle's Physics* would appear to have been, psychologically, not less demanding than, say, that required for *The Cultural Contradictions of Capitalism*. Certainly, the journey between Rome (or Orvieto) and Paris, which Aquinas undertook seven times, must have been rather more fatiguing, by foot and burro, than Professor Bell's trips by airplane and taxicab to London and Manhattan. As for the "self," can one be sure which of these angelic doctors spent more, or fewer, hours in prayer, contemplation, and wonder about the mysteries of the self?

Take, as well, the case of the chief executive officer of General Motors. Is such a life all taken up with a "calculative rationality"—more so than, say, that of the architect of the Duomo of Florence or the Cathedral of Reims? One imagines that many of his most difficult decisions have to do with personnel—with people, with morale and purpose and coordination. One imagines him



rather less preoccupied with technical rationality than, say, his engineers and his designers and his sales managers.

Yet consider, further, the actual lives of *such* folk. Do they never look into the pool of Narcissus? Know they nothing of sensuality or passion? Can it be that their wives and children present for them no thick human perplexities, like those of professors at the nearby university? It is difficult to believe that such workers never wonder who they are, or why they are; that they never pray, or participate in multiple social lives with family, friends, schools, community. Somewhere, we are supposed to imagine, automats walk among us. I, for one, have never met one, although I hear that English departments are forced to wade through thousands of pages about the shallowness of contemporary life. Can it be true that only English professors—or novelists, at least—lead interesting lives?

Somehow, one doubts it. The nation teems with vitality. In every airplane, on every bus, the passenger at one's side could tell one stories to stand one's hair on end, if one chose to listen. The fact that we cannot bear to listen, and treat each other with wary, impersonal interest, testifies not to the shallowness of our lives but to such fullness that we can hardly bear to take upon ourselves more than we already know. We are dying not of shallowness but of too many contacts, more liberties than human beings have ever known, lives full of more interest than the famous Chinese curse suggests is good for any solitary person.

Which of us does not know of a teenager mangled in an auto crash? Who is ignorant of the most painful family breakups? Who has no experience of "nervous breakdowns" and prolonged illnesses (ironically all the more torturing because human beings are now kept so long alive)? Tell me who has not been shattered by the dashing of that multiplicity of dreams a free society nourishes in every one of us? Dreaming more, we are more often disappointed. To promise to marry another "till death do us part" once upon a time was no big deal, when the oppressed sex lived, on the average, until 29 and the oppressor sex until 25 (France, 1780). Not to have to worry merely about survival or subsistence but about "fulfillment"—what sort of shallowness of soul is that?

Perhaps I am blind to deficiencies of modern, technical, developed societies to which I ought not to be blind. With most educated Westerners, I have devoured Gabriel Marcel, José Ortega y Gasset, Jean-Paul Sartre, Karl Mannheim, and all those other worriers about "mass man" and "mass society." True, in newspapers, in huge and sprawling subway systems, on television, in airports like O'Hare and Fiumicino, among crowds like those in Tokyo, Mexico City, and Dublin, I too can see "mass man" and "mass society." On the surfaces of things one sees them. Yet each single individual I meet is no "mass man." The more urban, developed, sophisticated the way of life a person has shared, the less it seems one can be certain that he is more narrow, shallow, "massified" than were his grandparents, in some rural setting. Experts, one sometimes thinks, see too much the surface of appearances. Absence of soul is in the eye of the beholder, not in the inner life of "modern man."

Religion is alive and well under democratic capitalism. My children say their prayers, as my grandfather said his. Their souls do not appear to me to be starved. Even when I look out and see Rodney Dangerfield, Sonny and Cher, Gloria Steinem, Tony Dorsett (even in Dallas), Tom Brokaw, George Bush, Lee Iacocca, Al Barkan, Angie Dickinson, it does not appear to me that I see "mass man." The students I have taught do not appear to be soulless. It is true that the editorials of the *New York Times* sometimes give me headaches of despair, but then their writers are obliged to pretend to a certain institutional inflation beyond the reach of individual mortals. And yet—one imagines them, too, in the dead of twilight, suddenly and inexplicably uncertain. Some of them sometimes pray.

The world remains the world. World, flesh, and devil are not banished by socialism or by capitalism. Soul is not abolished. Once it was said: The Word came into the world and the world knew Him not. This is still true of the world today. Paradise it isn't. As a setting within which we struggle to save our souls, and to make ready the way until He comes, liberty to fail we have aplenty. Along with a chance of passing on the battle to another generation.

In 1980, the rise of religion around the world, and in our midst, follows from the necessary cycle of interests which in regular recurrence affects the human race. For a century or two, secular passions rode the crest. They were bound to descend, as other passions—no less ambiguous and dangerous—in long neglect gathered force. Yet our revival of religion is not to be welcomed with naïveté. Religion, too, has its madnesses, its regular distortions. It, too, must be tamed. There is nothing human that may not be corrupted. Perhaps it is only Slavic melancholy ineradicable within me, but I expect the worst. Even that is grace enough. □

A Liberal Reflects On NR's Future

For years you've had the Democrats
And liberals to spank and twit,
And though we spurned your caveats
We chuckled at your style, your wit.

But now that everything's the way
You hoped and wanted it to be,
With all the rightists holding sway,
Where will you aim your railleury?

With nothing to dish out but praise,
No peaceniks to vote against war,
No reason at all for malaise,
How can you help but be a bore?

—CORINNA MARSH

25 Years

OF LOOKING FORWARD

Son Of The Emerging Republican Majority

RICHARD BROOKHISER

THE LAST DOZEN or so years, from the end of the Johnson Administration until now, saw many political upheavals; but the most important of these was, arguably, a phantom, an upheaval that never occurred—the transfer of political momentum and power from a liberal Democratic Party to a conservative Republican one. Conservative political strategists plotting the next dozen years must understand this shift manqué, the transfer that never was.

It didn't fail for lack of talk. Kevin Phillips's *The Emerging Republican Majority* (1969) showed how the Nixon and Wallace votes of the last election could be fused into a new governing coalition. Richard Scammon and Ben Wattenberg responded (in *The Real Majority*, 1970) with an assertion of the healthiness of the political status quo. William Rusher's *The Making of the New Majority Party*, written in the ashes of Watergate, saw hope still for the new coalition, but only if its partisans forsook the GOP and founded a new party of their own. "I intended," recalled Richard Nixon in his *Memoirs*, "to revitalize the Republican Party along New Majority lines."

The talk was justified, for however coy the new conservative political order was about revealing itself, the old liberal political order was visibly and inexorably breaking down. The original "Roosevelt Coalition" had not survived into the Sixties unchanged—segregationists were being harassed out of it, Irish-Americans had left under their own steam. The late Sixties, however, revealed more than the existence within the coalition of scattered delinquents (who could secede, or be expelled). The coalition itself was stratified; worse, the strata—the leaders and the led—were growing to like each other less and less.

I remember signs of discord as early as 1967. That fall, a student writer for the Yale *New Review* (publication defunct, clipping lost, author unknown) noted that his professors and peers, however much they sympathized with the plight of blacks, were bigots nevertheless—they laughed at Polack jokes. How, the young leftist wondered, could the united front of workingmen and intellectuals be maintained? The answer was not found, and presently construction workers were chasing antiwar demonstrators down Wall Street, "hardhat" became a term of politics as well as headgear, and Norman Lear had conceived *All in the Family*, a weekly dose of contumely so gross and unadulterated that it failed to arouse more resentment than it did only because most of its intended victims were secretly rooting for Archie.

What happened? The average Democrat was complacent, ignorant, and perversely unwilling to share the benefits he had won for himself—so argued the Norman Lear. The average Democrat saw (sporadically and inchoately, to be sure) a different picture. The people directing his party seemed to have flipped out. The liberal leadership was simultaneously urging on him the propositions that American society was too regimented and was too disorganized. The charge of disorganization—that America is burdened with economic and social inequities, remediable only by Washington—was already a familiar one in American politics. Economically, it implied socialism—not in itself a disturbing prospect, since no one admitted it. Even today, socialism could probably get the nodding acquiescence of many Americans if it were stated naively enough. "The world," wrote George Orwell in 1937, "is a raft sailing through space with, potentially, plenty of provisions for everybody; the idea that we must all cooperate and see to it that everyone does his fair share of the work and gets his fair share of the provisions seems so blatantly obvious . . . that no one could possibly fail to accept it unless he had some corrupt motive for clinging to the present system." That argument, I submit, would win the endorsement of every living politician from John Anderson to Pol Pot, plus a respectable Gallup showing besides. Once it has become an article of conventional wisdom, it can be refuted only by a cogent alternative offered during a period of economic

failure—a combination not present in the late Sixties. By then, however, the liberal leadership had extended its passion for “organizing” far beyond the dismal science. It was manipulating school districts as well as budget ceilings. Its exactions were new and obvious, and therefore explosive. If a man finds himself saving less money, he may not know enough to blame the government; but when a school bus comes to cart his kids across town, he knows exactly who the villains are. Many an average Democrat, thus provoked, for the first time considered throwing bureaucrats’ briefcases into the Potomac.

Even as the liberal leadership railed against laxity in some areas, it protested (or countenanced the protests of those further left) against intolerable constrictions in others. “Acid, amnesty, and abortion” was the anti-slogan concocted by Charles Colson for this anarchistic tendency—yet, at its most flagrant, the liberal leadership seemed to seek, not any specific reforms, but a general relaxation of the conditions of existence: to dream of a society which “makes it possible for me to do one thing today and another tomorrow, to hunt in the morning, fish in the afternoon, rear cattle in the evening, criticize after dinner, just as I have a mind, without ever becoming hunter, fisherman, shepherd, or critic.” Karl Marx said that in 1846; *The Greening of America* said it again with sixty thousand more words and half the grace. The average Democrat was appalled.

When both tendencies—stronger discipline from Washington, weaker self-discipline from individuals—fused in the McGovern campaign, the average Democrats—all the “Polacks” the fretful contributor to the *New Review* had worried about—deserted in droves.

This was the conservative opportunity. How did Richard Nixon—eager to rebuild his party “along New Majority lines”—respond to it?

It is convenient to blame the abortion of the New Majority on Watergate. In its wake, the decapitated Republicans suffered the most serious mid-term congressional losses since 1958. Yet Watergate was a symptom as well as a cause, and hence doubly relevant. If the Nixon Administration was destined to have a scandal, it may not be fanciful to say that Watergate was the kind of scandal it was destined to have. It was the comeuppance of a politician obsessed with tactics and tricks (in the case of Watergate, dirty tricks) to the exclusion of strategy—for Nixon had only a partial strategy, inadequately pursued.

Thou shalt ***. . . fire thine enemies***

His first mistake was an error in managing the power he had won in 1968. It consisted of ignoring what might be called the Democratic First Commandment, which, less well known than the Republican Eleventh, is far more useful—*Thou shalt fire thine enemies*. “During my first term,” Nixon noted in his *Memoirs*, “all my attempts at reorganizing or reforming the Federal Government along more efficient and effective lines had been resisted by the combined and determined inertia of Congress and the bureaucracy. . . . For various reasons I had had to acquiesce

in this situation.” Among the reasons was Nixon’s own lack of vigor in cleaning house. Nine-tenths of the bureaucracy of the Executive Branch floats, like an iceberg, dumb and sullen beneath the protective surface of civil service regulations. Most of its members are liberals, and they have been there roughly forever. The President does, however, control the bureaucracy’s uppermost layer; and if he wishes to be effective, he must be quite cold-blooded about appointing like-minded persons, and seeing that they remain like-minded. This does not mean he should try to be the overseer of the Executive Branch. For one thing, it is impossible. Candidate Nixon was not wrong when, in May 1968, he promised to “disperse power, spread it among able people. I’d select Cabinet members who could do their jobs, and each of them would have the stature and the power to function effectively.” His sound managerial instincts were vitiated, however, by his lack of interest in what went on—by his unwillingness even to manage. “I’ve always thought this country could run itself domestically without a President,” he told Theodore White, ominously, in 1967. The effects of his indifference were soon evident. “For a month or so,” Martin Anderson, then deputy to Arthur Burns, remembered, “the bureaucrats were scared to death. Then, when nothing happened, they went ahead with business as usual. After a while, they had so much contempt for us they didn’t even bother to return our calls.”

Control of the Presidency is necessary for any shift of political power in America. Yet it is not sufficient, unless power is simply to be shifted from one set of managers to another. If the federal Leviathan is to be dismembered, not merely tamed, conservatives must rewrite the laws mandating its existence. That means control of Congress; and that means a realignment in the voting booth.

Nixon’s intentions in this area were more realistic than his opinions on federal management. He continued the Republican strategy of welcoming disaffected Southerners, and he perceived the mortal illness of the liberal coalition. “Hubert’s problem,” he told a young aide at the beginning of his first term, “is that the New Deal is over,” and he appealed to blue-collar workers as social conservatives, supporters of law and order, and anti-anti-warriors. In 1972, helped by a Democratic campaign that looked as if it were on loan from Ripley’s Believe-It-or-Not Museum, his appeals succeeded.

Yet the renegades returned to the fold, not only in the post-Watergate debacle of 1974, but in 1976 and 1978; and the majority had not been persuaded to leave in 1970. The average Democrat was up for grabs, yet no one grabbed him. Why not?

The 1970 mid-term elections may be most revealing. Scammon and Wattenberg’s *The Real Majority*, studied by both sides, suggested that so long as Democratic candidates put enough room between themselves and freak house (a good stand on the “Social Issue,” the authors called it), they could murder the Republicans with traditional liberal economics. Nixon and his staff decided to euvre them by taking the Social Issue as their own. American flag lapel pins became a sort of GOP costume. The Republican effort peaked early, however, allowing the Democrats to buy flag pins of their own and counter-

attack along economic lines. The result: two additional Republican senators; 11 fewer governors, and nine fewer Representatives. Not a disaster, but far short of what Nixon's New Majoritarians had been hoping for.

The moral is as unescapable as it is enduringly relevant. Former average Democrats can be temporarily swayed by conservative positions on a number of issues; they cannot be converted unless they buy the conservative position on economics. Until an attractive conservative economic position is developed, they will slide around in the hold of American politics like loose freight. Discovering such a position has not been easy. The original theorists of the New Majority wrote vehemently on the subject, warning that conservative economics would have to "give" in serious, though unspecified, ways if conservatives ever hoped to include hardhats in a New Majority coalition. Their New Right descendants seem sometimes to ignore the matter altogether, giving (for instance) as one of their reasons for abandoning the presidential campaign of Phil Crane that he placed too much emphasis on economics—as if "economics" were synonymous with "bestiality."

Blacks

Will they give Reagan a try?

This is the significance of Kemp-Roth (its significance for the psychology of politics; I leave questions of practicality to economic literates). It is an attempt by conservatives to fill the gap in their ranks, to address the old average Democrat directly, and persuade him that a new coalition will increase his paycheck, as well as get the Cousin Maude types off his back. It, or something similarly motivated, will have to succeed if the New Majority is to be built.

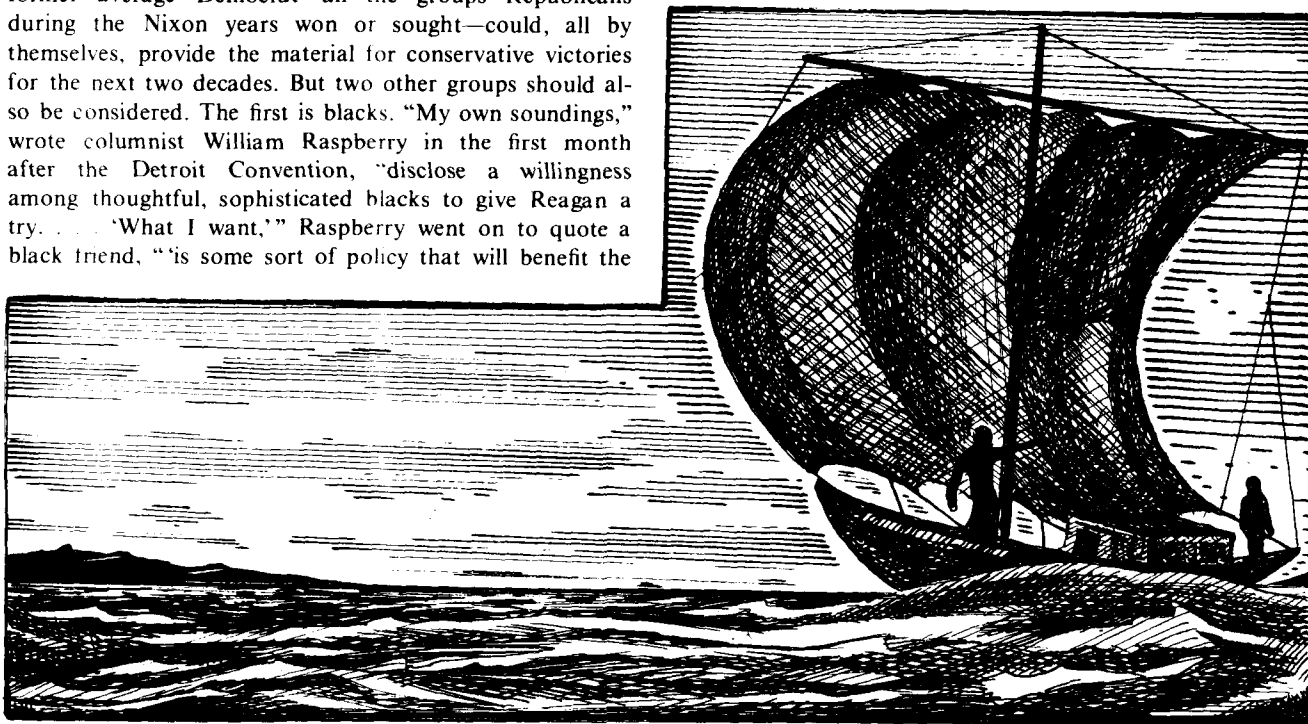
Main Street conservatives, plus Southerners, plus the former average Democrat—all the groups Republicans during the Nixon years won or sought—could, all by themselves, provide the material for conservative victories for the next two decades. But two other groups should also be considered. The first is blacks. "My own soundings," wrote columnist William Raspberry in the first month after the Detroit Convention, "disclose a willingness among thoughtful, sophisticated blacks to give Reagan a try. . . . 'What I want,'" Raspberry went on to quote a black friend, "is some sort of policy that will benefit the

masses, and the liberals aren't providing it. They feel pity for the poor, but the only thing they propose is more welfare-type solutions that only serve to cripple people." Reagan's efforts to capitalize on that willingness failed, as he expected they would; Carter crushed him among black voters, just as the next few Democratic presidential candidates can be expected to crush their Republican opponents. Yet the effort deserved to be made, for consistency's sake at least—for the Republican case to blacks is the same as to the old average Democrat: economic contraction hurts you first and most.

The economic approach is also the key to the second-largest and fastest-growing minority—the Spanish-speaking. The future mother of the one-hundred-millionth Mexican is now living, and many of those hundred million will find their way across the border over the next twenty years, to swell the numbers of their compatriots already here. Meanwhile, over on the East Coast, Cubans and Puerto Ricans will continue to flow in. Spanish-speaking Americans stand at a switching point—they can, if left to the mercy of liberalism, bog down in futile and bitter campaigns to bolster themselves with forced bilingualism and hiring quotas; or they can follow the upward trajectory of every previous immigrant group. Conservatives can argue for the second alternative, and profit from doing so.

How will liberals respond? "Liberalism," Senator Paul Tsongas of Massachusetts told the June 1980 National Convention of the ADA, "must extricate itself from the 1960s . . . and we must have the answers that seem relevant and appropriate to the generation of potential liberals." As liberals search for "relevance" in the 1980s, I suspect they will decide it looks like John Anderson—or rather, like a slogan of the Anderson campaign: "Wallet on the right, heart on the left."

"Wallet on the right" is the less honest half of this slo-



gan, for liberals continue to believe in economic organization as instinctively as they ever did. But, like all sentient men, liberals have finally realized that something is going wrong—hence their unusual willingness to flirt with policies and poses formerly monopolized by (or abandoned to) conservatives: Carter paying rhetorical homage to balanced budgets, while Governor Brown endorses a balanced-budget amendment; Representative Udall, at the New York Convention, calling Kemp-Roth a “free lunch,” while Anderson dismisses it as a trick to be achieved only with “mirrors”; and everyone speaking of restraints and limits, all required (Carter again) to rouse us from a “spiritual malaise.” Senator Kennedy, alone on the Left, labeled this last for what it was—a projection onto the American people of Carter’s own confusion and cynicism. It was, more generally, a projection of liberalism’s confusion—a point not apprehended by Kennedy, who continues to call with evangelical fervor for government action as the way to economic salvation. But Kennedy addresses a dwindling flock. “I don’t think government is where it’s at,” Senator Tsongas mused at the ADA convention.

“Heart on the left,” by contrast, is sincere, if nebulous. Economically, it sanctions, in the guise of compassion, whatever deviations from fiscal rectitude are considered politically prudent. Socially, it means all systems go on the greening of America. Today’s devotees of expanded consciousness, unlike Charles Reich, no longer link it to frisbees and Procol Harum (remember them?). They wear suits, and they may work for the Department of Education. Yet they work no less zealously for that: of the three elements of Colson’s anti-litany, the first has merely been displaced as a pastime by cocaine, while the third is now the law of the land.

Power

The bureaucrats’ will to survive

This double thrust has appeal beyond Anderson’s showing last fall—many of those who would subscribe to it probably voted for Carter. They were mainly, I would guess, white and white-collar, with recent college educations. John Dos Passos saw them coming in 1959.

The “liberal mentality” . . . is, I am beginning to suspect, the ideological camouflage of the will to power of this new ruling class. . . . As the nineteenth century Englishman defended his home as his castle, the modern American bureaucrat will defend the security of his job to the death. . . . This is certainly true of federal office holders, but . . . it [may also] apply to white-collar workers generally. Could it be that they too feel a solidarity with the ruling class as against the common run of anonymous citizens they seek to manipulate?

New developments, Dos Passos added, might prove his theory worthless. The only thing proven worthless 21 years later has been his disclaimer. These voters, plus blacks (continuing, the whites hope, in their role as hereditary electoral chattel), plus whatever else they can pick up—this will be the liberal coalition of the Eighties.

The minority coalition, if conservatives play their cards right. □

The Reasonableness Of Conservatism

CHARLES R. KESLER

THE OPPORTUNITY to reflect on the conservative agenda in political philosophy is gratifying for many reasons, not the least of which is that it implies that conservatism respects or has need of reason. For if reason were not capable of guiding political action in some sense, then political philosophy would be of no use to conservatism, which could take its bearings simply from tradition. Indeed, much of the conservative thought of the past fifty years has been devoted to the depreciation of reason and the celebration of tradition, with the embarrassing result that conservatism today, whatever its practical successes, is in theoretical bondage to an unreasoning and unreasonable idea of tradition.

Conservatives have increasingly, in recent years, marshaled popular support and gained convincing victories on national policy questions, and they are now on the verge of their greatest success: the responsibility of actually governing the country. What will they do? As conservatism is supposed to be the politics of reality—and as half the definition of political philosophy is the philosophic treatment of politics—we should find a common ground on which to begin to answer this question in the philosophic treatment of the political realities facing a conservative Administration.

Few things can be more certain than that the most salient political issue for the remainder of the century will be the worldwide confrontation between Western democracy, which means especially the United States, and Communism, which means especially the Soviet Union. In this respect, the next twenty years will be no different from the past 35; what will have changed is that, the West’s margin of safety having disappeared, it will no longer be possible for the West to profess indifference to the Soviet Union’s ambitious imperialism. In the clash of these two worlds, the so-called Third World will have to declare sides, and thereby cease to exist; the political split in the world will then be unmistakably clear. But the depth of the split, which cuts across national boundaries and across the centuries since the Renaissance, will be visible only to those who understand that the confrontation is but the pre-eminent political form of the philosophical confrontation between classical and early modern political philosophy, on the one hand, and radically modern political philosophy, on the other.

The fundamental distinction between the two sides in this battle of the books—though it is not merely a battle of books—is that the former looks to nature, directly or indirectly, as the standard for human choice (whether as men or as citizens); whereas the latter places its confi-

dence in history as the supplanter and nullifier of human choice, and hence of human freedom. But the political forms of this philosophical combat are not exhausted by the confrontation between the superpowers. Turning to our own politics, we see there the principles of nature and history locked in what can only be described as a battle for the soul of America and, not incidentally, for the soul of American conservatism. We may designate the sides in *this* dispute as the traditional American doctrine of natural rights, as epitomized in the Declaration of Independence, and a radically historicist doctrine of human rights that has emerged over the past fifty or so years.

The new doctrine of human rights, which has obscured and virtually overwhelmed the traditional understanding, is divorced from any substantive idea of human nature. Human rights are identified with values, which means that they have no objective existence apart from the preference of someone or some culture; the best, or at any rate the most tenable, values are asserted to be "progressive" values; and therefore human rights are made dependent on progress or history for their promulgation and meaning.

Since the legitimacy of the government rests on the moral grounds of human rights, the new doctrine soon radiates into every area of public policy, demanding constant revolution in the goals, methods, and scope of government to keep pace with the imperatives of the forward march of history. American foreign policy, for example, is now guided by a human-rights policy that seems to center on coercing unprogressive right-wing autocracies into becoming, well, progressive left-wing autocracies. As in all historicist tragedies, the idealism rarely survives the first act, and the denouement is typically cold and bloody. Always believing impersonal historical forces ensure that the next government will be more progressive or democratic than the existing one—simply because it is the *next*—America acquiesces and even collaborates in the toppling of old undemocratic allies, all the while sighing over the ineluctable forces of change.

But the effects of this brummagem doctrine of human rights are equally discernible in our domestic politics. It is easy to predict that the left wing of the Democratic Party will, if not thoroughly affronted and chastened by the conservative electoral realignment in 1980, move quickly and resolutely to take the country in the direction of "economic democracy," "social justice," and finally, *mutatis mutandis*, social democracy on the European model.

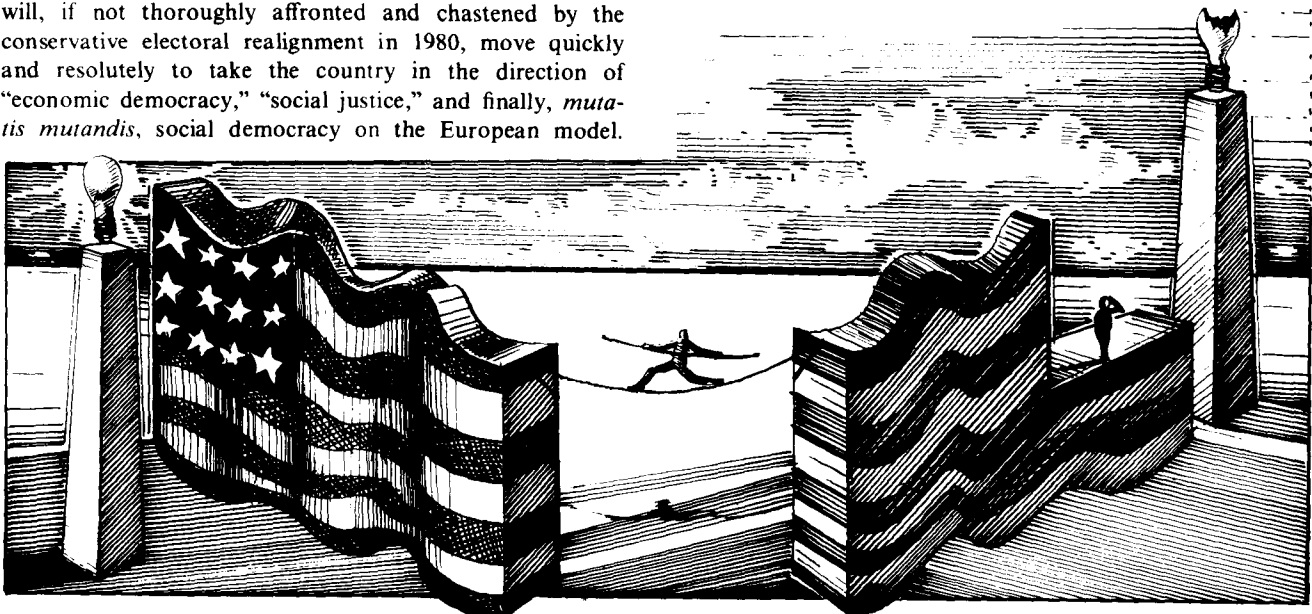
Their justification for such a sharp departure from American traditions will be the new doctrine of human rights, in which economic and social rights replace civil and political rights as the essential constituents of freedom.

Now, in the traditional doctrine of natural rights, certain social and economic arrangements are regarded as aiding the survival of political freedom. Careers should be opened to talent; the acquisition of private property should be encouraged, to benefit the commonwealth and to stand as the ramparts of civil freedom; and the concentration of property should be disallowed where it augurs a monopoly power or threatens to overawe the government.

Leveling

Men should be absolutely equal

The new doctrine of human rights, on the other hand, holds that the proper sorts of economic and social arrangements are *rights* more comprehensive and more important than civil and political rights, which are, by themselves, ineffectual if not meaningless. Political and civil rights must serve the ends set by economic and social rights because only the latter are able so to condition and reshape human nature as to permit the full realization of genuine or complete human freedom—which is defined as the full development of the individual personality, or the free creation of one's own lifestyle. To achieve this end, obstacles that would cause different individuals' lifestyles to bump into one another, e.g., competitiveness or love of honor, must be overcome by large-scale social and economic re-conditioning. The government must undertake a vast program of leveling, either to correct nature's mistakes—it is unfair for nature to distribute her benefits unequally—or to strip away all the accretions of human convention, which in every hitherto existing society have frustrated nature's intention to make men absolutely equal. In any case, what is needed is the overcoming not only of private property but of all inequalities



of result, which in the final analysis can be obtained only through eugenics.

Nothing in this understanding of social and economic rights provides a basis for distinguishing the United States from the Soviet Union; nothing in it provides a defense for the West against Marxism or against Soviet ideology and propaganda. Quite the contrary: the conclusion of this reasoning is that, far from being the foremost champion of human rights, the U.S. is a great enemy or violator of human rights, particularly of the most fundamental ones, social and economic rights.

Crimes

... committed on the way to the future

Like Marxism, this radical notion of human rights, which has been adopted to one degree or another by most American liberals, looks to some vague, unexamined idea of the future to justify the crimes and injustices of the present—the crimes committed on the way to the future, as it were. Indeed, these injustices—standing by while evil triumphs, breaking faith with former allies, dividing up the property of others—are no longer even *seen* as injustices, since the ultimate judgment of right and wrong is said to belong only to history. The present and past, or human nature as it is and has been known, offers no standard by which to distinguish true from false, good from bad, just from unjust, and so cannot be a guide to action. It is only as we realize our freedom in history that we will come, at the end of history, to discover Truth.

So successful has the new understanding been, that today there exists only the faintest of recollections that the greatest traditions of the West, as with one voice, affirm exactly the opposite: it is the Truth that makes us free, not freedom that brings us inevitably to the Truth. A wise and just American conservatism must therefore begin with the recovery, defense, and elucidation of the self-evident truths that have made us free, and that are the firmest foundations of our free government and consequent prosperity. The first thing that conservatives should seek to conserve, in short, is the meaning or principles of the American Revolution. But in separating reason and tradition, and subordinating the former to the latter, conservatism has been disloyal to those principles and to the American Founding. I cannot put it more plainly than that. The most urgent philosophical task facing conservatives in the foreseeable future is to acknowledge and renounce this apostasy, and to bring conservatism back to American principles.

It is through the separation of reason from tradition that historicism has entered American conservative thought, creating "traditionalism." Traditionalism is based upon a reverence for the past that is really no different from liberalism's and Marxism's faith in the future: one looks to an unprincipled past, the other to an unprincipled future, as the source and measure of morality—or rather as substitutes for morality, for natural standards of right and wrong found out by reason. But let me explain this more fully. Liberalism and Marxism reject reason and natural right because reason is a tyrant that forbids the full

expression of human desires or passions, while natural right is reactionary, a mere tool of class oppression. Traditionalism rejects reason and natural right because reason is a tyrant that overrules the full expression of human particularity in history (as embodied in habit and prescription), and because natural right is revolutionary, a mere tool of class oppression by a new class of *philosophes*.

What European conservatism in the form of the Holy Alliance saw as the evils of the French Revolution, traditionalism has come to see as identical evils in the American Revolution. It has even, in some cases, erected as an American equivalent of the *Ancien Régime* slavery and the antebellum South, which it defends as an integral part of the "true" American Constitution, i.e., of the Constitution divorced from the Declaration of Independence.

More generally, traditionalists think that to make reason or the self-evident truths of the Declaration a standard by which to judge political action is to indulge a tyranny of abstract and impractical ideas, easily leading to the degeneration of sound political practice—as if one were to build a house on Laputan principles: "Their houses," Swift writes, "were very ill built, the Walls bevil, without one right Angle in any Apartment; and this Defect ariseth from the Contempt they bear for practical Geometry; which they despise as vulgar and mechanick. . . ."

Yet the principles of the American Revolution comprehend both the doctrine of man's inalienable rights and a teaching on prudence ("Prudence indeed will dictate . . ."). In the American political tradition there is room for both the carpenter and the mathematician, for both "practical Geometry" and the theoretical mathematics. The Founders were not, as Hamilton and Madison emphasize in *The Federalist*, "theoretic politicians" or men "far gone in Utopian speculations," but neither were they afraid to chart "a new and more noble course" by effecting "a revolution which has no parallel in the annals of human society" and by rearing the "fabrics of governments which have no model on the face of the globe." The *distinction* between practical science and theoretical science was as clear to them as the *connection* between the two: the "right Angle" of the carpenter is also the right angle of the mathematician, though each considers it in a different way.

Traditionalism is itself a theory of conservatism or of the American regime, and so cannot even on its own terms dispense with reason or theory—it bespeaks its own limitations. For how can tradition of itself be a guide either to understanding or to action? Tradition is always contradictory and opaque, at once too little and too much. Should conservatives, for example, seek to conserve the Republican tradition of free labor and free men, or the Southern Democratic tradition of Negro slavery? Have conservatives, in pondering the gold standard, neglected to consider the advantage of bringing back primogeniture and entail, an even more ancient American tradition?

By itself, that is, tradition offers no way to choose between its contradictory parts, and no standard by which to separate wheat from chaff in our historical experience.

This was Willmoore Kendall's difficulty in attempting to divorce his idea of the American political tradition—its chief “symbol,” according to him, being the virtuous people (or their representatives) deliberating under God—from the self-evident truth “that all men are created equal.” For without the permanent standards of justice and civility whose foundation is the Declaration's teaching on human equality, it is impossible to give any content to the ideas of virtue, deliberation, or even “the people.”

Neoconservatives face the same problem in trying to separate the moderation and success of the American Revolution from the moral fervor generated by its animating principle, the “abstract truth” (as Lincoln called it) “that all men are created equal”—which truth they tend to confuse with ideology. Even as the strength of neo-conservatism is its emphasis on the practical and practicable, so its weakness is that, without a sufficient grounding in “abstract truth,” this emphasis degenerates into the praise of success *qua* success. Last summer found Irving Kristol calling in the pages of the *Wall Street Journal* for, of all things, a new ideology, a Republican ideology with which to beat the Democrats and realign American political parties—yet without being able to identify the principles of that ideology or the grounds of that realignment. We should not be surprised at this development, since the call for a new ideology is only a backhanded way of admitting the insufficiency of his own interpretation of the American Revolution and, indeed, the inadequacy of neo-conservatism as a “public philosophy.”

Conservatism

A consistent body of principles

Conservatism presupposes that there is something worth conserving, and that we know what that something is. Over the past fifty years conservatives have steadfastly sought to conserve *something*, but without, in many cases, really knowing what it was—though they have usually known what or whom they were defending it against. Although this uncertainty has not crippled conservatism as an opposition force, it risks disabling it for the governance of the nation as a whole; for there is all the difference in the world between a conservatism that represents an alliance of convenience among disparate groups that happen to agree on a number of ad hoc policies, and a conservatism that stands for a consistent body of principles and whose policies have a firm foundation in the moral convictions of the people.

The only sure basis of conservatism, because the only reasonable and enduring basis, is an attachment to the principles of the American Revolution. Conservatism, properly understood, must stand then not for the past but for certain *truths* applicable to past, present, and future. It is in the articulation of the truths of the American political tradition that political philosophy may make its greatest contribution to genuine conservatism: to the opening of America's and the world's eyes to those self-evident truths, grounded in the nature of things and discovered by reason, which remain forever a standard to which the wise and honorable may repair. □

The Constitution, The Court, And the President-Elect

GROVER REES III

AMONG THE MOST extravagant of the harsh things said about Ronald Reagan before the election was the predicted abolition of our “independent judiciary” and the consequent repeal of the Bill of Rights.

Fortunately for the President-elect, a number of his critics have recently decided to give him a second chance. They hope he will do the responsible thing, by eschewing his campaign platform. It would be possible, after all, for Reagan to find prominent lawyers with impeccable Republican credentials who, when appointed to the United States Supreme Court, would not fundamentally change that institution's approach to its work. Lists are being compiled of such responsible Republican judicial candidates, whose “broad conservative philosophy” would not—to use the example most frequently cited—require them to reverse the present Court's ruling that abortion is a constitutional right.

With all due respect, I say it's spinach, and I say the hell with it.

My job is to teach constitutional law. I love the Bill of Rights, I cherish the independent judiciary, and I voted for Reagan in the hope that his appointments will radically and fundamentally improve the Supreme Court.

Reagan's former critics are right to advise him against choosing Supreme Court Justices on the basis of their personal beliefs about moral and political issues. The President-elect would make a far greater mistake, however, should he fail to determine potential Justices' opinions on the meaning of the Constitution and on the role of the Supreme Court. Nor must such determination be made without reference to specific controversies; a judicial candidate may fairly be asked to elaborate upon his self-described “broad conservative philosophy.”

Nobody is disqualified to be a Supreme Court Justice because, for instance, he *personally* favors abortion; but whether a judicial candidate believes the *Constitution* protects abortion speaks worlds about his jurisprudential philosophy, about whether he tends to disregard the written, historical Constitution and to favor the creation of new constitutional rights—rather than the interpretation and application of old ones—by the Court.

II.

What does it really mean to “interpret the Constitution”? It is a political fact—although not, I believe, an ontological one—that the Constitution is what the United States Supreme Court says it is. This political fact follows more or less inexorably from the fact that our Constitution is more than just a set of admonitions or guide-

lines for legislators and executives: like statutes and ordinances, the Constitution is *law*; unlike statutes and ordinances, the Constitution is *supreme law*. A court forced to decide a case in which one party has a statute on his side and the opposing party has a constitutional provision must give judgment for the litigant who rests his case on the Constitution. The court implicitly decides that the statute is unconstitutional. If the losing litigant believes the court has misinterpreted either the statute or the Constitution, he can appeal the judgment. Sometimes he can appeal it all the way to the Supreme Court.

One often hears that this institution called "judicial review"—the power, or more properly the duty, of courts to apply the Constitution as law even where it conflicts with a statute—was "invented" by Chief Justice John Marshall in the 1803 decision of *Marbury v. Madison*. Not only those who are disgusted with the decisions of a particular set of Supreme Court Justices, but also some who approve of modern "judicial usurpation" and wish to portray it as a venerable American institution, point out that the Constitution does not say in so many words that the Supreme Court shall be the "supreme interpreter" of the Constitution. Forced to decide a case in which an act of Congress (or of a state legislature) seemed to conflict with a constitutional provision, the Court might reason that the legislature would never have passed the law unless the legislature itself believed the law to be constitutional. Why should the Court not defer to the legislative judgment on the meaning of the Constitution?

I find Marshall's answer in *Marbury* persuasive: those who argue that the courts must enforce a law that looks unconstitutional "are reduced to the necessity of maintaining that courts must close their eyes on the Constitution, and see only the law. This doctrine would subvert the very foundation of all written constitutions. . . . It would declare that if the legislature shall do what is expressly forbidden, such act, notwithstanding the express prohibition, is in reality effectual." The Constitution would become something less than supreme law, something less even than law.

Suppose, for instance, that Congress were to pass a law providing that "soldiers may, in time of peace be quartered in houses without the consent of their owners, at the discretion of the Joint Chiefs of Staff." Now, I'm all for the Joint Chiefs, but if they quartered soldiers in my house I would sue them. My case would be based on the Third Amendment to the Constitution, which states in pertinent part that "No soldier shall, in time of peace be quartered in any house, without the consent of the Owner." If judi-

cial review is a usurpation, then the Court should render judgment for the Joint Chiefs. By a simple majority vote, Congress (or a state legislature) can thus repeal the Third Amendment or any other part of the Constitution. "This," said Marshall, "is too extravagant to be maintained."

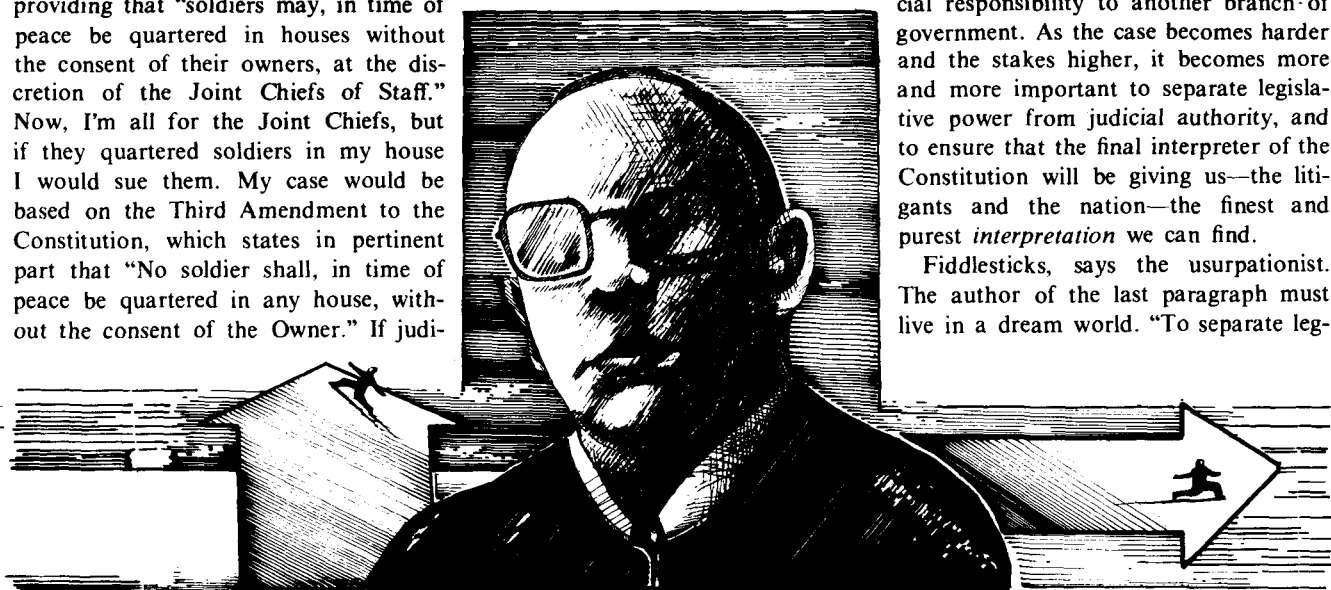
No fair, replies the usurpationist. No "interpretation" would be required in the hypothetical case you suggest. The Court could simply look at the law, and then at the Constitution, and see that they conflict. In such a case, the legislature was acting unconstitutionally, and so the law is void. But when "interpretation" is called for, the Court should assume that the legislature has implicitly interpreted the Constitution, and should not second-guess the legislative interpretation.

What then should the Court do when the Joint Chiefs, acting under the authority of an act of Congress, quarter in my house, not soldiers, but a number of sailors and Marines, as well as several persons who were formerly called "soldiers" but who have been redesignated (by the same act of Congress) Non-Soldier Military Preparedness Personnel? If the Court lacks the power to interpret the Constitution, I will lose, and the Third Amendment is something less than law.

Perhaps the Court should reserve the right to interpret the Constitution in cases where the language and its application to the case at hand are clear, but should always uphold statutes in cases where reasonable people might differ about their constitutionality. I respect this view; I note in passing that it's a far cry from the assertion that judicial review was a usurpation invented by John Marshall; but I cannot share it.

The Framers of our Constitution established three branches of the Federal Government with distinct functions. Legislating and judging are different kinds of activities, requiring different talents and training. An institution that tries to combine the two functions will probably not achieve excellence in either. If ever I run afoul of the Joint Chiefs, or of OSHA, or of Texas, I shall wish my case to be tried before a real judge: one who believes it his duty to give the litigants his best judgment, and not to surrender any part of his judicial responsibility to another branch of government. As the case becomes harder and the stakes higher, it becomes more and more important to separate legislative power from judicial authority, and to ensure that the final interpreter of the Constitution will be giving us—the litigants and the nation—the finest and purest *interpretation* we can find.

Fiddlesticks, says the usurpationist. The author of the last paragraph must live in a dream world. "To separate leg-



islative power from judicial authority": the Warren Court? "The finest and purest interpretation we can find": the Nixon Justices? The Supreme Court no longer interprets the Constitution; each Justice decides whom he wants to win, manipulating language and precedents accordingly, and then they vote. The Court is a super-legislature, and the real and present danger to the Constitution comes not from the elected legislature but from the Imperial Judiciary. All your talk of checks and balances, of judges owing us their best judgment, overlooks the fact that our judicial Emperors are wearing no clothes.

Preparing to meet this attack on my right flank, I am distracted by a commotion on my left. It is a philosopher of the school called Legal Realism, and he is hopping mad. You speak of "interpretation" (says the Realist) as if everything in the Constitution had one ascertainable meaning. But the Framers were writing a Constitution for their own society, not for ours; how could they have anticipated modern conditions when they didn't even have automobiles? The current Supreme Court "legislates" because it must. You are wrong to draw a bright line between the judicial function of "saying what the law is" and the legislative function of deciding what law is best and decreeing what the law shall be. Whether or not they admitted it—whether or not they even knew what they were doing—Supreme Court Justices from the days of John Marshall onward have always filled in the gaps in the Constitution by deciding (on the basis of their own political philosophies) what was best for the nation. The present Emperor is no more naked than his predecessors; he is just more honest.

Yet there is such a thing as interpretation. There is a difference between legislating and judging. A false continuum is just as dangerous as a false dichotomy.

III.

On November 4, 1980, we elected a new Supreme Court. President-elect Reagan will probably, in the course of his Administration, appoint four or five Justices to the nine-member Court. This gives him an almost unprecedented opportunity to set the Court, and hence the Constitution, on a new course, one that is likely to outlast the millennium.

Almost unprecedented, but not quite. President Nixon had a similar opportunity to reshape the Court, and he promised to fill it with "conservative" Justices. In a sense, he succeeded: the Burger Court is more "conservative" than its predecessor, the Warren Court, in that its members are more likely to practice something called "judicial restraint," frequently cited as the alternative to "judicial activism."

Judicial restraint has several different facets. Activists are more likely to declare statutes unconstitutional than judges who practice restraint. Restrained judges are also less likely to reverse prior court decisions, even when they believe the earlier cases to have been wrongly decided. Finally, judicial restraint imposes on its practitioners a duty to avoid deciding certain constitutional questions that a more activist judge might find himself forced to decide: this comes about principally through the generous application of traditional doctrines concerning the inher-

ent limitations of courts, together with a narrow reading of statutory and constitutional provisions defining the jurisdiction of the federal courts.

To say that a judge is a "conservative," however, or that he practices "judicial restraint," begs the question one really ought to be asking about a Supreme Court Justice: Does he interpret the Constitution or does he do something else? In "reviewing" statutes for "constitutionality," is he guided by what he believes to be the meaning of the Constitution, or by his own ideas about what the law ought to be? If a judge is basing his decisions on his own political philosophy, then he ought to restrain himself as often and as severely as he can. But if he perceives his role as the defense of rights created by the Constitution itself against attempts by transient majorities to abolish those rights by mere legislation, then I would like for him to be an activist. I don't want anyone quartering any soldiers, or any Non-Soldier Military Preparedness Personnel, in my house because the Supreme Court restrained itself from reading the Constitution.

Values

Their own, or the Constitution's?

Reagan, as I say, was widely criticized for his support of the Republican Platform provision stating the need for judges who believe in "traditional family values" and "the sanctity of innocent human life." My only criticism of this "litmus test" is that it, too, begs the question. If it meant, for instance, that Reagan intended to appoint judges who would not enforce the First Amendment on behalf of those whose speech is hostile to traditional family values, then of course it is a very bad idea. If, however, it was a roundabout way of saying Reagan and the Republicans disapproved of certain judicial decisions which have ignored the Constitution in the process of doing violence to traditional values and to innocent life, then it may be a good start.

If the Court is going to be imposing the values of its members on the American people, I guess I'd rather they impose traditional family values than radical secular humanist ones, or whatever else the alternative is. President-elect Reagan would be better advised, however, to appoint four or five Supreme Court Justices who will strive not to enforce their own values at all, but those of the Constitution.

The Framers of the Constitution, meanwhile, and the people who ratified it and who have been ratifying its amendments over two centuries, did attempt to superimpose certain values on the political process. The values that can be found in the document itself are not hostile to the family, and they are emphatically congenial to innocent human life.

IV.

Not so long ago, one could not write about judicial review without writing about school segregation. Nowadays it is necessary to write about abortion.

In 1954 the Supreme Court held in *Brown v. Board of Education* that "separate but equal" schools for blacks



Let's have disposable retirement income, not disposable retirees.

Despite \$609 billion in pension funds today, tomorrow could be less than golden.

More men and women are retiring, often years earlier, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

living to collect checks longer.¹ While inflation's share of those checks keeps increasing.

Can Social Security prevent disaster? At best, it's a partial answer. At worst, it may go broke unless its bite on salaries goes *much* deeper or its provisions change drastically.²

The burden is on private pensions. And we at Aetna Life & Casualty are convinced private pensions can help shoulder it.

Employers can't pull dollars out of thin air. So let's change tax laws that discourage small businesses from setting up pensions in the first place.³

Let's also give employees incentives to put a little extra into their company pension or savings plan. And—especially important for today's mobile work force—improve their pension vesting.

Neither last nor least, pensions should be better designed to stave off the munching of inflation. Aetna's acutely aware of this problem, and we're working on it.⁴

If you don't want the American dream of retirement to be permanently retired, use *your* influence with the powers that be—as we are trying to use ours.

Aetna wants retirement to be affordable.

¹America is crossing over to what's been called "the other side of the baby boom." The median age is shifting upwards, and with it the proportion of over-65's to the general population. In 1979 there were 5.4 workers to every retiree, as opposed to 7.5 to 1 in 1950, and by 2030 the ratio will be about 3 to 1.

²Social Security was never

intended to be more than a basic system supplemented by private pensions and individual savings. The price for forgetting this has been high and promises to get higher: combined employer/employee FICA taxes on our grandchildren's salaries could reach 25%. Of course, there are alternatives. Social Security could increase the official retirement age,

pay benefits based on government-determined need, or simply ... *reduce benefits in general!*

³Two-thirds of small businesses surveyed in 1978 offered no pension plans at all. One reason: Typically, big employers can write off 46¢ in taxes for every pension dollar they contribute, while most small ones can only write off about 20¢. In some cases,

they can't write off anything.

⁴Our real estate and participating mortgage separate accounts, for example, are designed to offer larger returns in the face of double-digit inflation. We've also helped fund the Pension Research Council's study of pensions and inflation.



Aetna Life & Casualty,
151 Farmington Avenue,
Hartford, CT 06156.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and whites were unconstitutional. Not surprisingly, the decision was controversial among those citizens who believed in segregation or who disbelieved in radical social change. I mean no disrespect when I say that I *am* surprised at how controversial the decision was among constitutional-law teachers, and that I tend to explain their reactions by reference to their environment. The Fourteenth Amendment forbids the states to "deny to any person . . . the equal protection of the laws." When a law specifically deprives a person of the right to enjoy a certain good, solely and expressly because of his race, it looks to me as if that person has been denied the equal protection of the laws. That the law also denies similar goods to other persons solely because of *their* race does not change the fact that the first person has been denied equal protection with regard to the first good.

Brown

Some scholars stopped looking

In 1896, however, the Supreme Court had held that the Equal Protection Clause was intended to outlaw not all racial discrimination by state governments, but only "unreasonable" discrimination. Since it was "unreasonable" for blacks to object to being denied certain goods so long as the state provided them with other "separate but equal" goods, such arrangements were not unconstitutional. The first Justice Harlan, dissenting, argued that the Court was ignoring the clear purpose of the Fourteenth Amendment, which was to deny states the right "to regulate the enjoyment by citizens of their civil rights solely upon the basis of race." But from 1896 until 1954 the law schools taught the separate-but-equal doctrine as if it were part of the Constitution.

Moreover, Chief Justice Warren's opinion in *Brown* played into the hands of his critics by resting not on the illogic of the separate-but-equal doctrine, but partly on sociological data tending to show that the schools involved were not in fact equal, and partly on the assertion that "we cannot turn the clock back to 1868 when the Amendment was adopted." Warren seemed to be conceding that the framers of the Fourteenth Amendment, some of whom had voted for segregated schools in other contexts (a fact I do not find sufficient to overcome the anti-segregation implications of the language and historical context of the amendment), might not have agreed with his decision. This left constitutional scholars, most of whom fervently opposed segregation, with an apparent choice between endorsing the Court's substitution of its own good values for the Framers' bad ones, and leaving another generation of black children in the care of the Kansas legislature. Long troubled by the difficulty of ascertaining the Framers' intentions, these scholars now feared that they might not like those intentions even if they could find them. Some stopped looking.

For twenty years after *Brown*, writers about judicial review were engaged in a search for philosophically defensible sources of constitutional values outside the text and history of the Constitution itself. They wrote of natural law, with and without God; of "reason" and "moral sci-

ence"; of tradition and prophecy; of judicial enforcement of a fundamental American consensus somehow overlooked by the legislature; and sometimes, candidly, of the judge's own values as the ultimate test of the constitutionality of state and federal laws.

None of these extra-constitutional sources of constitutional values was ultimately very satisfying to anyone. The principal theoretical objection to all of them was the "countermajoritarian difficulty": it may be undemocratic to allow today's majority to be thwarted because of the intentions of people who lived two centuries ago, but elected officials who hold offices established by the Constitution and who have sworn to uphold it are in no position to complain when it limits their power. If the judges are limiting the majority, however, not with the Framers' restrictions but with their own, the countermajoritarian difficulty looms larger. When the majority asks the Justices, "Who died and left you boss?" the Justices can no longer respond, "The Framers of the Constitution."

On a deeper level, the countermajoritarian difficulty may be less troublesome than a more fundamental tension between law and freedom. Some theorists may worry about why the majority should be restrained from quartering troops in the homes of the minority during peacetime; others worry about where the majority got the right to quarter any troops in the first place. The best answer to this question, if there is an answer rooted anywhere but in sheer power, must be that the minority has acquiesced in government by the majority: there is a social contract. This was the answer in which the American revolutionaries believed, and the Constitution is the contract they wrote. In divorcing their judgments from the values contained in the Constitution "as written," the judges have unfettered not only themselves but also the rest of us. Why should I obey a Supreme Court decision which I believe to be wrong, and which derives from a source of values in which I never acquiesced? Governor Earl Long had the best answer when he told the Louisiana legislature after *Brown*, "This time they got the A-bomb."

Burger

The Court that approved abortion

Throughout the long tenure of the Warren Court, as openly "non-constructionist" or "anti-intentionalist" theories of judicial review achieved respectability and perhaps even primacy in academic circles, the theorists worried from time to time about the future. It was well and good for progressive and humane Justices to find their constitutional values outside the Constitution, but there had been bad Justices before and there might be again. Then came Nixon and his four appointments. The law professors held their breath and prepared to re-examine their premises.

Ironically, the decision that precipitated a counter-revolution in the theory of judicial review was not a "conservative" decision, but instead one of the most radical in the history of the Court. In 1973 the Supreme Court decided *Roe v. Wade*, striking down anti-abortion laws

in all fifty states. Four Warren Court holdovers joined three Nixon appointees to hold that a woman's "right to privacy" precludes practically all regulation of abortion. Justice Blackmun, one of the Nixon appointees, wrote the decision. The Court promulgated a complicated set of rules which seemed at first glance to allow some restrictions; but the bottom line was that if a woman could find one doctor willing to say the abortion was necessary for her health (including mental health), then the abortion could be performed even in the ninth month of pregnancy. Justice Byron White, a Warren Court "liberal," denounced the decision as an "exercise in raw judicial power." He was joined by Justice Rehnquist, the only one of the "conservatives" to dissent.

After Roe

Any limits on judicial power?

The academic community's reaction to *Roe* was swift and overwhelmingly negative. Professor John Hart Ely of Harvard Law School has said that *Roe* "was the clearest example of noninterpretivist 'reasoning' on the part of the Court in four decades: it forced all of us who work in the area to think about which camp we fall into . . ." Ely, who had been Earl Warren's law clerk and who had long supported liberalized abortion laws, said the decision "is bad because it is bad constitutional law, or rather because it is *not* constitutional law and gives almost no sense of an obligation to try to be."

For one thing, the Court's declaration that "We need not decide the difficult question when life begins" seemed obviously wrong to all those on both sides of the issue who had assumed that whether a fetus is a human being was central to the abortion controversy. Secondly, the Court's finding that even if fetuses *are* human beings they are not protected by the Fourteenth Amendment seemed inconsistent with the evidence of legislative opinion at the time the amendment was adopted. Moreover, observed Professor Ely, whether a fetus is a "Fourteenth Amendment person" is irrelevant to whether there is a constitutional right to kill it:

Dogs are not "persons in the whole sense" nor have they constitutional rights, but that does not mean the state cannot prohibit killing them. It does not even mean the state cannot prohibit killing them in the exercise of the First Amendment right of political protest. Come to think of it, draft cards aren't persons either.

Finally, the "right to privacy"—the right that was fundamental enough to outweigh the states' interest in protecting entities the Court conceded might be human beings—does not happen to be mentioned anywhere in the Constitution.

Roe disturbed academicians because it tested the limits of all their theories. If the Supreme Court can render a decision whose result would have appalled the Framers of the constitutional provision it purports to "interpret," then what limits are there on the judicial power? Tradition? No. Consensus? *Roe* struck down fifty state laws. Prophecy? Self-fulfilling. Reason? Even the Court admit-

ted that reasonable people differ on the humanity of the fetus. Consistency? According to the Burger Court, a state can still constitutionally prohibit the destruction of dogs and draft cards, and can punish you for smoking marijuana or performing consensual homosexual acts in the privacy of your home. The judges' own values?

The judges' own values?

What values? What judges?

V.

Not the least of the virtues of the Reagan Court is that it will cause many law professors to insist on application of the Framers' values.

But is it possible to discern those values? Even after a judge has buried himself in history books, will he not ultimately arrive at a dead end, or perhaps a dozen dead ends? What about conflicts among the Framers themselves, not clearly resolved by the text of the Constitution or the records of debates? What about those modern phenomena that have no eighteenth century parallels? Will not the judge finally choose among the competing historical evidence on the basis of his own beliefs about what is right and wrong? Does it really make any difference whether he does this before or after examining the historical evidence?

It does make a difference. There is no such thing as a perfect record: nobody can hope to be certain of precisely what the Framers thought, or would have thought, about a certain controversy; nor, indeed, can anyone ever know every single relevant fact about an automobile accident or a contract dispute that happened six months ago; but one can try, and it makes a difference whether one tries. A judge will make interstitial decisions about what the Framers "must have" thought, just as he will fill in gaps in his information about the automobile accident or the contract dispute by assuming that the parties "must have" reacted as he himself would. Thus the judge inevitably "legislates" to fill in the gaps in his "judgment." He cannot close all these gaps, but he can strive to make them fewer and smaller. I do not contend that our judicial Emperors will ever be fully clothed; but I wish never again to see them as naked as on the day they decided *Roe v. Wade*.

Nor will the intentions of those who ratified the Constitution always be quite so elusive as they seem to those who are philosophically inclined to disregard them. Bear in mind that courts are called upon to interpret the Constitution only on one or two points at a time, and only on occasions when competing private parties or governments find it worthwhile to marshal all the facts and arguments that might support competing interpretations. Since judges are now believed to decide primarily on the basis of their own "policy notions," and since prior Supreme Court decisions (the more recent, the better) are given far greater weight than inferences from the text and history of the Constitution, lawyers have intelligently deployed their resources in arguing policy and precedent rather than text, history, and logic. If the Supreme Court changes its approach, the considerable resources of the adversary system of criminal and civil justice will be devoted to discerning the original understanding. Soon

even law professors will find it necessary to take a sabbatical from teaching Reason and Moral Science, in order to study history. This development will be highly beneficial to Reason and Moral Science, and perhaps also to history.

A constructionist Supreme Court need not consist of political conservatives. On the current Court, the Justice who seems most frequently concerned with the original understanding is the conservative Rehnquist; but no discussion of constructionism can conclude without a paean to Justice Hugo Black, the Warren Court member who believed the Constitution contained "absolutes" and who was faithful to his constitutional philosophy even when it conflicted with his very liberal political philosophy.

The Framers of the Constitution were not making rules for a small agrarian society. They were Enlightenment men who tried to write a constitution for the ages. Read the Constitution; read the Bill of Rights. The Framers also provided an amending process—and it is not without some trepidation that I note that the framers and ratifiers of the Civil War Amendments were proud to call themselves Radicals. I don't know exactly what they meant when they provided in the Fourteenth Amendment that "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States"; but the part of me that is conservative and states'-rightist shudders a little, even as the economic and civil libertarian in me casts a glance of wild surmise toward the hundred-year-old *Congressional Records* on my shelves. Those are the tools we constitutional lawyers should be using; and will be, when the Court begins interpreting the Constitution.

Should I disagree with the Court's interpretations, I shall try to persuade the Justices to reverse themselves. If the disagreement is important enough, I may work for a constitutional amendment to overrule the Court, or for new Justices to overrule the old. Yet so long as I believe the Justices to be trying in good faith to "say what the law is," I will be joined with them in a common venture. It will be difficult to become cynical or alienated. The current Supreme Court has united millions of Americans from across the political spectrum in feelings of cynicism and alienation.

On some things few reasonable people will disagree. For instance, *Roe v. Wade* was an unconstitutional decision. It should be overruled. This dramatic exercise in judicial activism will prove that the new Court means business; that there is a Constitution; that the Constitution is supreme law; that to be "supreme law" means to prevail over unconstitutional legislative acts, and also over unconstitutional court decisions. By overruling *Roe* the Court can prove that the system works.

VI.

It was said of Justice Black that he could not have truly believed everything he said about the Constitution. Only a knave or a fool could believe the document contained "absolutes," they said, and Black was no fool. As President-elect Reagan knows, however, sometimes there are simple answers; and as observers of Justice Black have come to know, it is often a sign of sophistication

not to reject answers on the sole ground of their simplicity.

Given the choice between a Court full of simplistic Justices, whether liberals or conservatives, who sincerely believe they must find and apply the values placed in the Constitution by its Framers, and a more sophisticated Court that recognizes in advance the futility of such a search, would you choose the Hugo Blacks or the Harry Blackmuns? As Professor Charles Black said in defense of Justice Black:

There are two fathers. One says, "My children have an absolute right to my presence and help." The other says, "Few personal problems call for so much delicate balancing as the process of deciding, from day to day, just how much my children are to have of my presence and help, as against other claims on my time and energy." The first man, if pressed, would have to admit that he could not be with his children all the time, or help them in every imaginable way, and even that it might not be a good thing if he could. He would admit . . . that he must first define his rather vague terms, before he can make out the contours of his obligation to his children. . . . The second man, these admissions made, would . . . say, "All right, you may call your obligation 'absolute' if you like, since in defining it you go through the same sort of balancing process as I do when I weigh my obligations to my children against competing claims." Nothing is left at issue.

But which one would you bet on for being at home the most evenings, when the hour rolls around for the bedtime ritual? □

What Is This Thing Called Sex?

JOSEPH SOBRAN

THE TWO GREAT institutions of the twentieth century are Socialism and Sex. Neither is anything to be proud of: one may as well say it. But to say it offends the official and quasi-official etiquettes of good cheer that attend both.

In America you can still denounce Socialism. Under its own name it has even less appeal now than it used to have. It has to be smuggled into the forum these days—under cover of terms like "reindustrialization" and "compassion" that conceal that you are talking about state control. Most people still agree with Oscar Wilde that Socialism would consume too many evenings—one of Wilde's few normal reactions to anything.

But his objection doesn't seem to apply to Sex. Citizens of the free countries think that's what evenings are for. As in Socialist countries you may maintain indifference to Socialism as long as you don't oppose it, so in the West you don't have to have Sex: you only mustn't oppose it. If you do you won't be sent to a camp, but

you will face the disguised opprobrium of a diagnosis: the judgment that you lack the capacity, poor fellow, for a wholesome animal *joie de vivre*.

What is this thing called Sex? The indispensable word "sex" has been around for a long long time, but it always meant gender. Then, early in this century, as nearly as I can judge, it came to mean what the sexes do in bed, then it widened to include what two members of one sex do in bed, then what one member of one sex does in bed. This usage would seem as odd to the ribald Donne as to the chaste Tennyson. What we call Sex comes down to any form of genital stimulation.

The act of love has always had a variety of names, full of moral tonalities. And the most comprehensive words, the lowest common denominator of the physical act itself, were necessarily the coarsest ones: they obliterated distinctions among the relations of the participants. Only a crude term could give one name to what a man does with his wife and what a man does with a whore. The new sense imparted to the term Sex serves precisely to name the act without moral, aesthetic, or social affect. It is a deliberately clinical and colorless word.

And we are encouraged to give hearty approval to this stripped-down thing. To disapprove, we are cautioned, is prudery. But of course this is false. You can enjoy conjugal love, or for that matter any of the forms of love that used to be called illicit, without giving your assent to the current notion of Sex. True, the prudes do line up on the anti-Sex side; but then, the lechers line up on the other side. That either position draws to itself certain kinds of neurotics tells us nothing useful about the position's merits.

In the recent movie *Time after Time*, H. G. Wells comes via his time machine into present-day San Francisco, where he discovers that the political utopia he envisioned has failed to come to pass: in its stead, world wars, genocide, endemic crime. It is an amusing, not untender moment of satire. But the film misses a further irony. Wells was also an apostle of "free love." At the beginning of the film he is shown lecturing his friends on this subject as well as Socialism. And surely a man who held that quaint ideal and then abruptly o'erleaped eighty years would notice that the promised erotic utopia too has broken its date with us: in its stead, disease, abortion, the dissolution of loyalties bespoken by illegitimacy and divorce, the neurotic masturbation bespoken by the pornography trade.

And yet we see Wells falling quickly into an affair that effortlessly becomes True Love. This utopia, at least, it's still heresy to doubt. The obligatory Sex scenes are permeated with obligatory false optimism.

A glance over the work of, say, Shakespeare ought to banish this sentimentalism. The poet with the largest and most comprehensive soul may not supply the detail of Krafft-Ebing, but he does show us a tremendous range of normal human emotions. And love in Shakespeare gives rise to responses that run from ecstatic joy to violent nausea. Romeo and Juliet, Othello and Desdemona, Antony and Cleopatra all harmonize spiritual and carnal love, but the poet gives equal time to the impact of perverse carnality. Othello, Troilus, Posthumus, and Leontes

writhe in sick horror even to imagine their lovers' bodies in conjunction with others'. Lear's disgust is more general, a revulsion against lust as such; Hamlet's is more special, when he thinks of his mother and uncle-stepfather, but Horatio doesn't urge him to seek therapy.

Once you recognize as ideal certain forms of love, other things follow. The rival forms may range from imperfect to downright abhorrent. The lasting torment of rape victims, about which we hear so much, ought to prove this. Physically, rape is no worse than a severe beating. But the horror of it lies in a deeper violation than mere pain can inflict. There is something jarring in the contrast between the "trauma" of rape as we hear it described (accurately enough, no doubt) and the general trivialization of Eros. Why in one case alone are we supposed to assume, and accept as normal, that deep nerves are struck? If casual Sex is not to be experienced as defiling, why should a rape seem so lastingly degrading? Do rape victims just happen to be women with more than their share of hangups? Or is it that the experience of rape gives the lie to the ideology of Sex?

Sanger *Children as uninvited guests*

Maybe it is our present casualness about Sex that is really artificial. All the propaganda, from Academia to Madison Avenue, stresses only half the truth. We are forever reminded of the beauty and attractiveness of the body. We don't hear (it runs against too many vested interests) of the equally natural modesty and delicacy of the soul, in fact the universal sense of privacy against which all this explicitness batters. Both being natural, we can, if we choose, cultivate the one and coarsen the other. But this is to distort Nature, not to liberate her.

The idea of Sex as a thing existing in abstraction from marriage (or any other specific human connection) came into the popular mind along with the acceptance of contraceptive devices. Hard as it may be to recall, the agitation and scandal of Margaret Sanger's contraception crusade traversed denominational lines; the Catholic Church was only part of the chorus. And as so often happens, the wildest reactionary anxieties were more honest than the soothing promises of reformers: the reactionaries sensed, and warned, that the moral implications of birth control were enormous. When copulation was severed from reproduction, the very essence of the act would be changed. And so it proved. The act became . . . Sex.

Contraception was nothing new. Casanova knew about as much on the subject as Mrs. Sanger. David M. Kennedy has noted her tendency to talk as if existing knowledge had been withheld from the public, when in fact you could find it in the public library. She was, in fact, a Socialist ideologue, raised by a Socialist father, consorting with Socialist friends like Eugene Debs, John Reed, Emma Goldman, the young Max Eastman. She simply decided, early on, to specialize in Sex. She propagandized for contraception on both feminist and social engineering grounds, even appealing to nativist sentiment with the

argument that it was desirable to control the breeding habits of lesser breeds. Her defenders treat this as a brief aberration, and so it was: but it shows that much of the attraction of birth control (and abortion) lies in its potential for controlling other people's birthrates. The lesson has been taken to heart in Germany, China, India, and a number of Southern states.

Since Mrs. Sanger's triumph in the forum, people have increasingly thought of Sex as a pastime to which reproduction is incidental, and often inconvenient. Between our technology and her ideology, the whole meaning of physical love has changed for us.

The problem, obviously, is not contraception in itself, but the way it has habituated us to imagine ourselves and to reconceive our rights and obligations. This has created, or sharply accentuated, a conflict of interest between parent and child: a conflict easily resolved by redefining it as coincidence. For today, children are no necessary consequence of Sex. They are uninvited guests, party-crashers. Abortion therefore belongs to the logic of Sex, not of economics. Though abortion is often justified in terms of what people can afford, modern society can obviously support far more children than previous ages could. Today it is spoken of less as a misfortune than as an actual injustice that anyone should be afflicted with "unwanted pregnancy." And how presumptuous that anyone so afflicted should be "forced" to bear an "unwanted child"—meaning, to bear the natural and foreseeable consequences of a biological act. We now hear the grotesque argument that it's good for a child to be aborted if its mother doesn't want it, since nobody could want an unwanted existence. The same sort of conflict also exists between parent and parent: what if one parent wants a child (or an abortion) and the other opposes? Who decides, and how?

This much seems likely: the decision will not remain solely with the individual or the family. Under Socialism, neither is sacred; the family isn't indissoluble, or even special; and nothing will be inviolable if it opposes the state's purposes. And even under freer regimes, the state will step in when authority is unsettled. When marriages are dissolved, the state must assign the children to one parent or the other. That is inescapable as long as the public demands divorce. But the state now claims the power to declare unborn human beings subhuman. If it doesn't itself kill those it has so designated, it claims the right to delegate the killing.

What most people haven't yet noticed is how the state's interests may clash with those of the individual. So far the individual's freedom and discretion have been held to be total, arbitrary, not subject to rational scrutiny. But such a freedom immediately becomes vulnerable when the state brings its own rationale to bear. Already we have heard a few voices foretelling, and even advocating, mandatory birth control as a population policy. Personal preference won't count for much in a showdown with the armed and amplified modern state.

Neither the individual nor the family is a natural institution, in the sense of existing outside civil society. They are *creations* of civil society. I mean, of course, the individual and family endowed with legal status and rights.

When civility breaks down, these things perish. The breakdown can be imposed from above, but it can also come about by popular demand, even in the name of "reform."

C. S. Lewis noted that many allegedly progressive doctrines of our time had the ultimate effect of eroding the human community and all its moral traditions, a process he summed up as "the abolition of man." He found in such doctrines the common error of supposing that man somehow "creates" his own values. In his scattered ruminations on this theme, one finds him tracing the heresy, apparently, to the Renaissance doctrine of sovereignty, known at first as the Divine Right of Kings, according to which the ruler's commands become the subject's obligations, *no matter what*—i.e., even if they contravene what would otherwise be common morality.

Socialism

In loco parentis

A handy doctrine for warmongers, no doubt. But what interested Lewis wasn't the royal prerogative in itself. The deeper error was to think that Will could be the standard of Right—a question on which Lewis sided with Aquinas and Hooker in denying that even God's will could make right what was metaphysically wrong. Yet the heresy had survived its monarchic embodiment, and the Divine Right became democratized. Later theorists held that some sovereign will—that of the people, the Volk, the revolutionary vanguard—constituted the subject's obligation, even that the subject was doing no more than obeying himself. Under such doctrines, modern states pretended to redefine human obligations. Politics became the means of man's abolition. Old forms of authority fell. Education was replaced by conditioning—or, as it has lately been called, "re-education."

It is no accident, as the Socialists say, that Socialism and Sex (or "free love") came in together as "advanced" ideas. They supplement each other. Russian dissident Igor Shafarevich, in his profound book *The Socialist Phenomenon*, explains that the Socialist project of homogenizing society demands that the family be vitiated or destroyed. This can be accomplished in good measure by profaning conjugal love and breaking monogamy's link between Sex and loyalty. Hence, in their missionary phases Socialist movements often stress sexual "liberation," and members of radical organizations may impose mandatory promiscuity within the group, everyone sharing a bed with each of the others, each equally related to each. It is the ultimate in leveling.

Socialist regimes, once established, may appear puritanical. It is true that they forbid public erotic expressions; these are as tightly controlled as other forms of expression, which shouldn't surprise us. But the Socialist state has no need of a sexual campaign when it has already destroyed the essence of the family with easy divorce and abortion, surveillance, and the threat of sanctions against parents who teach their children religion. Christian children may be sent to orphanages, because children belong principally to Socialist society, and to instruct

them in religion is to subvert the state by corrupting its members. The "accident" of biological relation gives a parent no claim on the child that can rival the state's.

The Socialist mind loathes what it calls "accidents" of birth, and applies this invidious term to every advantage a child receives. Pressed to the limit, this means that every benefit you give your own child amounts to a kind of deprivation for every other child. Unless parenthood has that privilege, unless family relations enjoy priority over the relations that obtain among citizens, Socialism must regard special favors as injustices. Hence the Socialist regime must be forever correcting and undoing the work of Nature, who is partial to her own. This is the rationale that lies beneath our "affirmative action" programs; they have less than they claim to do with race and history. Some extreme egalitarians even argue that physical beauty and native intelligence must be compensated for by "society," since they are undeserved. Socialism can't rest until the family is either abolished or reduced to the lowest administrative unit of the state. In Sweden it is now against the law to spank your own child (and even a good scolding may count as "child abuse"). The Socialist, it has been said, would aid the orphan by destroying the family.

In America Socialism doesn't sell under its own label, as I have said. But it is still real enough; the heresy is global. Most American liberals are more or less unconscious Socialists. There is no reason to shrink from so identifying them. Giraffes may be unconscious of being giraffes, but the zoologist goes by his own taxonomic purposes. Or, to use another image, the world Socialist phenomenon may be likened to a beehive (an image Shafarevich also finds useful), which consists of several kinds of bees—queen, workers, drones—all of which cooperate without comprehending the system they compose. Different though they are, they work in harmony to create a certain kind of order. Workers and drones don't (ordinarily) attack each other. Neither do liberals and Communists.

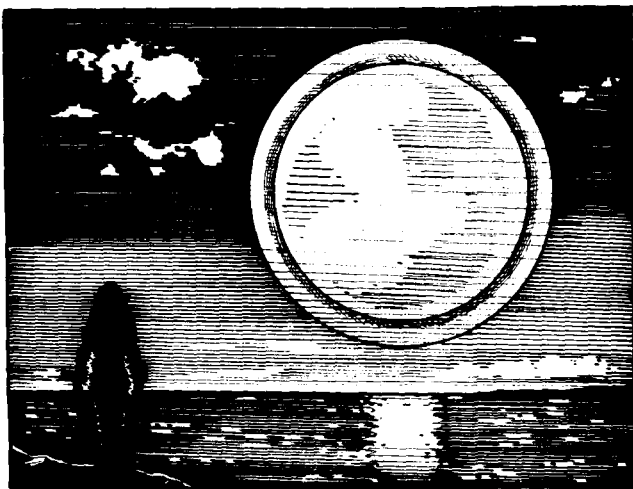
Most liberals are far less lucid than Communists about the ultimate shape of the order they are working to produce. Liberals' minds are much more ad hoc. But behind all their organizations—civil rights, feminist, civil libertarian, consumerist, environmentalist, sexual, homosexual



—lurks a Socialist model. They want a certain kind of regime, almost always requiring a bigger and more centralized state power. They show the greatest reluctance to criticize the Socialist bloc and they attack, ridicule, and wax hysterical about those who do. They are not only alert to benign signals from that bloc, they fall for all its dissimulations, but they maintain hostile suspicions toward anti-Socialist forces. They insist there are no values worth fighting over separating us from the Socialist powers, with whom they desire "normalized" relations, but they prescribe severe sanctions against Chile and South Africa. Willmoore Kendall, reviewing a book by Chester Bowles about the "developing" nations, noted with amusement that Bowles had at bottom a simplistic view of the whole melange of Muslims, Buddhists, Hindus, cannibals, nomads, aborigines, herdsmen: all their "aspirations" seemed to be Socialist! Clearly Bowles illustrated the psychological phenomenon we call projection. Thus does the Socialist mind homogenize the most diverse realities. Too many evenings? It is hard to see how any spirited or intelligent person can bear Socialism for one evening.

Under the guise of personal freedom, the leftist hive has gutted many of the institutions through which freedom is mediated. The hive defined the family as a repressive institution, and mounted assaults, in the names of sexual liberation and civil liberties, against all the local and traditional supports of family structure and authority. Two of our most oligarchic and centralizing forces—the Supreme Court and the mass media—have done the dirty work which representative institutions could hardly have done: the Court has mandated "change," the media have advertised and marketed it. The first great step was to force the cutting back of local censorship. The second was to legalize abortion. All this was justified as constitutional imperative that warranted bypassing the usual legal and political processes, and celebrated as the "opening up" of American moral life. In reality it meant Socialism, a central power immune to popular resistance.

As I have said, few Americans will buy a bottle labeled Socialism. The cunning of the Socialist hive has consisted largely in its skill in piggy-backing on more attractive things. Like Sex. □



C. H. SIMONDS

A 25-year Frolic

The First Twenty Years

PEOPLE

IT WAS all very fine to deplore, bemoan, celebrate, stand athwart, tease, and tickle, but the word had to be set in type, printed, bound, mailed, and paid for; that presented, and continues to present, difficulties (and opportunities) for the harried, merry band of *NR* folk who against all odds actually Get the Thing Out, and Keep the Bills Paid. Players have come and gone these 25 years; some have hung on for remarkably long sentences.

At the center of any magazine perches, spider-like, the Managing Editor, whose web extends into virtually every phase of the operation, and who therefore may conveniently be blamed for anything and everything that goes wrong. This indispensable person schedules articles, nags authors, reschedules articles, makes plodding prose to sing, referees battles-to-the-last-comma between editors, nags authors, deals with staff problems from tangled typewriter ribbons to missing toilet paper, reminds columnists that a fortnightly column is, no matter how it surprises them, due in her office every two weeks, and is never permitted to take vacations longer than 15 minutes.

In its infancy, *NR* was blessed with an iron lady at the Managing Editor's desk. Suzanne La Follette, who had learned her trade on the old *Freeman*, was not to be messed with, as even the irascible Professor Kendall learned, after an 18-month battle over a semicolon. When she retired in early 1959, chaos might have ensued; instead, Priscilla Buckley did. By her own account, "It took the staff about two days . . . to discover that Priscilla's glove of velvet concealed a fist of foam rubber." Indeed, the lady is not, well, *firm*—but who could ever bear to disappoint her? Her mode is to needle with such infinite sweet good-humor that one feels the prick only in retrospect, after the pleasant chat or the delightful lunch, whereupon one smites one's brow and attacks the typewriter. Approached solemnly, her job would be a horror; Priscilla is never solemn. Half a dozen times in any working day, her—call it what it is—giggle floats through the offices, signaling the receipt of an especially uproarious cartoon or atrocious unsolicited manuscript, or the hatching of yet another delicious prank (usually involving the dumbwaiter that connects her office with brother Bill's upstairs), or the sudden eruption of some fresh crisis in the

production of the magazine, portending, as they all do, final ruin.



Another slot on any masthead is that of Publisher, whose job is, chiefly, to say No to the editor. Having tried to wear both hats simultaneously, with predictable results, Bill Buckley in mid-1957 enticed William A. Rusher, an assistant counsel to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, onto the masthead and into the offices, then a "rabbit hutch" (Rusher's description) on East 37th Street. One of the Publisher's responsibilities being financial oversight, the new boy sought figures for income and outgo. The bookkeeper, a vague, ornithoid woman who was never seen without her hat, complied—gradually, over three months. When at last the upstate returns were in, Rusher approached: "Mrs. Whatsit, there is a deficit!" (He does not recall the exact figure, save that it was horripilant.) "You'll see, Mr. Rusher," said the bookkeeper, with a mysterious air. "You'll see!"

The new bookkeeper Rusher hired, Rose Flynn (now De-Maio), early learned that at *NR* one never says No; a simple "later" always suffices. Rose quickly restored, or brought, order to the magazine's affairs, and has maintained it to this day, despite an editor who considereth not the cash flow, a robbery at gunpoint (since which she does not open the door, even if the voice says "Special Delivery"), an assistant who billed herself as a reincarnated English princess and spent the days inspecting her Tarot cards, and 23 years spent within hollering range of Rusher; all survived with no damage to her unfailing good spirits.

That deficit with which Rusher confronted Mrs. Whatsit has never gone away; or, rather, has recurred annually with all the dismal inevitability of crop failure in the USSR. Magazines, it seems, rake the stuff in from October to February, the months when direct-mail solicitations work, and starve from March to September, when they don't. The obvious solution—to increase circulation—works, but only sometimes; other times, the rise in circulation entails increased expenses that may, if one is not careful, wipe out any gain in income. Over the deficit Rusher presides, cheerfully Sisyphean, juggling premium offers, fund appeals, advertisers, rates, circulation figures, printing costs, and a myriad other factors with grand aplomb and never a slip. (Once, they say, he dropped a

Cornbelt radio station on his dexter great toe—but that was a complication inherited from his predecessor.)

Governance of the business end of *NR* might be a full-time chore for the bank run of publisherkind, but Rusher is an extraordinary man. Had he applied himself, he might have been another von Dreele: old-timers cherish his quatrains on Castro—

*What a pity the great Fidel Castro
Has only a lawyer's degree.
How unchic to be just "Dr. Castro"
When one might have been "Fidel, DD"!*

As a devout Republican and crony of any number of men behind the men behind, he has long been vigilant lest *NR* slip from the path of righteousness, his monitions usually taking the form of political analyses directed to the editors—a genre perhaps best epitomized in Bill Rickenbacker's affectionate parody (circa 1968, when Rusher was certain that Ronald Reagan would be, must be, the Republican nominee):

I owe it to you to make my position irrefragably clear. If Rockefeller fails on the first ballot, Romney tosses his kerchief to Nixon, Reagan squares with Percy, and O'Doherty and Rusher remain above the conflict, then McKinley is a shoo-in. If, however, Stassen and Dewey announce for Nixon *before* the third ballot, Clif White swears off martinis, Mahoney and Alessandroni arrive at an understanding with Nixon, and Rockefeller undercuts Reagan's early strength by divorcing Happy and remarrying the former Miss Clark, then it seems entirely possible that Claude Kirk of Florida and Charles Percy of Illinois will be the immediate (though by no means final) beneficiaries. There remains the possibility of a premature combination between Rockefeller, Reagan, Nixon, Stassen, Romney, Scranton, Lindsay, Javits, and Spinoza, to thwart the rapidly expanding presidential ambitions of Buz Lukens. In this event, I would look for a brokered convention.

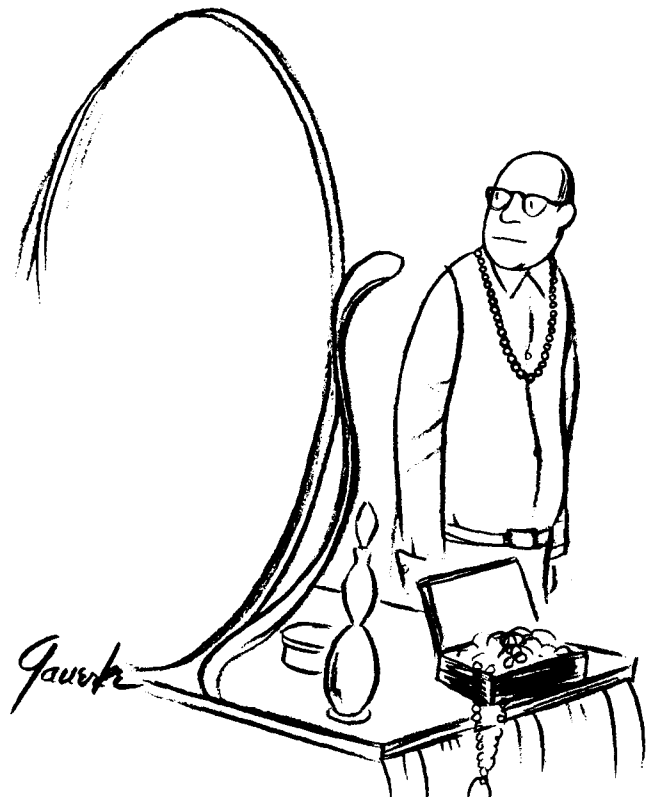
In the early 1970s, Rusher took to the air with a Public TV discussion program, *The Advocates*, on which he skewered, with obvious relish, whatever Bad Guys he could lure onto the set. An admirer's suggestion that he set himself up as a Right-Wing Cult Hero led him to engage in some teasing of his own. In a memo addressed to Bill Buckley, he reported himself "discouraged" at his lack of progress: "For various obscure physiological reasons, my eyebrows simply won't go up high enough. . . . Truman Capote simply refuses to return my phone calls. . . . On the other hand, I'm getting so I can twiddle a red pen almost as well as you can."

It has taken many hearts and minds to keep *NR* afloat and steaming for a quarter-century; one suspects things might have turned out differently without Jim McFadden, who stopped by the offices late in 1956, on his way home from military service in Europe, to say hello; and stayed, and stayed. He began as a writer, turning out editorials, paragraphs, and book reviews; during the annual financial crisis, he sensed that the magazine "needed a hack writer like a hole in the head" and so took a leave of absence from editorial duties to put the Circulation Department in order. One thing led to another, the leave stretched to 24 years, and now it is McFadden who keeps the subscriptions, and therefore

the money, rolling in; and masterminds a dozen or so other operations the while.

Magazines, especially impoverished opinion magazines, must run as fast as they can just to stay in the same place. *NR* must attract 25,000 to 30,000 new subscriptions each year—25 per cent of its total circulation—to maintain itself. This presupposes a renewal rate of 70 to 75 per cent, which *NR* has steadily enjoyed. New subscribers are gathered through reply cards bound in each issue, and via McFadden's forte, direct-mail advertising. As McFadden explains it, direct mail is a mad gamble: *NR* buys mailing lists from other magazines, from organizations, and from mail merchandisers, in the hope that they are right for the magazine; then McFadden tailors (he hopes) a letter that is right for the list, mails it out en masse (*NR*'s first stab at direct mail, back in the 1950s, involved 231,000 letters; nowadays, we send out upward of a million pieces a year; two million in an election year), and—waits. The return is tiny, and crucial: a response of 1.5 per cent is considered good; 3 per cent, phenomenal.

McFadden's direct-mail letters—the John Wayne letter, the Ronald Reagan letter, the Bill Buckley "Dear intelligent American . . ." letter that, *mutatis mutandis*, has been a champion seller for over a decade—are crafted in a cluttered office on the eighth floor, well removed from the editorial turmoil that McFadden prefers to stand above. Barefoot if it looks to be a long afternoon, hunched over a cranky manual typewriter, he grinds out the prose, looking for the angle or the nuance that will unlock the pocketbooks of *Fortune*'s expired subscribers (the subscriptions, not the subscribers, having in fact expired), or of *x* thousand purchasers of a history of World War II, or of whatever other mailing list has lately come to hand. He confesses that his work is easier now



that Bill Buckley permits the use of his own name in soliciting new readers for *NR*. McFadden demonstrated the pulling power of WFB's name in the late 1960s, with a memorably successful series of ads purporting to be interviews of Himself by one Robert M. Patrick, a name derived from the first names of McFadden's older three children.

Besides promoting *NR*, McFadden oversees a bewildering nexus of subsidiary enterprises that has included newsletters (*Combat*, *Economy Report*), reprints of important *NR* features, recordings of this or that anniversary or testimonial dinner, a scholarly journal (*The Human Life Review*), a computer typesetting service, and the art and advertising agency, Ultra Arts.

Ultra Arts was founded in 1962 when James O'Bryan, a Black Irishman descended from geniuses and wee folk, left the art department of the *New York Mirror* and came to *NR*, which, unable to afford him, incorporated him, contracted for 50 per cent of his time, and shared in his profits on the other 50 per cent. O'Bryan's impact on *NR* is documented in the procession of covers on pages 1617-19. In 18 years, he has led the magazine out of its Dark Ages dress (beloved of many readers and editors) into the forefront of contemporary design, winning a wallful of awards from professional and magazine-trade associations along the way. Now semi-retired, O'Bryan keeps his hand in, and doubtless contemplates fresh assaults on the sensibilities of the mossbacks among us.

Another McFadden associate, Ed Capano, is perhaps the quintessential "*NR* person." Now Assistant Publisher, he came in 1960, working his way through St. John's University. He began in the Circulation Department (a McFadden fiefdom; nobody else would touch it); specifically, in the "plate room," handling long, shallow, easily spilled trays of Addressograph plates. He has been, variously, Promotion Manager, Circulation Manager, Production Manager; just now, he is the magazine's resident authority on computerized typesetting. At *NR*, people are not hired to fill jobs so much as they are hired, then let loose to find jobs.

The list of busy elves could be prolonged indefinitely. Where would *NR* be today without Bill Buckley's tireless, tearless secretaries—Gertrude Vogt (1955-68), *La Dieudon-*

née, the only human being ever permitted to improve The Boss's syntax, and Frances Bronson (1968-), who can tell you exactly where Buckley will be at 3 P.M. 15 months hence, never mind where *he* thinks he will be? Or consider The Library—once a bundle of clippings in this drawer, a muddle of books in that closet; arranged, catalogued, enlarged, adorned first by Agatha Schmidt, a young lady of boundless charm and immaculate organization, then by Mr. Robin Wu, now by Dorothy McCartney; so that the editor in quest of that last nail to clinch down the point can, at the twirl of a dial, learn, e.g., exactly what it was that Harold Stassen didn't say to May Craig on *Meet the Press* on June 7, 1958.

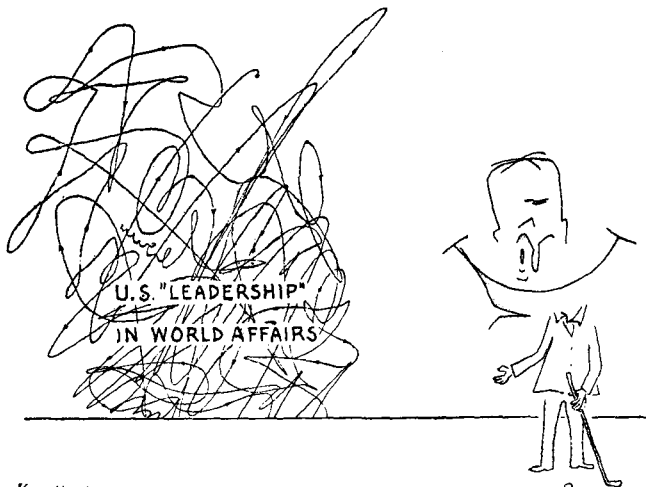
Or consider Michael Watkins and Evelyne Kanter—he a quiet, gentle ex-U.S. Marine, she a volatile Frenchwoman. For years and years, since the early 1960s, they were typists, meticulously reducing the authors' and editors' scrawls, scratchings-out, and transpositions to neat, pristine copy acceptable to the typesetters; now, with the coming of in-house computerized composition, they are typesetters themselves, and now, when her magnificent machine has been tampered with, one hears Evelyne keening, "Someone has taken my deesk!"

Then there was the legion of production people who cut and pasted, arranged and rearranged, then trekked to the printer in thither Connecticut (see p. 1620) to put it all together—Mabel Wood, the first, quiet and competent, whose reaction to the editors' insanest typographical demands ("But, Mabel, just take out this word and put this paragraph in its place!") was never stronger than a pained sigh; Dorothy Rea, who somehow made it to the country despite a unique neurosis that, she claimed, prevented her from ever leaving Manhattan Island; Arlene Croce, Linda Lewis, Martha Butler . . .



The switchboard ladies: Our first tended, when not fielding calls, to sit at her post, humming a vague, not *quite* identifiable tune; when everyone in the office was very nearly mad from a year of trying to identify it, McFadden saved the day, bursting in to announce, at the top of his voice: "I've got it! 'Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing!'" Another went spectacularly mad one afternoon, announcing that the ballerina lamps in her apartment had come to life and begun dancing. One of the longest-tenured, Helen Puwalski ("white-armed Helen," John Coyne used to call her), became very much one of the family: "Good afternoon, Mr. Meyer. How's Mrs. Meyer's cold? . . . That's good. Hold on for Mr. Buckley." Still on duty, after very nearly 25 years with *NR*, Marge Delaney, who divides her time between the switchboard and the Circulation Department.

The passers-through: Dennis Smith, who, weary of filing plates in Circulation, left us to join the New York Fire Department, and became a best-selling author; Bill Rusher's 46 secretaries; the Mail Clerk of the Month. The sisters: Maureen Buckley (later O'Reilly), who could solve any reader's circulation troubles, even if it meant suggesting that he take out a new subscription under an assumed name; Carol Buckley Learsy, answerer of difficult mail, and resident expert on Chile; Jane Buckley Smith, answerer, forever, of *impossible* mail. And others, as they say, Too Numerous, Without Whom . . .



Kreutner

"Don't think of it as imbecility. Think of it as *dynamic* imbecility."

CARTOONISTS

In the beginning was the word; the picture followed close behind, and in its 25 years, NATIONAL REVIEW has provided a platform—and, often, a springboard to a much larger audience—for a diverse brood of cartoonists.

Given its concerns and its readership, *NR* has never been in danger of going the way of *The New Yorker*, cherished for its cartoons only; then again, one might do worse.

Alois Derso, born in *Mitteleuropa* and bred in pre-World War I Paris (where, he later recalled, “I leaved ze life of a reech man’s son”), came to *NR* frail and poor, his deft, sketchy style unfashionable in the slick 1950s. “He had a morgue of ten thousand faces in his head,” said a longtime associate; several hundred of those faces ornamented the pages of *NR* in its first ten years. One suspected that, had an article about Empedocles Bagby, owl-shift bellhop at the New Palace Hotel, floated over the transom and been accepted for publication, Derso, on little or no notice, would have produced Bagby to a T, delivered him in person, and paused for a courtly chat.

Early in 1956, when *NR* was struggling in its birth throes, C. D. Batchelor inquired whether he might contribute a weekly cartoon—this being rather like Cheever or Updike asking, please, to be allowed to send a story to the *Siwash Normal LitMag*: Batchelor was a, very possibly the, dean of American political cartoonists. He had done a daily panel for the *New York Daily News* since 1931, won a Pulitzer (for his 1936 jewel in which War, a skull-faced whore, tells Any European Youth, “Come on in, I’ll treat you right—I used to know your daddy”), and stood among the most skilled practitioners of the classic style, drafting Uncle Sams and Miss Columbias and John Qs who were mythic, not mannequins. Batchelor’s Tuesday visits to *NR*, work and walking-stick—he owned over five hundred—in hand, were a delightful diversion until his retirement in 1968.

Just as Batchelor was departing, political art from a new source began to appear. Drawing first as Obadiah (a patriot forebear “who threw bricks at the British in Boston town”), then under his own name, Tom Curtis, who first drew for the *Harvard Lampoon* and continued, on the sly, in the

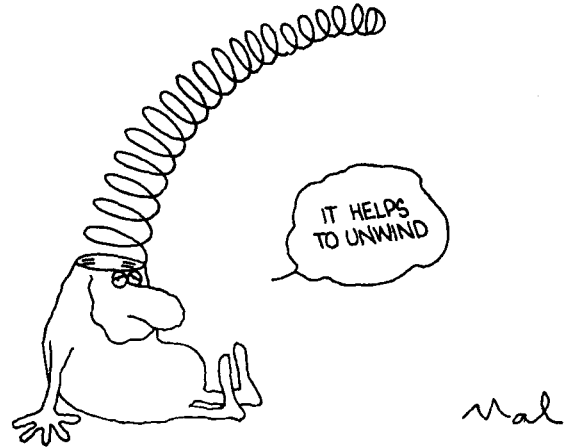
Army, contributed his brooding, black-bordered commentaries. Curtis, with MacNelly and Oliphant among the most skilled and respected of the new breed of editorial cartoonists, and the only one who also plays the bagpipes, soon landed a regular spot on the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, then was picked up by a syndicate. Happily, he continues to draw for us, mordancy undiminished, contributing a just-for-*NR* cartoon every issue.

Had Dwight Eisenhower and Earl Warren not existed, John Kreuttner would surely have invented them (but who would have believed?). As it was, they came readily to hand, and Kreuttner, an engineer by profession, with an engineer’s proper contempt for anyone who trifles with the truth or fudges the specs, fell to, pillorying them and the liberal ideologues (“the men *around* the men around Rubottom”) who let them flourish, in draftsmanship meticulously mad and captions that often stretched and enlarged the possibilities of language with near-Joycean gusto. Bedeviled by professional commitments and a busy travel schedule, Kreuttner dwindled from *NR* in the 1960s, then returned, powers intact, in the early 1970s. Just now, he is in another quiescent phase; we await.

From his version of Proust’s cork-lined room, Great Falls, Montana, Mal Hancock mails cartoons to virtually every magazine in existence; few of them are returned. *NR* became a steady customer in the late 1960s, not long after Hancock chucked his job with the Great Falls Super Save, moved to the urban sophistication of Minneapolis (he soon went home), and converted his cartooning hobby into a full-time occupation. Although he has since ascended to the cartoonist’s earthly paradise of newspaper syndication and *Playboy* first-refusal, he is with us still, drawing those “lumpy little people” who have such fun with the shibboleths of the day. (Interestingly, most of Hancock’s work for *Playboy* and such depicts not people but animals—pos-

sibly because it is difficult to make his people look sexy.)

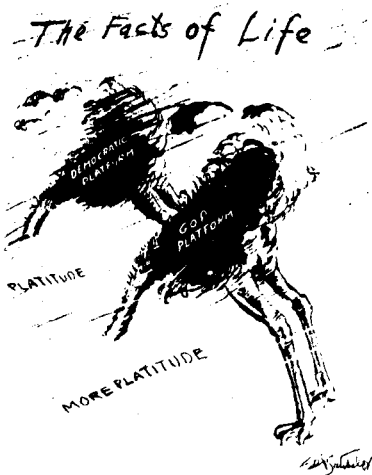
One suspects it was the aggressive bohemians of the mid-1960s that caused Mary Gauerke, until then, by all reports, a mild-mannered New Jersey *Hausfrau*, to unmask herself as a reactionary. Certainly, those first few years of her work for *NR* are largely devoted to dark-maned, blue-jeaned women and bearded men in ultimate turtle-necked sweaters, like the couple in the draft-card-burning, her first *NR* appearance—though there was always room for others, vide the Rotarian in love-beads (p. 1607). Employing an eye and ear unmatched since Helen Hokinson, Mary Gauerke has been drawing people we all know since 1966—for *NR*, then for *The New Yorker*, *Look*, *Playboy*, *McCall's*, *Gourmet*, *True*, and two newspaper syndicates. She illustrated both collections of verse by *NR*'s W. H. von Dreele.



Derso by Derso



Derso's Walter Lippmann and friend
(Feb. 1, 1956)



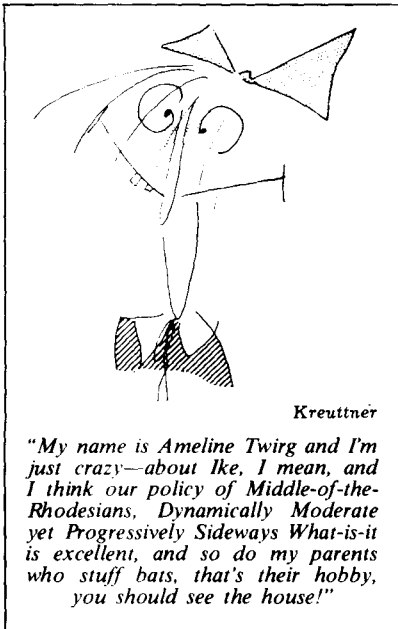
Batchelor on the campaign . . .
(Sept. 8, 1956)



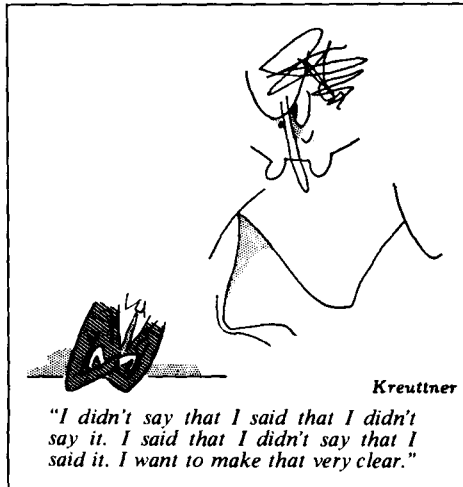
. . . on the crushing of Hungary . . .
(Nov. 17, 1966)



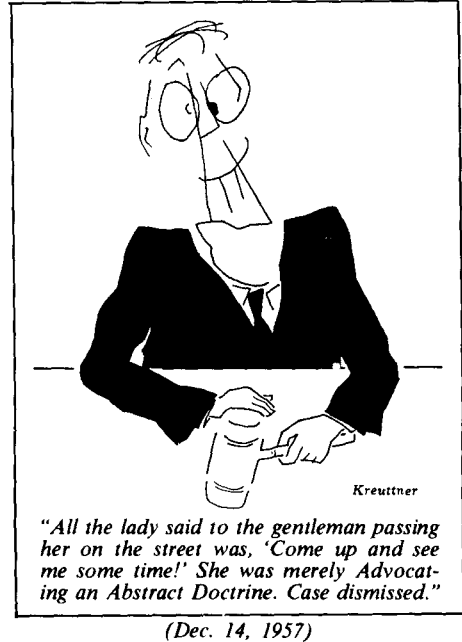
. . . and on a favorite target.
(Oct. 19, 1957)



(Oct. 20, 1956)



(July 4, 1956)



(Dec. 14, 1957)

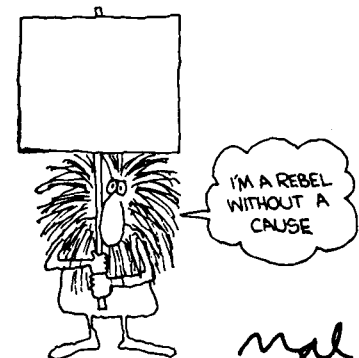


"Say, isn't that your draft card?"



A classic Curtis (June 30, 1970)

The Birds





America's leading public policy
research institute advocating
free enterprise, limited government
and a strong national defense.

For additional information, please write:
The President, The Heritage Foundation
513 C Street, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002



THE POET

WH. VON DREELE, *NR*'s own Dean Swift? Dorothy Parker? Diogenes? more than one of the above? has been writing verse, much of it unkind, since adolescence. After growing up in New Jersey, serving in the infantry in World War II, and graduating from Middlebury College, he settled in Manhattan in 1950 and refuses to budge. His heaven-made match with *NR* began in 1960, with "Invictus," reprinted below. Since then, he has pinioned a galaxy of undesirables, fortnight after fortnight, always reserving an extra droplet of venom or two for the Rockefellers, Sweden, and the final Kennedy.

Besides his serious pursuits—political versifier, unreconstructed bachelor, unrepentant Manhattanite—he toyed for 25 years with a job as a writer for the IBM World Trade Corporation, which once—it is the sole recorded tragedy in a quiet, comfortable life—had the effrontery to transfer him to an office in White Plains (he commuted daily; sometimes, for lunch as well).

Asked where he gets his ideas, von Dreele invariably replies, "From the *New York Times*, God help us!" His bible is *The Complete Rhyming Dictionary and Poet's Craft Book* by Clement Wood, to which he directs all aspiring verse writers. Two collections have been published: *If Liberals Had Feathers* (Devin-Adair, 1967) and *There's Something about a Liberal* (Arlington House, 1970), both illustrated by *NR*'s Mary Gauerke.

Herewith, from the more than one thousand published in the past twenty years, every one of which has scanned, a sampling of von Dreele.

Invictus, 1960

Whenever I become depressed
About my presidential quest,
I turn (aghast) from Gallup polls
To Galbraith, Schlesinger, and Bowles.

When opposition runners tweak
My wife, because she's ultra-chic,
There's nothing that I know consoles
Like Galbraith, Schlesinger, and Bowles.

When they, in jowly vowels, hoot
Unpleasantly at father's loot,
I thank the Harvard bell that tolls
For Galbraith, Schlesinger—and Bowles.

November 5, 1960

Mme. Chiang at the White House

Lovely lady, pale and wan,
Floating in from Taiwan,
Why is everybody so
Very pianissimo?
Where's the Old Philosopher—
Promenading Him and Her?
Where is Moyers? Where's the Press?
No one's seen such quietness
Since they tried to alibi
Funny doings at the Y.

October 5, 1965

Work, for the Night Is Coming

(Old Protestant hymn)

The Protestant Council of the City of New York may soon drop the word "Protestant" from its name . . . The Reverend Lawrence R. Durgin, pastor of the Broadway United Church of Christ, said that to speak of Protestant Christians "is now, happily, to speak in interim terms."

—New York Times

Chisel it. Hammer it. Chip it away.
Calvin's embarrassing; Wesley's passé.
Don't be a drag over doctrinaire nits.
(Whadda you care if the document fits?)
Get with the challenge: cosmopolite blight!
The hell with the "someone" who's "sinking, tonight."
Protestant, Catholic, Moslem, and Jew
Merge into one ecumenical goo.
When all our leveling labor is done,
No one will know Dr. Peale from a nun.

April 19, 1966

It's the Law

If the suspect is alone and starts to talk, but then indicates "in any manner" that he wants to remain silent, the police must stop questioning him. —The U.S. Supreme Court

See the burglar breaking in:
He's fresh out of heroin.
Watch the way he's making free
With the silver, and TV.
Freed from job-related stress,
He's become a big success.
Now he's making his escape.
(Now he's contemplating rape.)
Living's riskier for girls
Since the doings down at Earl's.

July 12, 1966

Bird Watching

Conscious of the Conservative takeover in Norway last winter, after thirty years of Socialist control there, Sweden's Socialists are said to be quite nervous, and Denmark's are reportedly not far behind in their nervousness.

—New York Times

Ever watch a flock of geese
Flutter at a fowling-piece?
First the outer fringes flap
As the double chambers snap;
With the cataclysmic BANG,
Panic hits the goosey gang.
Taking off in disarray,
All the honkers fly away.
If liberals had feathers, gee,
What a hunter I would be.

December 13, 1966

How I Survived the Garbage Strike

You've heard about the awful time
We had in New York City . . .
The mice were big as melons, and
The rats attacked my kitty.
Park Avenue was perfumed with
A most peculiar fragrance.
(Some say it should be bottled, since
It kept away the vagrants.)
Thank goodness I discovered a
Procedure to control it.
I locked my garbage in my car
And someone always stole it.

February 27, 1968

Suicide Note in the Form of a Sonnet Found on the Asphyxiated Body Of a Famous Liberal

The beast is in. Four years to go, ye gods!
(I cannot take four years of Dr. Peale.)
What's wrong, America? I give you odds
He'll press the button by September. We'll
Be vaporized, of course, and serve us right.
Poor Hiss . . . poor Helen Douglas . . . *Emigrate.*
(I'd do it, but it gets the wife uptight.)
Two bits they tune in Lawrence Welk at 8:00!
Pablo Casals, where are you? Robert Frost?
The Cabinet is *ghastly*. (Middle Class,
I give you Richard Nixon.) We are lost.
Seal up the windows, please. Turn on the gas.
We're destined to be governed by a jerk
Elected by the stupid clods who work.

February 11, 1969

Glamour Issues

The Xerox Corporation has withdrawn three thousand reprints of an 1895 English edition of Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes and Fairy Tales, following a complaint that it contained anti-Jewish and anti-Negro material.

—New York Times

Children everywhere, be wary.
Master Sprat and Mistress Mary,
Plus that frightful kid in blue,
Push a most corrupting view.
Never sit upon a tuffet.
Tell Miss Muffet she can stuff it.
(She digs segregated dives
On the roadway to St. Ives.)
Don't chant ". . . meeny, miney, mo."
It's *sick*—like a Minstrel Show.
Shoot all mice who run up clocks.
(Mice might munch on Xerox stocks.)
Picket farmers in the dell;
They're all bigots, can't you tell?
No one plays it fast and loose
Like that racist, Mother Goose.

April 22, 1969

Case Dismissed

There's still a most unpleasant smell.
I grant you, Teddy's been through hell,
But if I'd missed that bridge, I think
I'd write these verses from the clink.

May 19, 1970

The French

Vercingetorix vexed the Romans;
Charlemagne annoyed the Pope.
Joan of Arc drove England crazy;
Richelieu was slick as soap.
Napoleon (both Big and Little)
Left the Continent a wreck.
Pompidou continues dealing
From the bottom of the deck.

March 15, 1974

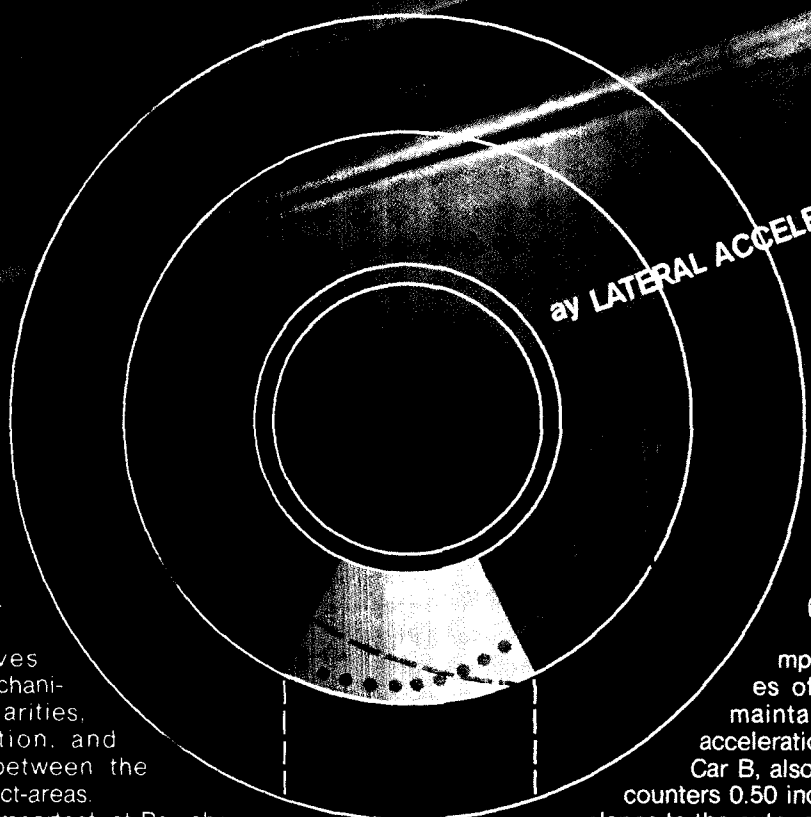
Thanksgiving Treat

Turkey bores me; ducks are fat.
Basting goose annoys my cat.
Ham's for Easter in the spring.
Roast beef costs like *everything*.
Eggplant substitutes are blah.
Pork and beans are too bourgeois.
Here's an alternate to try:
Rockefeller, hanging high.

December 6, 1974

Consumer Orientation
No. 10 in a Series
Subject:
The Dynamic Response
of Tires

Porsche Turbo



An automobile propels itself and changes direction through reaction to the ground.

Most of the external forces that act upon it are generated through and limited by the friction of its tires.

The tires themselves generate friction by mechanical gripping of irregularities, high-speed deformation, and molecular adhesion between the rubber and ground contact-areas.

Because tires are so important, at Porsche we do more than merely specify their type and size. We work with tire manufacturers in their design and testing.

Consider the hydroplaning tests. Hydroplaning occurs when a vehicle's tires cannot displace water from the tire-ground contact area fast enough to allow them to make contact with the ground. Instead, the vehicle's tires actually ride up on a film of water. And, as a result, traction, directional stability, and control are greatly reduced.

ay LATERAL ACCELERATION (g)

Because hydroplaning can never be totally eliminated—on the skid pad at Weissach, we test for both water dispersal and vehicle directional control on recovery (see diagram at left).

Car A, traveling at 45 mph, disperses the 0.25 inches of water in its path and maintains a constant lateral acceleration.

Car B, also traveling at 45 mph, encounters 0.50 inches of water and hydroplanes to the outer edge. Lateral acceleration diminishes during hydroplaning, but returns on recovery.

What we learn from our hydroplaning tests, we incorporate into the tires, the suspension, the total car. Because in over 30 years of competition driving, we've learned it's the sum of an infinite number of details that separates winning from all else.

Test drive the Porsche 924 Turbo today. For your nearest dealer, call toll-free: (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, (800) 322-4400.

PORSCHE + AUDI
NO ONE EVER COMES CLOSE

"It looks like a fun-house mirror, but it gave Gulf a clear look at the future of solar energy."

"There's more to solar energy than the flat black solar collectors you see on the roofs of houses," says Staff Engineer Julien Reynaud. "For instance, this solar concentrator we developed here at General Atomic. It looks like a fun-house mirror, but it can heat flowing liquids to temperatures up to 1100°F."

"General Atomic is working hard to determine how much commercial power you can extract from sunlight."



"There are other technologies being developed by General Atomic, which is 50% owned by Gulf Oil, to make solar energy commercially practical. Our newest solar projects include a multiple-effect thin-film distillation process that can produce a lot of distilled water using low-grade heat sources; and polycrystalline photovoltaic cells for converting sunlight directly into electricity.

"There's still a long way to go. We'll be into the next century before sunlight supplies more than 5% of this country's total energy requirements. But there has been progress. Solar energy is already working in some factories, heating water, bleaching textiles, drying lumber.

"Of course, solar energy works best where it's sunny, dry, and with almost no air pollution. But wherever it works, it frees up precious fossil fuels for use somewhere else.

"Gulf's research in solar energy is one part of our overall commitment to energy for tomorrow."



**Gulf people:
energy for tomorrow.**

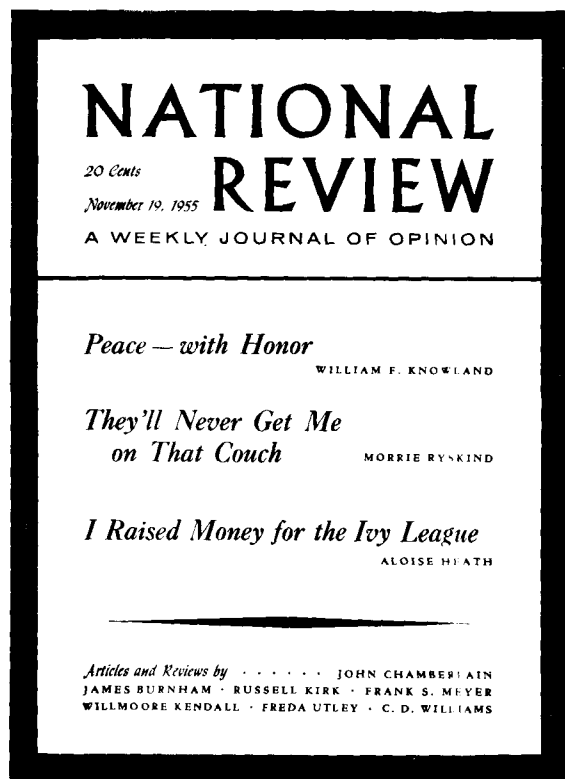
Gulf Oil Corporation

COVERS

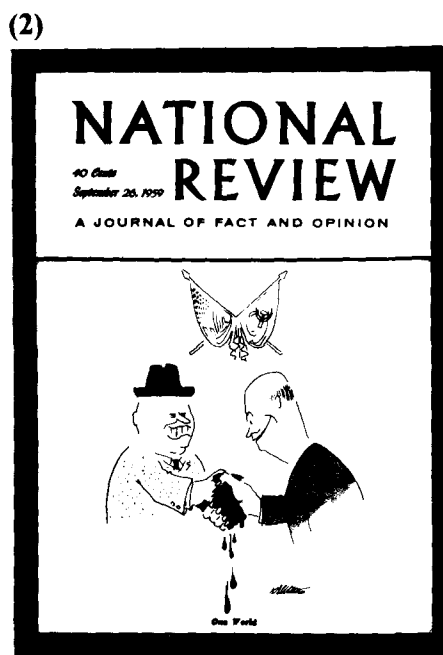
Once, long ago, creation of NR's cover was a matter of scrawling a few words for the printer to drop inside the blue border; today, the process involves a horde of designers, artists, photographers, platemakers, and graphic-arts technicians.

For Volume I, Number 1, *NR* trotted out (1) a menu in solemn type on butcher paper; the style remained standard through the 1950s, varied (2) only on the most special occasions, like Christmas or the end of the world. In the early 1960s, a stab (3) at jazzing up the cover—"horrible," said one reader, who spoke for many. The newsstand distributor requested color on the cover (4); *NR* went along, with, WFB assured nervous staff traditionalists, "just a little furbelow" . . . that, as such things will, ramified (5)—elegantly, thanks to the presence of Art Director James O'Bryan. Ten years after (6), color and bold graphics are

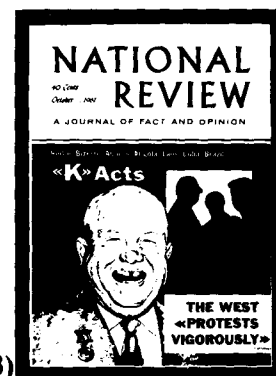
firmly ensconced. A slight freshening (7) of the logo; very few even noticed. For Year Fifteen (8), a work of art. In another move to boost newsstand sales, a major change in the logo (9), soon abandoned. In the early 1970s, *NR* covers showed increasing use of photographs—straight news ones like this, and also (10) the impressionist work of Jan Lukas. But (11) we didn't abandon the use of Jimmy O'Bryan's typographic treatments. For the Twentieth Anniversary issue (12), a gala cover; by *NR* standards, comparatively restrained. Close observers will note the blue border surrounding the design.



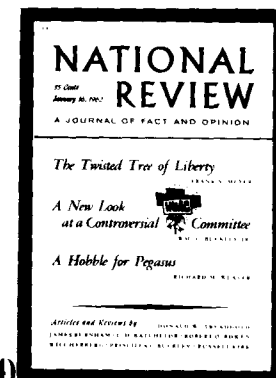
(1)



(2)



(3)



(4)

IN THIS ISSUE
A NEW BOOK
BY JEFFREY HART

NATIONAL REVIEW

10

TENTH
ANNIVERSARY
ISSUE

BY

WM. F. BUCKLEY

SEN. BARRY

THE END OF THE
UNITED NATIONS?

NATIONAL REVIEW



★ ★ EXTRA ★ ★
15th Anniversary Issue

NATIONAL REVIEW



AFTER
LIBERALISM,
WHAT?

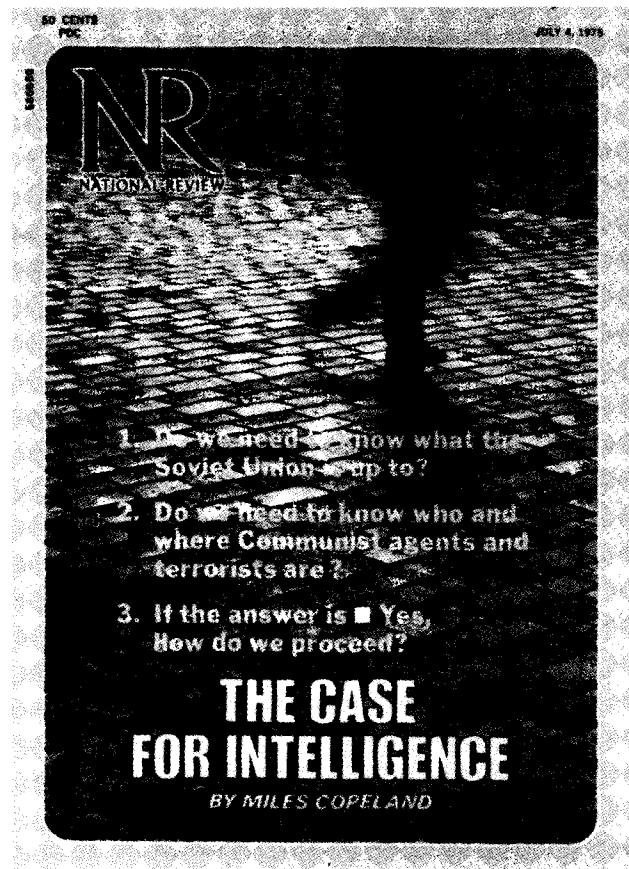
20th
Anniversary
Issue

NATIONAL REVIEW

THE NATIONAL REVIEW 20th Anniversary Issue
INSIDE STORY BY JEFFREY HART

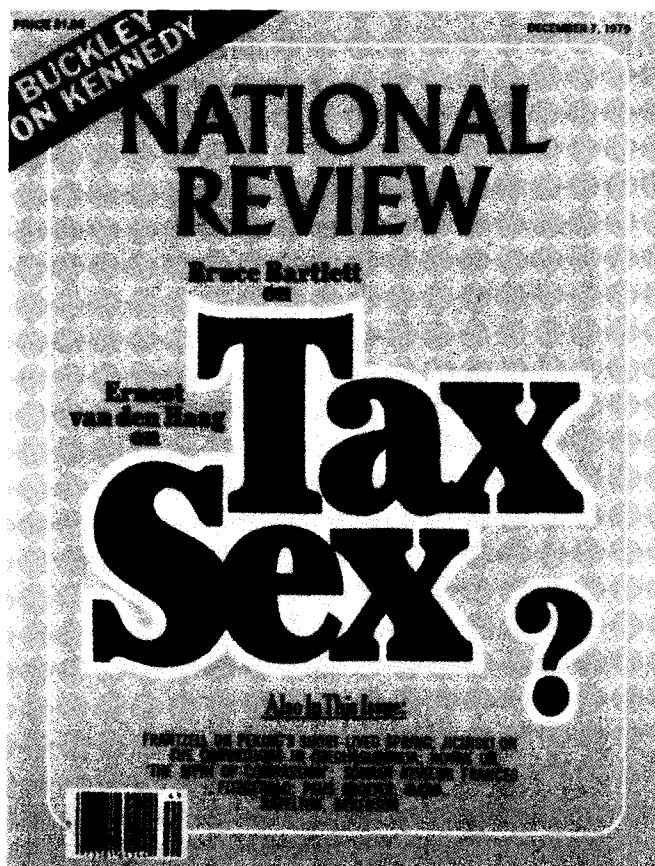
20

The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America



9)

(10)



5)

(11)

THE PLANT

FOR THE irretrievably urban, it was a nasty chore; for others of us, it was a considerable refreshment, that fortnightly jaunt into the wilds of Connecticut to close the magazine.

In the interest of timeliness, copy for the last few pages of each issue, containing the editorials, paragraphs, and "For the Record," was assembled Wednesdays and delivered to the printers by messenger. Type was set Wednesday night; in order for the presses to roll Thursday, a representative of *NR* had to go to the plant to lay out, correct, and check those final pages. The duty usually fell to the Production Editor, assisted—because production folk were thought insufficiently attuned to certain of the more finicky nuances—by one very junior editorial person or another.

Unless one had a car, the plant run required a ride on the New Haven railroad, then well into its dotage but with an amenity or two yet intact (one could still buy a breakfast of sorts). The train divided at New Haven; one heard the conductor intone his litany: "This is NOT the Boston train. This train stops at Wallingford, Meriden, Berlin, Hartford, AND Springfield." (If one drove, great care was required: once two *NR* women, having missed some crucial cloverleaf, found themselves on a road that looked wronger and wronger, until they spotted, sure enough, the ominous sign: "Entering Valhalla.")

The Plant—either of them; we were switched further into the boondocks in 1969—was a great rumbling barn of a monument to obsolescence, where type was still set in hot metal on Ottmar Mergenthaler's hypnotically busy, thumpety-clacking Linotype machine, a device that did 37 things symphonically at once. Progressive publications even then were composed on featureless grey boxes that merely hummed.

One arrived, bought a cup of something hot from a machine, and went to work with scissors and tape, arranging long yellow strips into pages for the guidance of the makeup men. What had counted x lines the afternoon before invariably emerged from the composing room as $x \pm 1$, so that the junior editorial person had to adjust—excising, breath bated, a nonrestrictive clause from Burnham, sneaking an inconspicuous adverb or two into Buckley, never, ever doing anything to Frank Meyer.

Meanwhile, plant employees were reading proof. Proofreaders are a special breed, gentle, self-educated folk given to conducting elegant arguments on obscure points of usage in tones suited to a library. I know only one who would raise his voice in the windowed room that overlooked the composing floor, and he—Morris, the grizzled votary of some obscure socialist sect—erupted on one provocation only: once every two or three issues, he would splutter, "That damned Burnham *still* writes like a Trotskyite!"

We city folks read proof also—but rarely found anything the pros had missed, these being big-leaguers, who could spot a roman period at the end of an italic sentence.

As pages were made up, more proofs appeared, with the usual glitches. If a problem proved especially obstinate, one ventured out onto the floor for a civilized discussion with the

compositors, all of whom seemed to be in their late forties and to have been setting type and making up pages for sixty years. They cared intensely about their—our—product.

One was supposed to be taken out to lunch by some salesman type from the front office, but it was more edifying to eat machine-dispensed sandwiches with the craftsmen, with whom—if one could wangle plant duty long enough—pleasant, postcard-and-Christmas-card relationships developed.

By midafternoon, if all went well, the last page was OK'd. One never saw *NR*—"The Review," they always called it—actually being printed: that happened on the night shift; but if one were properly deferential, one might stop by the pressroom and watch something else—*Progressive Grocer* or *Railway Age*—roaring off the giant presses, until time to catch the train back to New York.

Today's *NR* is composed on those featureless boxes (with which, to be sure, one can do fascinating things), and printed in a plant wherein no one from the magazine will ever set foot, it being a plane ride away, and top-secret to boot. The old plant—at least the typesetting end of it—is gone. Let's not discuss the train. □

THE EDITORIAL PARAGRAPH

THE NATIONAL REVIEW paragraph, of which we offer here a selection from our favorites, is *sui generis*; imitations come and go in the pages of other magazines, but the real thing is to be found nowhere else. Some are crisply informative; most offer a deft twist (often, of the knife) in their commentaries on the lunacies of the fortnight. Some are unapologetically offensive—e.g., the Ford assassination one reprinted below, or the famous "*Mater sí, magistra no*" (it first appeared as a column-closer in "For the Record," but it is a paragraph at heart). Others—"Relevance"; the George McGovern quotation—are divinely mad.

One doubts that The Paragraph could ever have blossomed to its present state without the inspiration, in the magazine's early years, of those four favorite targets, Roosevelt (E.), Eisenhower, Myrdal, and Nehru. Often it sufficed simply to quote them; always, it was joy to pillory them. From the literally hundreds of paragraphs devoted to these four, we have ruthlessly limited ourselves to resurrecting only one for each—plus one bonus. Easy, now; don't wolf.

February 1, 1956

■ Mr. Adlai Stevenson, who simply "sends" our civil liberties, is, of course, a charter foe of "McCarthyism." And if asked just what he is a charter foe of, he would most likely define "McCarthyism" as a means of damaging one's political opponent through the cynical use of the smear. Such a thing Stevenson is, as we say, against, which is why he himself draws such precise indictments—as when, a week ago, he told the world that Secretary Dulles is clearly "willing to play Russian roulette with the life of our nation."

June 6, 1956

■ Two thousand five hundred seventy-eight officers and

enlisted men, among them two brigadier generals, are to be reassigned or discharged before July 1: the Defense Department has bowed to congressional critics who recently remarked the fact that the Armed Services retain more veterinarians than animals.

August 11, 1956

■ Mrs. Roosevelt's statement several years ago that she would "never cross any picket line" stood for years as the highest monument to contemporary anti-rationalism. But now she has come through with a rival. "I was shocked," she writes, "to hear not long ago that in one of our schools some older boys beat up their teacher." The explanation? "When this happens, you can be sure that the blame does not lie with the young people. Somehow or other such a teacher failed to build up the respect and interest of her pupils and did not arouse a feeling in the children that she could be trusted and could understand things which perhaps the youngsters would not even talk about at home." What ever happened to the suggestion that, her residence having been ascertained beyond peradventure, patriotic citizens institute a 24-hour picket line around Hyde Park?

November 17, 1956

■ From the time of the first attacks by Soviet tanks on Hungarians, it took Jawaharlal Nehru, well-known moral preceptor to mankind, exactly 13 days to express a word of disapproval.

March 2, 1957

■ Senator Byrd has called for reducing the budget by five billion. NATIONAL REVIEW stays, and raises him five.

August 3, 1957

■ SUGGESTED PROBLEM FOR NEXT EXAMINATION AT COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM: Punctuate the following passage: "The question was whether meetings between the two defense ministers might bring about something I said and of course it well might because what you are constantly testing is statements and then the extent to which those statements are trustworthy carried out and supported by deeds and actions that are provable now as I say at one time I repeat Marshal Zhukov and I operated together very closely I couldn't see any harm coming from a meeting between the two defense ministers if that could be arranged." (Courtesy of a former President of Columbia University.)

December 7, 1957

■ In 1956, Mr. Justice Douglas was seen at the Soviet Embassy's annual party in honor of the 1917 Communist Putsch. He was also seen at the 1957 party. And what we want to know is: Was he maybe there the entire year?

December 14, 1957

■ The attempted assassination of Sukarno has all the look of an "operation" by the Central Intelligence Agency: everyone got killed except the appointed victim.

December 20, 1958

■ The Advantages of an Indian Training (SATYAGRAHA AT HYDE PARK)- From Mrs. Roosevelt's memoirs, Installment III, published Tuesday, December 2, 1958, in the *New York*

Herald Tribune: "Another distinguished visitor to Hyde Park was Prime Minister Nehru of India, who came to luncheon one day . . . To an extent I had never before witnessed, Mr. Nehru has the power to concentrate. Once at a dinner, I noticed that he seemed to have completely detached himself from his surroundings. He ate but he obviously was 'not present.' He was far away and thinking about something entirely unrelated to the dinner-table conversation. On another occasion, I observed that he was not listening to what I was saying to him and, for the moment, was even unaware that I was trying to carry on a conversation. This power of self-detachment and concentration is less unusual in India. . . ."

March 26, 1960

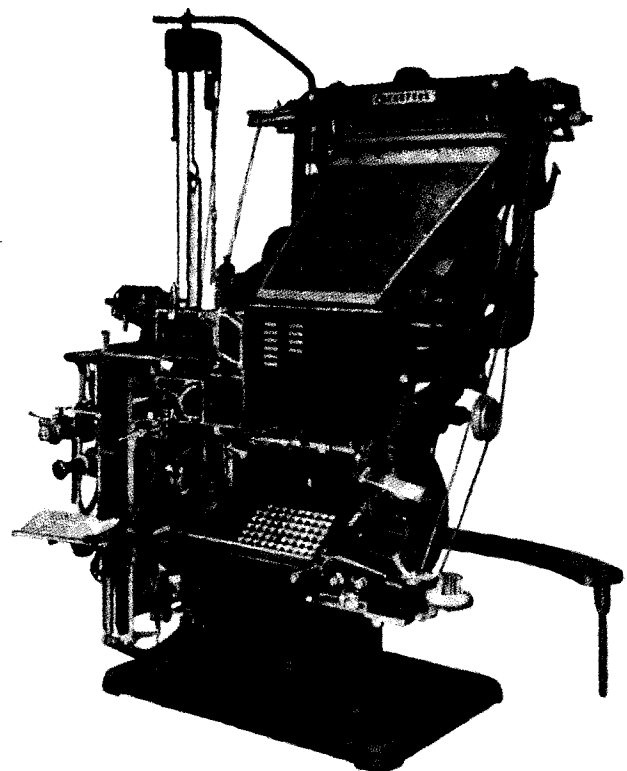
■ We have been brooding all afternoon on how to treat appropriately the latest news from Ghana (Nkrumah's courts have ordered 16 members of his opposition party to be lashed 12 times apiece with whips). But words flail us.

August 12, 1961

■ Going the rounds in Catholic conservative circles: "*Mater sí, Magistra no.*"

September 24, 1963

■ LBJ *et al.* itin. Local discontent with imperial trade policies necessitates your immediate presence in Outlying Regions. You will proceed by Trans-Visigoth Airlines to the Scandinavian Territories, where you will be met by inflatable crowds who will cheer glumly. You are instructed to make spontaneous purchases from small merchants and to point a warning finger at malcontent authorities. Be of Good Will, take the family, and smile a lot. We'll cover for you at home. /s/ The Boss.



December 10, 1963

■ Mommy, was John Wilkes Booth a member of the John Birch Society?

December 17, 1963

■ The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW regretfully announce that their patience with President Lyndon B. Johnson is exhausted.

June 13, 1967

■ THE NEW HAIL MARY (Ecumenical Version, by J. P. McFadden): Hi Mary, Full of Equality, you are very much with it! Happy are you among the girls, and happy is the result of your first marriage, Jesus. Unprejudiced Mary, mother of the Ground of our Being, dialogue with us evolving ones, now and at the consummation of our personal evolution, A-hem.

July 2, 1968

■ Dr. Gunnar Myrdal, the Swedish economist, sociologist, psychologist, racial analyst, dietitian, bridge expert, social critic, traveler, author, lecturer, expert witness for the U.S. Supreme Court, receiver of honorary degrees, transportation expert, city planner, educationist, rural expert, and expert observer of unrest among today's college students, was the principal speaker at the commencement exercises of Temple University, in Philadelphia, a couple of weeks ago. He told the students that the United States must spend "trillions of dollars" to cure its social problems. That was Friday, the sixth day. On the seventh day he rested.

November 5, 1968

■ Egyptian affairs took a turn for the worse last week.

December 31, 1968

■ The junta *du jour* is in Brazil. Consult your local bruxist for the time and place of gnash-in.

March 25, 1969

■ Shhh. Lower your voice. The West is sleeping.

April 22, 1969

■ From the UPI wire service, March 25: SEN. JAVITS SPEAKS AT MEETING SPONSORED BY THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY YOUNG REPUBLICANS, NEW LECTURE HALL, A.U. CAMPUS, 7:30 P.M. JAVITS TO RECEIVE THE ROBERT TAFT MEMORIAL AWARD. The reference is to Robert Bojangles Taft Esq., the retired steward on the Oakland ferry.

February 10, 1970

■ The 24th Session of the General Assembly of the United Nations ended a month or so ago, but you still can't get a decent milk shake east of Buffalo, N.Y.

June 30, 1970

■ Good morning, worry-warts. Today we're going to worry about yogurt. All flavors of yogurt—plain, strawberry, mandarin orange, Dutch apple, whortleberry, onion, Camembert, chocolate, and fish. Seems if you eat nothing but yogurt for an extended period—yogurt by the metric ton—you will, so help us Ralph Nader, develop cataracts, provid-

ed of course you're a laboratory rat at Johns Hopkins, which in itself is something to worry about. Them's the findings, and we mustn't dispute findings, so eat your chicken soup before they find out *it's* bad for you.

August 11, 1970

■ The founding convention of the Benign Neglect Society has been postponed indefinitely.

April 6, 1971

■ Relevant. RELEVANT. relevant. RELEVANT. relevantrelevant-relevantrelevant. RelevANCY. RelevantISM. RelevantESQUE. Relevant. R*E*L*E*V*A*N*T. Relevant. Relevant. Ummmmmmmmmmmm; feels so *gooooooooooooooooooooood*.

June 1, 1971

■ The Fun City Burger Shop, at Second Avenue and 122nd Street, has gone out of business.

July 13, 1971

■ The sun never sets on the public trough.

December 31, 1971

■ If *Variety* is to be believed (which it is, always), there is a big Government Report about to be released on the effects of "TViolence"—by, of all people, the Surgeon General. You can just bet the SG, who hates anything that is Bad For Us, will grab Violence by the throat, smash it in the face, slam it to the ground, stomp on its groin, kick it repeatedly in the stomach with hobnailed boots, gouge out its eyes, and cave in its skull with a ballpeen hammer.

September 1, 1972

■ Another Great Leap Forward has been recorded by the Democratic delegate of female persuasion who addressed the chair as "Madame Chairperson." But it makes us wonder what kind of she-it they'll think of next.

October 13, 1972

■ "Sigh. Groan. Fret, stew, fuss. Sigh, whimper. Moan? Gnash! Choke, sob, cavil. Groan; grumble-bitch. Seethe. Seethe, mutter. Seethe, fume, *boil*. RANT! RAVE! Snivel, threaten. Hiss! Quiver, bemoan. Sigh."

—G. McGovern, November 8, 1972

November 9, 1973

■ This may be looking too far ahead, but there now seems a possibility of President Ford being shot at the Lincoln Center.

September 13, 1974

■ I'm against amnesty for draft dodgers, Lowell Weicker told reporters on a Hartford interview show, so how can I support immunity for Richard Nixon? Say you were misquoted. Say you blacked out. Say the puppy did it. Fudge.

January 17, 1975

■ The Irish government has reworded its forms to "request" payment of taxes instead of "demanding" payment. Very civilized. Persons refusing the request will be asked politely to go to jail. □

AMONG OURSELVES

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

THE **5** Years

The Staff at Work and Play

IN NOVEMBER 1955, "a blue-bordered oasis of sanity" made its first appearance, proclaiming: "NATIONAL REVIEW stands athwart history, yelling Stop." Twenty-five years later some of us still keep the faith.

In Mecosta, Michigan, the Master of Piety Hill detects that something is awry in the ancestral manse. He reports on his appalling *trouvaille* in NATIONAL REVIEW, in the first issue of the ninth decade of the twentieth century (Jan. 4, 1980): "... At length I penetrated to a remote cellar, and there I found my spouse and all our household huddled around the forbidden TV, watching [...] the late news. I dispersed them wrathfully." Russell Kirk continues "Then, taking a pair of powerful wire-cutters, I did quite a bit of damage to the set, and flung portions of it into trash cans. . . ."

Back in the home office on East 35th Street, the Athwart History Forces are in disarray. Oh, there has been a bonnie digging in of heels against progress, but a year earlier the word had come from on high, which is to say from Publisher Bill Rusher's office where the Great God Economy reigns, that NR is going to change printing plants; the new plant is much cheaper, we are told, but there is one catch—it does not set type. So who will set our type? we ask. Why we will, says the Beamish Bill. We're quick around here. Even before the electricians come in to install heavy-duty wiring in the cramped secretarial office, we know that that imperial "we" means Mike Watkins and Evelyne Kanter, our faithful, long-suffering, innocent-of-what's-ahead typists, and the rest of the editorial hands.

Enter two innocuous-seeming desk-size computer terminals, one with print-out capability, one without. After several weeks of designating one The Big Machine Evelyne Usually Sits At That Can Print Galleys, we name them Oscar (the big one) and Wilde. And an ornerier, more headstrong, temperamental, disobliging set of computers you have never seen. When disturbed they once printed the first paragraph of an (incendiary) "On the Right" column in a tight little angry circle. Asked to bring forth a memory-banked column by Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, Oscar obliged, bleeping evilly. Every *th* in the piece,

we found, had been replaced by the letters *f a r t*, as in "Martin Lufarter considered Germany his fafarterland. . . ."

It fell to the indomitable Assistant Managing Editor, Linda Bridges—she whose instincts are so conservative she has just recently reconciled herself to Gutenberg—to mastermind the conversion. Editors long accustomed to "ems" and "picas" now chatted about "units," and "czl's," and "densities," and "00.08 indents." How easy it is to tell a printer to center a poem: figuring the mathematics of doing it yourself is something else again. And then there is—the lost file. "I've lost my file," comes a wailing



Anna Lieber, Mona Charen, Mike Watkins, Jeanne Sobran, Greg Wolfe, Linda Bridges take it easy—it wasn't, after all, a lost file . . .

voice from Mike and Evelyn's office, and "lost file" echoes down the corridors. Battle stations! A file that is lost is vaporized. It must be typeset anew and proofread anew, and corrected anew; then it is finally pasted down, and the strip-ins inserted, on the master mechanical that is shipped to the printer. It doubles the work, quadruples the frustration quotient.

The prospect of doing the entire magazine this way sent our beloved twenty-year Art Director Jimmy O'Bryan into such a deep depression that he attempted to retire. "Oh ho ho," said Bill and Priscilla Buckley (they are very good at ho-ho-hoing in moments of deep crisis—and this was one), "you can't do that, Jimmy! Now, what can we do to make your life easier . . ." Jimmy's problem is that he can't say no. He compromised by retiring only on Mondays and Fridays. On Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays he works overtime. He designs not only the covers, but also the major articles in the center of the book, many of the ads and most of the subscription cards, and more, much more.

For a year we wrestle with the system, typesetting more of each successive magazine in-house, and with the first issue of 1980—the same in which the Master of Piety Hill sounded off—we transfer our business to American Press, near Charlottesville, Virginia, flying the copy in in four lots of 12 to 16 pages over a two-week period via Piedmont Airlines. Instead of one fortnightly closing, we now have four. And they call it progress!

But the first magazine that American Press produced, and every subsequent one, has been—beautiful; head and shoulders above the shoddy work done by the printers City National Printing had been farming *NR* out to during the preceding 18 months. (Assistant Publisher Ed Capano, our point man in the prolonged battles with City National, is so sobered he sometimes lets a whole day go by without cracking a joke.) To be sure, the sharp-eyed could detect that the bold **WFB** initials, usually to be found at the end of "Notes & Asides," were, instead, residing in the trouser leg of a Mary Gauerke cartoon figure at the bottom of the page. But once again we had a product to be proud of. We're back on slick stock, and the modern equipment at American Press also permits us to piggyback color from advertising pages for use editorially at very little extra cost.

Have you noticed, by the way, how many more two- and four-color ads *NR* is carrying these days, thanks to the efforts and imagination of former *NR* Advertising Director Robert Sennott. Rob is founder and head of the Leadership Network, which handles advertising for *NR*, *The New Republic*, *Commentary*, *Foreign Affairs*, *The New York Review of Books*, *Columbia Journalism Review*, and *Technology Review*. Among them these publications have a readership of better than 600,000, making them an attractive package for advertisers, who get a sizable rebate for advertising in two or more of the Leadership magazines.

Linda is not *totally* displeased with the new *NR*, and us. Linda has a new toy. Her very own table-top hand-operated letter press, purchased from an Episcopal priest, a fellow member of the C. S. Lewis Society. It is she who has, on her own machine or in collaboration with Oscar, set the type for every NATIONAL REVIEW cover this past year. According to Jimmy O'Bryan, Linda is the only one in the shop (himself excluded) who understands spacing. Ione Whitlock, Associate Production Editor, is almost there, but not quite.



NR's readers are stunned to discover that Bill Buckley's idea of the perfect Twentieth Anniversary present to the staff is to take a score of key members, including soon-to-retire receptionist Helen Puwalski, to Russia following the putting to bed of the Twentieth Anni-



How will it look? "Priorities for President Reagan": Jimmy O'Bryan and Linda Bridges set the cover type for the victory issue.

versary issue. The way *NR*'s readers find out about the trip is through an anguished cable in "Notes & Asides" (Jan. 23, 1976): "WILLIAMOVICH PRISCILLANOVNA IVANOVNA VOTSISSDRAWOWE MIT MUSCOVICHES? VOTS TO HAPPEN CREDIBILITOVICH NATIONAL REVIEWOVICH? CHECKOVICH BUGSOVICH ROOMSOVICH YOU BETCHUM BETTER KOMMEN SIE HOME-OVICH QUICKOVICH. /S/ REIDOVICH [BUCKLEY]."

The first months of 1976 bring major staff changes. George Will, *NR*'s Book and Washington Editor since Frank Meyer's death, moves on. He'll write a fortnightly *Newsweek* column and a two-day-a-week column for the Washington Post Syndicate. John Coyne, a former *NR* staffer who has set the astonishing record of being a speechwriter for two Vice Presidents and two Presidents within 18 months (Agnew, Nixon, Ford, Ford), agrees to become our man on the Hill and writes the Cato column in the magazine and Winston in the *Bulletin*. Chilton Williamson, an editor at St. Martin's Press, who has appeared with increasing regularity in George Will's book section, comes aboard as Book Editor, and, in the course of the year—it having been determined that Joe Sobran is a better writer than administrator—Chilton takes over the Arts & Manners section from Joe and re-integrates it into the book section. Chilton's back-of-the-book is distinguished: Keith Mano, Joe Sobran, Nika Hazelton, Ruth Berenson, John Simon are all regular contributors. Daniel Oliver, for the past two years *NR*'s Executive Editor and a columnist ("At Home" in the *Bulletin*), returns to both the law and fiscal responsibility. (Louise has just announced the fourth is on the way.) *NR*'s salaries, while no longer ridiculous, do encourage husbandry. This, *NR*'s resident economist, Alan Reynolds, has also found, so he toddles off and within the next two years lands three jobs, the common denominator of each, so far as we can tell, being that the new employer, bemused by Alan's competence, offers him twice as much as his last employer. Alan is now a vice president of the First National Bank of Chicago, and widely acclaimed as a theoretician of supply-side economics.

Barbara Devlin, Production Editor since 1970, leaves and is replaced by Anna Lieber, who tells us, as she takes the job, that she knows very little about production. Anna is irresistible (which is why we hire her), and right about

her experience. She makes her mistakes, but she never repeats one, and she cares. She'll remake a page four times if she doesn't like its looks. An artist herself, she develops a stable of first-rate artists for the magazine. Red-haired Vicki Marani, whose *NR* credits include summer typist, summer editorial assistant, and copy editor (she stayed with us an extra year to help out after Elsie Meyer's death), leaves for law school at the University of Virginia. (Vicki is now an Assistant DA in Nassau County, N.Y.) Jeanne Wacker Sobran replaces Vicki. Jeanne's background is academic; not only can she spot a solecism at one hundred paces, she's death on sloppy constructions.

It is in the summer of 1976 that Richard Brookhiser, a lanky Yale junior whose first piece *NR* had published seven years earlier, serves as editorial assistant.



1976 brings about a number of editorial innovations as well. For the Glorious Fourth we decide to devote an issue to our revolutionary past, and Professor Thomas Wendel performs brilliantly in an essay, "The American Revolution—Genesis and Meaning." This was the beginning of an *NR* tradition; our most recent Fourth of July issue featured Harry V. Jaffa and Forrest McDonald. Jeffrey Hart is outraged at the left-tilted Bicentennial Reading List that is being prominently advertised and draws up one of his own, which *NR*



Danny Melendez when not holding up Laszlo, changing bulbs, being obliging.

tions for us, as only Kilpo handles this assignment, blending humor and political savvy with the best writing style of its kind in America. And Henry Paolucci introduces *NR* readers to the Trilateral Commission way back then in an article on Jimmy Carter's foreign-policy education by Brzezinski.



We publish a lot of good investigative stuff in 1977. Bruce McCollm and David Smith spend several weeks in the bush with Jonas Savimbi's guerrillas in An-

phen Solarz, New York Democrat), on down. Arthur Laffer, then little known to the general public, explained the Laffer Curve to *NR* readers and introduced them to the concept of "the wedge." Kevin Lynch wrote the first magazine piece that went into the matter of the incriminating documents Orlando Letelier was carrying in his briefcase when he was killed. Neal B. Freeman drew up his periodic list of "Unsatisfactory People"—he finds there are more of them all the time—and 21 years after our first attempt to get a piece from him, George Stigler came through, with a biting review of John Kenneth Galbraith's TV series *The Age of Uncertainty*.

In October of 1977, Joseph Sobran joins James Burnham and Jeffrey Hart as a senior editor. He's 31 years old, a young man who brings a brilliant intelligence and wit to the moral and intellectual problems of the day. His essays appear in every issue of the magazine; it won't be long before the L.A. Times Syndicate will spot him and offer him a two-day-a-week column. Joe is also a regular on CBS's *Spectrum*.



1978—A young Czech, a courier for Charter 77, arrives and sees Charles Kesler, this year's summer editorial assistant. He tells Charles that *NR* is read behind the Curtain, that—to use his words—"its spirit is cherished and its work applauded." What he wants is for us to make sure the U.S. Embassy Library in Prague gets *NR* so that a Charter 77 member can swipe back issues and pass them around *samizdat*-style.

Then he asks, diffidently, if he might perhaps meet some of the editors and see *NR*'s offices. His friends will be most interested in his impressions. Of course, says Charles. It's late on a Wednesday afternoon—press day—of a *Bulletin* week when he ushers the young Czech in. Standing on a tippy backless chair in Joe Sobran's cubbyhole of an office, at the opposite end of the hall from Priscilla's, is Laszlo Nagy, everyone's favorite Hungarian superintendent. The chair is held by the ever-helpful Danny Melendez of the mailroom. (The reason Laszlo is not standing on Joe's desk is that the desk-top disappeared four years ago under a steadily mounting pile of old newspapers, unread letters, flattened coffee containers, magazines, ashtrays, books, cassettes, empty

The young Czech Charter 77 courier tells us *NR*'s 'spirit is cherished and its work applauded' behind the Curtain. His friends will be interested, he says, in his impressions of *NR*

publishes: a stunning compilation of books on American history and culture that every library should have.

We're our usual prescient selves. In an early January 1976 issue we ask "Is Ford Finished?" (actually we're suggesting that Reagan will win the nomination), and in that same issue, in recognition of his performance at the UN, we name Daniel Patrick Moynihan (not yet the junior senator from New York) Man of the Year. The incumbent *sainted* junior senator is not amused. James Jackson Kilpatrick covers both conven-

gola and tell our readers about it. Le Thi Anh publishes one of the first pieces to appear in America on the brutalities that sent hundreds of thousands of Vietnamese to sea in small boats rather than face life in peacetime Vietnam. John Coyne landed the first exclusive interview with Vladimir Bukovsky after his deportation. Svend Petersen (of the Trans-O-Gram) investigated the spending habits of congressmen (what of our moneys they would like to see spent) and rated them from the biggest spender (Representative Ste-

What International Paper is doing to help people communicate better

How to write clearly

By Edward T. Thompson




How to write a business letter

Some thoughts from Malcolm Forbes




How to improve your vocabulary

By Tony Parsons




How to read faster

By Bill Custer





Today, the printed word is more important than ever. We need to read better, write better, and communicate better. International Paper is publishing a new series of advertisements in the hope that we can help. Even if it's in a small way.

If you have any ideas for this series, or if you'd like reprints of the titles shown here, please write to: "Power of the Printed Word," Dept. NR, International Paper, P.O. Box 900, Elmsford, N.Y. 10523, U.S.A.

 **INTERNATIONAL PAPER COMPANY**
We believe in the power of the printed word.

© 1979 International Paper Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Every other Tuesday. Scheduled for 9:15. Usually convened at 9:35. Procedure: Bill Rusher (who departs after his performance—the mot juste) recites his grievances, and the events of the fortnight that give him hope. Then Priscilla; and on around the table, with assignments by WFB. Clockwise from WFB: Dorothy McCartney, Bill Rusher, Bill Rickenbacker, Jeanne Sobran, Mona Charen, Anna Lieber, Kevin Lynch, Greg Wolfe, Joe Sobran, Jeff Hart, Priscilla Buckley.



Early November 5. Art Director Jimmy O'Bryan greets Priscilla at the door with next week's cover hot off the press. The alternative cover, had Reagan lost, has been shelved.



Susan Stark conferring with Dorothy McCartney. Susan, an amateur archaeologist, types, helps with the research. Dorothy runs the whole research operation, including Firing Line. She can annualize inflation in four seconds flat.



Jim McFadden leans back from his typewriter, triumphant. The copy he's just turned in is irresistible. A one and a half per cent return from this promotion, never. Mac expects at least five.



Jeff Hart has listened, and listened, and listened to Bill Rusher's disquisition on why last week's editorial on Jimmy Carter was all wet. He's not convinced.



Joe Sobran has not only read all of Samuel Johnson, he has memorized most of Johnson. Right now he's about to devastate us all with just the right Johnsonian aperçu.



Book editor Chilton Williamson is not the same debonair Manhattanite since going to Wyoming for his newest book, Roughnecking It.



Bill Rusher explains to Bill Rickenbacker that the Republican Party is through, kaput, out of business. A new party is the only way to go, otherwise all is lost. Rick is respectfully attentive.



After the editorial conference, a quick discussion of special research problems with Dorothy McCartney. Question: Can we pin down rumor that Ecuador government collaborated in assassination of Somoza? "Why not call the Ecuador government and ask them?"



John Virtes (standing) in the Research Library is not believing the question editorial has just posed. Henry Fasciani, who has been around NR editorial inquisitors longer, is not surprised.



The Glorious Fourth is being celebrated in the conference room on the Happy Fifth: pizzas, anchovy, mushroom, and pepperoni, lots of red wine, and to join the editors in their revels, Poet Laureate Bill von Dreele (seated behind O'Bryan, right center). Bill has just brought in a poem to fill a space in the  cartoon spread.



Copy editor Jeanne Sobran looks up from yet another galley. She's spotted two solecisms, one dangling participle, two misplaced commas, and a mechanical anomaly. But all will have been corrected before nightfall.



Circulation Manager John Syze runs a tight ship, and a happy one. Turnover is down, complaints are down since John conquered his computer.



Assistant Publisher Ed Capano is a man of many parts: former Circulation Manager, Production Editor, Promotion Manager. Now he just sees that everything works.



Kevin Lynch is a 12-year veteran, starting as low man on the totem pole: editorial assistant. He served as Production Editor of the Bulletin, is now Articles Editor.



Frances Bronson, executive secretary to WFB, is happiest when juggling six balls in the air, has never been known to drop one. Unerring sense of priorities, she wouldn't hesitate to put a President on hold.



What's the joke? Associate Production Editor Ione Whitlock (left), Production Editor Anna Lieber (rear), and Editorial Associate Mona Charen, waiting their turn at the Xerox machine, have caught someone out.



Rose Flynn has been with us 23 years. All she has to do is pay the printer, the post office, the candlestick maker. At college, she majored in alchemy. She has never been known to flap, and is a hot contender for Bureau of Budget Manager.



Helen Miller never complains, though sometimes she threatens to quit, as when WAR demanded Addis Ababa. WFB was phoning in a column from Buenos Aires, and Priscilla was on a conference call.



O'Bryan and his artists Colleen (seated) and Shaun Lawlor check out a potential cover for a future issue. It is Colleen and Shaun who paste up each page of the magazine into a mechanical.



Mike Watkins came to us in 1965 as clerk-typist, and handles now the computer typesetter. He doesn't mind French, Latin, or German, but Greek is Greek to him.



Evelyn Kanter drew typesetter Oscar this morning—an unhappy marriage. Oscar has taken to bleeping evilly at Evelyn. But Evelyn is French and determined, and wilier even than this computer.

paper bags, full paper bags, shredded pipe tobacco, unanswered letters, yellow copy-paper, and finely honed editorial paragraphs that Joe has misplaced.) Something is wrong with the electrical system. The electrician was called on Monday; he still hasn't arrived and Laszlo is trying to find out whether the problem is in the fuse box that resides in Joe's office.

Charles and his friend back hurriedly into Carol Baker's office as the door from the hall is flung open to admit a bearded young man pulling a trolley with a bunch of flattened cardboard boxes. He's headed for Chilton and Kevin Lynch's office to pick up the several hundred books now spilling from the bookcase to the floor that Chilton won't be reviewing. Anna Lieber is having trouble circumnavigating the man and his trolley. She wants Kevin, the

ago, that *NR*'s offices look as if they had been furnished by the Salvation Army. Our furniture, we want you to know, is *good* second-hand.



As we move toward our second quarter-century, *NR* suffers personal losses. Willi Schlamm, whose idea *NR* was, and who helped enliven the earlier days of the magazine—you wouldn't believe some of the fights—dies in Europe, having achieved his ambition. He is editor, publisher, and chief correspondent for the highly controversial and widely read *Die Zeitbühne*. Colm Brogan lets us in on his physical infirmities in a column entitled "I'm Not All Right, Jack," and two weeks later he is dead: a loss to journalism and to his many friends among *NR*'s editors and readers. C. D. Batchelor, our

er covers libertarian developments in "Land of the Free."

The deaths we must bear, but there are occasions of great cheer as well. Not all of his friends, for there would be no room to fit all of John Chamberlain's friends in Grand Central—let alone in the Metropolitan Club in New York—but as many as can make it gather on November 9, 1978 to celebrate John's 75th birthday. Clare Boothe Luce is in Hawaii, but she writes: "Please add to the birthday toasts a toast from me to what I have loved best about John for forty years: his wise, rare, boyish smile, so sweet with certainties." Bill Buckley remembers as a 23-year-old at Yale that "John had an extraordinary facility for making you feel that every service performed by him for you was really a kindness initiated by you. I think he thanked me, even, for the privilege of writing an introduction to a book that got him very nearly ostracized in an academic community that preached the virtues of an open mind on the tacit understanding that it should be closed." John Chamberlain was a founding father of *NR*, but his contributions since taking over George Sokolsky's (then) six-day-a-week column have necessarily been abridged. He does write an occasional article or book review.

James P. McFadden's contributions never cease. He is the man who brings in the cash. He runs *NR*'s promotions, handles our direct mail, and does just about everything else that needs doing, as he has from the day, 24 years ago, when he walked into NATIONAL REVIEW, having completed a tour in military intelligence in Europe, and asked Bill Buckley if he might need a helping hand.

Recently, Mac has found time to publish the most prestigious anti-abortion journal in America, *The Human Life Review*. So it was a mingling of older *NR* friends and newer Right-to-Life friends that gathered at the Union League Club in New York on May 21, 1979 to honor Mac. John Noonan was there, and Congressman Henry Hyde, and Monsignor Eugene Clark. "That which Jim McFadden undertakes avocationally," said Bill Buckley at the dinner, "is done with the thoroughness of a Normandy landing. If in the future there is a change in the public attitude toward abortion, it is not an exaggera-

What McFadden undertakes avocationally,' says Bill Buckley at the testimonial dinner in Mac's honor, 'is done with the thoroughness of a Normandy landing'

Articles Editor, to write a readout for next magazine's lead piece, which she is now dummyping. Kevin, who is as obliging as Anna is lovely, obliges, but wishes they'd all go away so he can finish editing the *Bulletin*, the printer's messenger being due to pick up *Bulletin* copy in exactly five minutes. Typist Lucille Scodari has a question to ask but realizes this is not the time. Linda erupts from the back office. Wilde is throwing a tantrum, she reports triumphantly—Linda expects only the worst from computers—and he has ingested Gerhart Niemeyer's latest "Days and Works." Oscar, never one to be upstaged, bleeps loudly, his screen goes blank, his programming disappears, and the keyboard locks. It looks terminal. Shall we call the Addressograph-Multi-graph repairman for the fifth time this week? Has Laszlo pulled the wrong fuse? . . . Not even the Shadow knows.

The young Czech is astonished. This is not how he has envisioned the editorial offices of the leading champion of capitalism in the world's greatest capitalist state. On the other hand it is *not* true, as a reporter wrote a year or so

first editorial cartoonist, a Pulitzer Prize winner, and one of nature's gentlemen, died in 1977, as did George Schuyler, the Negro journalist and longtime columnist for the *Pittsburgh Courier*. And so in this and ensuing years did other great friends of the magazine: Freda Uteley, who wrote a column for *NR* in the early days; Admiral Ben Moreell, Dean Clarence Manion, Bill Baroody Sr., and Donald Brennan of the Hudson Institute. A major blow was the death of Will Herberg, *NR*'s longtime religion editor, semi-retired by a stroke for the final months of his life. We devote our August 5, 1977 issue to "The Achievements of Will Herberg," with essays by students, friends, and colleagues: Bernhard W. Anderson, Lewis S. Feuer, Nathan Glazer, Donald G. Jones, Fritz A. Rothschild, and Seymour Siegel.

To replace Herberg, *NR* signs on Malachi B. Martin, whose column is called "Out of This World," and Martin, in turn, is after two years succeeded by Michael Novak. Gerhart Niemeyer writes a column for *NR* for a couple of years, and Bill Rickenback-

The dinner guest is Timothy Leary. Massive stripping of gears as the editors shift from an afternoon of Kissinger high seriousness to an evening of Leary high spirits

tion, I think, to say that Jim's *Human Life Review* will have been the proximate cause of it." Said Malcolm Muggeridge: "Jim combines a touch of saintliness with a strong dose of Machiavellianism—one of those mixtures, like gin and bitters, that somehow work together very well."

And honors galore to *NR* graduates. In 1977 George Will wins a Pulitzer Prize; in 1978 Anthony Dolan, a one-time *NR* college columnist, now a reporter on the *Stamford* (Conn.) *Advocate*, also wins a Pulitzer. That same year, former *NR* summer editorial assistant Jeff Bell runs in the Republican senatorial contest in New Jersey. Jeff won't win the November election, but he does the next best thing: he retires Senator Clifford Case from politics. In 1978, Richmond Crinkley (Cato and Winston in the early Seventies) is appointed head of the Vivian Beaumont Theater at Lincoln Center, and in 1979 Crinkley will produce the Tony Award-winning *Elephant Man*. Also in 1979, Paul Gigot, the editorial assistant who had succeeded Laurie Prothro (both of them Dartmouth graduates), lands a Luce Foundation Fellowship for a year of work in Hong Kong with the *Far Eastern Economic Review*. (Paul is now a reporter for the *Wall Street Journal*.) We are sorry to see Paul go, but happy to welcome as his replacement Mona Charen, of Barnard, who had come to our attention by interviewing Bill Buckley for the Columbia yearbook, *The Columbian*.

Mona's just taken a battering from Wilde. She and Linda pause outside PLB's door to discuss the troublesome problem of accents.

LINDA: "You type to the first letter needing an accent . . ."

MONA: "It's not like a European typewriter, where you do the accent first?"

LINDA: "No. Letter first. Then look on this chart for the accent—you want the umlaut that centers itself over the *u*. So use Font d3, supershift, 3, supershift,

Font a1. Oh, by the way, before you finish the line, that *i* is trying to cohabit with the *?*, so let's separate them with a 'cz1.'"

MONA: Gotcha.

PLB: God.

PLB has just had a go-around with Nika, usually the world's most obliging lady, but not when recipes are concerned. The problem is that her current column calls for one-third of a cup of sugar, which Oscar & Wilde are not programmed to provide. They can set $\frac{1}{2}$ thus, $\frac{1}{4}$ thus, but one-third comes out $\frac{1}{3}$. Linda has suggested to Priscilla that she suggest to Nika that Nika triple the recipe—make it real handy for a cozy little party of 24. Mount St. Helens, take a back seat.



Magazine Tuesdays, as we call them, are busy days at *NR*. The out-of-town editors—Jeff Hart, Bill Rickenbacker, and for a time Norman Hannah—arrive to help write "The Week," which goes to press Wednesday at 4:00 P.M.

The editorial conference starts at 9:30 A.M. (unpromptly) with a critique of the last issue. Bill Rusher may comment about the streamer on the current (Republican Convention) issue, "Veni, Vidi,

Vincam." "Shouldn't that have been 'Veni, Vidi, Vici?'" WFB: "We wouldn't use a Latin cliché, would we?" Much that is useful comes out in the critique: a typographical adjustment in the Table of Contents page; the choice of a particular reviewer for a particular book—wouldn't so-and-so have been better?; an article suggestion; a question about an artist who hasn't appeared in *NR* before—how did Anna find him? The critique is followed by suggestions of topics that might be covered editorially in the current magazine, with each editor speaking up in turn. Jeff Hart may mention *en passant* that Priscilla might be able to use in "For the Record" a bumper sticker he saw in Hanover, N.H. recently: "Vote Liberal: Abolish Take-Home Pay." Greg Wolfe wants to make sure no one missed Tim Wheeler's paragraph on Mount St. Helens: ■ "I'm sorry I made an ash of myself. Lava, come back to me. Love, Helen."

Bill Buckley or, if Bill is out of town, Jeff Hart assigns the editorials and edits the copy as it is written. Most of the senior editors lunch together, often with guests. In the early afternoon Bill and Priscilla Buckley, Kevin Lynch, Jim O'Bryan, Colleen Lawlor (O'Bryan's assistant), and Jim McFadden meet to design the cover for the following issue. Everyone writes furiously until 7:15, when Rusher, Priscilla, and the senior editors meet at Bill Buckley's New York apartment for dinner.

It is always a full day, but never more so than the morning the staff flew by Lear jet to Washington for a two-hour-plus lunch at the State Department



Editorial conference (clockwise from front left): Bill Rusher, Bill Rickenbacker, Jeanne Sobran, Mona Charen, Anna Lieber, Kevin Lynch, Ione Whitlock (behind magazine), Greg Wolfe, Joe Sobran, Jeff Hart, Priscilla Buckley, Bill Buckley.

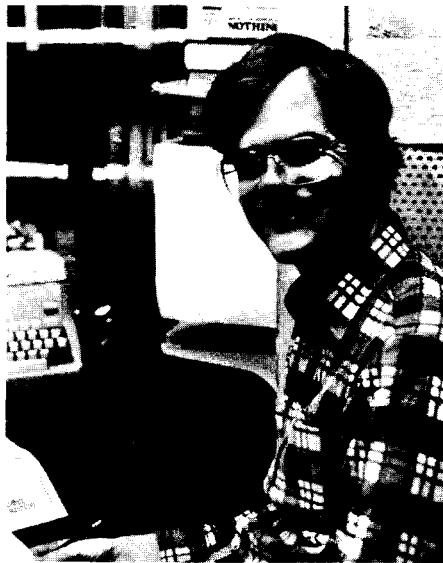
with Secretary Kissinger. They got back to New York about six, having held the editorial conference in the plane, and assembled for dinner to find that the guest of the evening was Timothy Leary: massive stripping of gears ("Why is life so dreary, weary?/ Give me the answer/ Timothy Leary, deary") as they downshift from Kissinger's high seriousness to Leary's infectious high spirits.

1978-79 will see two changes of major importance to *NR*. In 1977 James Burnham, then 72, decided to take it a little easier. He would continue to write "The Protracted Conflict," and the "Abroad" column in the *Bulletin*, but, he said, he no longer wished to spend two days in New York every other week editing the *Bulletin*. He would, however, continue to come in to write editorials for the magazine once a fortnight. He suggested that in Bill Buckley's absence, Jeff Hart rather than he edit the editorial section. And so Jim eased us toward that inevitable—inconceivable—day when Burnham would retire. NATIONAL REVIEW without Burnham would be a diminished NATIONAL REVIEW; we couldn't bear the thought. Bill Buckley was forced to the realization that the day would come when he would lose the only editor who had been with him at *NR* from Day One, a stout ally in past internecine wars, a brilliant intelligence, a stabilizing force (if, on occasion, a bit *méchant*—Jim never could resist teasing the highly combustible Frank Meyer). The younger staff couldn't bear it: there was a special rapport between them and Jim. They admired his intelligence, were touched by his kindness, responded to his sensitivity. They had never known—would never know—anyone quite like him. Priscilla couldn't bear it: she had shared an office with Jim for more than twenty years—they had laughed and chatted and discussed everything under the sun and beyond the stars—she loved him.

Still, he was there every other week until, early in 1978, his eyesight deteriorated, and his visits became fewer. Then there was a stroke later that year, from which he recovered; but the early-morning train trip from Kent, Connecticut to New York became too difficult, and we had to settle for those half-dozen times a year when Jim and Marcia come to New York to join in the Tuesday night editorial dinner. On those

nights we are selfish. We invite no one else, the better to enjoy their company.

After the stroke Priscilla phones Brian Crozier, a British political strategist and writer for whom Burnham has great admiration. Will Brian consider writing Jim's column for a couple of months? The first column, mailed from London, is on her desk seven days later, and Brian Crozier continues at the job, bringing the same kind of strategic intelligence to the struggle for the world that was a Burnham trademark. Nicholas King, a former foreign correspondent, an omnivorous reader, and a polyglot—mind you, Nick's Amharic is not



Rick Brookhiser relaxes. His major nuclear-power issue is out and Three Mile Island is still a fortnight ahead.

what it used to be—takes over Burnham's offbeat "Abroad" column.

It is in this period that young Rick Brookhiser starts making waves at *NR*. We had asked him to postpone law school after his graduation from Yale and work for us for a year as house reporter. He does so and turns out article after article, including two major pieces—nearly 14,000 words—on why Richard Nixon, with one of the best Cabinets ever, was unable to bring about any major reforms in the Washington bureaucratic power structure: "Checks and Imbalances—Why You Can't Beat City Hall at Washington, D.C." (Sept. 29, Oct. 13, 1978). The following year we decided to devote a big (72 pp.) issue to "The Anti-Nuclear Lobby," and we put Brookhiser in charge. It will feature an in-depth interview by Rick with

Professor Bernard L. Cohen, the nuclear physicist, answering every question that is commonly asked about nuclear-power safety, and articles and book reviews by B. Bruce-Briggs, George Brumlik, Milton Copulos, Samuel McCracken, Wil Lepkowski, George Gilder, Arthur Gray Jr., William Tucker, and a number of *NR* regulars. (It is absolutely not—repeat not—Rick's fault that Three Mile Island erupted a fortnight later.)

In that same issue (Feb. 2, 1979) we announce the promotion of Richard S. Brookhiser, age 23, to senior editor. In "Notes & Asides," Bill Buckley comments that Rick "considers himself a late-achiever." (There's a slight case of fallout from Joe Sobran, who can no longer claim to have been *NR*'s youngest ever senior editor. Joe was a retarded 31 before he made the grade.)



An American diplomat in Vienna writes us a thoughtful letter suggesting the inclusion of more cartoons to break up the solid blocks of type in the center of the magazine. The idea of a two-page cartoon spread is discussed at the next "Agony," the quarterly conference of senior editors that, with luck, is held three times a year. What have we got in hand for such a spread, Bill asks Priscilla. We have a weekly bag of foreign cartoons from Rothco, she tells him, and our regulars, Mal Hancock and Mary Gauerke. With these, plus some new-to-*NR*-readers John Kreuttnr cartoons from a book he has just brought out, we might have enough. To play it safe, however, we sign up the marvelous Jeff MacNelly. And so *helo*® is born. Within weeks we start getting inquiries from other cartoonists: John Trever first, then Bob Gorrell, Dick Wright, Jim Borgman, Clyde Wells, Bill Deore, Gary Brookins, David Harbaugh, Phil Nicolaides. The best of the new cartoonists, it turns out, are conservatives.

The cartoon page, which had lapsed from the American scene with the folding of the old *Saturday Evening Post* and *Look*, thus revived by *NR*, was soon to sprout newborn in other periodicals.



NATIONAL REVIEW continues, from time to time, to exacerbate its conservative constituency. "Bill is driving them quite

bonkers," Frances Bronson will report with a happy smile as she digs her way out from under an avalanche of Panama Canal mail. Not only does *NR* approve the Panama treaties, WFB stages a double-header two-hour *Firing Line* on the subject: he and James Burnham and George Will argue the affirmative against Ronald Reagan, Patrick Buchanan, and Admiral Jack McCain. But while Buckley steers toward the shoals, the crew is quietly mutinous, to wit a couple of editorial paragraphs that slip in: ■ "If we can send a rocket to Mars, by George, we can hold on to the Panama Canal" (Aug. 20, 1976) and ■ "No names, please, but they say the neutron bomb can wipe out tinhorn dictators without damaging canals" (Sept. 2, 1977).

Not to be outdone by his brother in the Epatez Les Amis league, former Senator James Buckley strikes a blow for sensible conservatism in "Three Cheers for the Snail Darter" (Sept. 14, 1979). And on June 8 of that same year, Ernest van den Haag and Larry Cott fire a couple of shots across the bows of Murray Rothbard of the libertarian movement, of *Inquiry* magazine, and of the Cato Foundation. The answering cannonade, which rocks the conservative community, features salvos by libertarian and NATIONAL REVIEW bigshots: Alan Reynolds, Henry Hazlitt, David Friedman (son of Milton), Richard Brookhiser, Roger MacBride, Tibor Machan, and John Hospers.

You saw it here first (and sometimes only here). Public-relations man Norman Wolfson reported that Anastasio Somoza was doomed as a result of a U.S. press gangbang months before Somoza actually fell ("Selling Somoza: The Lost Cause of a PR Man," July 20, 1979). The first organized opposition to the Moscow Olympics was launched in Jim Burnham's "Protracted Conflict" column: "Tit for Tat" (Aug. 4, 1978), with a follow-up column on September 1. This became an *NR* campaign—an effort to organize a non-partisan committee to oppose the Moscow Olympics collapsed with a thud: no liberal would join it—18 months before Jimmy Carter decided it was a good idea. Solzhenitsyn's speech at Harvard was reprinted in full in *NR* one week later. Joe Sobran writes a series of pieces on the

magazine *du jour* in "The Printed Word" (*Esquire*, *The New York Review of Books*, the new *New Republic*, etc.), taking up where Willmoore Kendall left off a decade or more ago. Chilton Williamson inaugurates a quarterly essay of two or three thousand words, to broaden the cultural scope of the back-of-the-book, with a spirited critique by Southern novelist Richard Ford of Southern novelist Walker Percy. Robert Moss, the young Australian journalist who became editor of *The Economist's Foreign Report* at an astonishingly early age—was he *The Economist's* Rick Brookhiser?—follows up the incisive pieces he had written for *NR* on Portugal after Salazar and Chile after Allende with a thoughtful piece

22, 1979) that saw Conservative Joe Clark beat out Liberal Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and, presciently—as it turned out nine months later—entitles his piece, "Au Revoir, Pierre." Ernest van den Haag drives the silver spike home in "The Collapse of the Case against Capital Punishment" (March 31, 1978). However, there is one story Ernest gets only half of: he tries to cover the Mont Pelerin Society meeting, held in Scotland, but is routed by the food. His piece is called "Haggis and the Wealth of Nations" (March 4, 1977). Malcolm Muggeridge has a ball in an article, "If I Were Pope . . ." (June 9, 1978). Robert De Camara (March 21, 1980) asks himself, Can that be so?, when the Ayatollah accuses the Shah

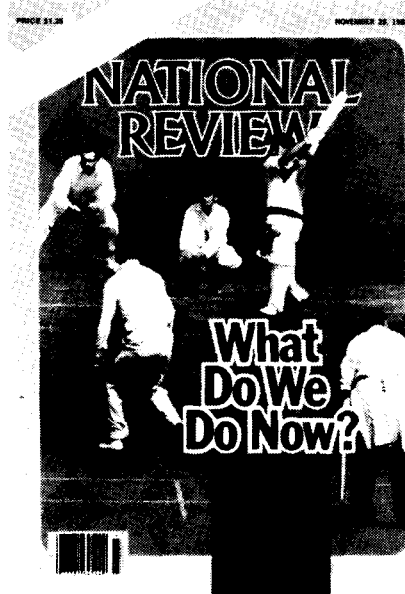


fter 25 years of belaboring Behemoth U. and sundry other educationist villains, Russell Kirk notifies *NR* that he will be discontinuing 'From the Academy'

on Spain after Franco (June 10, 1977), accurately outlining what will in fact happen in Spain the following couple of years. (Moss, incidentally, is co-author with Arnaud de Borchgrave of the best-selling, much criticized *The Spike*.) Our Canadian correspondent, Donald Coxe—who, in his unregenerate student days at the University of Toronto, once burned Bill Rusher (in effigy, forch)—covers the Canadian election (*NR*, June

of killing 100,000 Iranians, and investigates. *NR's* readers, at any rate, know the truth about that one. And the February 16, 1979 "Notes & Asides" carries the following: "As you may have heard—coy though I've tried to be about it—I am giving thought to running for President. . . . So prepare to cringe if you should hear me someday actually declaring. With warm regards. John B. Anderson."

And *NR* is—in its fashion—on top of the second Glorious Fourth of our story, November 4, 1980. The problem is we go to press a week after the election, but our cover goes to press the week before. Remember the week before? The polls, that tight race, the hostages, the Grim Reaper feeling. So we design two covers: 1) "The Priorities for President Reagan" and 2) a cover asking: "What Do We Do Now?" dropped in over a photograph of the playing fields of Eton. Note that the names of the authors of the various articles do not appear. We would strip them in at the last moment, it having been thought that it would be inadvisable to ask Bill Brock, say, or George Bush what went wrong before it went wrong, which is to say before the Glorious Fourth (*bis*).





George Will, Bill Buckley, and Jim Burnham enjoy a point scored by adversary Ronald Reagan (not shown) in the Firing Line Panama Canal debate.

This has happened to us before. In 1968, for instance, in the cliffhanger between Nixon and Humphrey, we had thoughtfully provided our printers with ten different streamers to slap in Wednesday morning (the covers are printed Wednesday afternoons) to wit: 1) The Nixon Victory; 2) The Nixon Landslide; 3) Wallace as Mr. Big; 4) The Election That Solved Nothing; 5) Nixon: A Conservative Victory? 6) Why Nixon Almost Lost; 7) The Real Winner: Wallace; 8) The Power of George Wallace; 9) How Harry [sic] Humphrey Did It; 10) Should the Winner Lose? (Which did we use? See Nov. 19, 1968.)

Some welcome-homes and two good-byes. In 1977, Stan Evans returned to *NR* in force. He initiated two columns for us: "Dark Horses," which runs every issue, about books and pamphlets of importance to the conservative community that are not widely reviewed, and a column that appears every other issue, "The Lawmakers," about efforts in Congress to enact conservative legislation. He covers both beats superbly. Neal B. Freeman had worked for *NR* for a season or two back when Bill Buckley was running for mayor of New York. In 1979 he rejoined *NR* as Washington editor. Neal's column, "The Current Wisdom," is—in our opinion—unique.

The sadness is that the Master of

Piety Hill, after a quarter-century of belaboring Behemoth U., Dr. John Hannah, the noted chickenologist, and various and sundry other educationist villains, has notified us that he will be discontinuing "From the Academy" at the end of the year. Russell Kirk will, however, be appearing with greater frequency in the Books, Arts, & Manners and Articles sections. (At the next Agony it will be proposed that Kirk become *NATIONAL REVIEW*'s new television reviewer.)

Our second good-bye, at the end of 1979, was to the *National Review Bulletin*. It was born 22 years ago when finances forced the fledgling *NR* to go from a weekly to a fortnightly. So certain were we at the time that our (then 19,080) readers couldn't survive a week without word from Mount Olympus that we instituted the eight-page *Bulletin* on alternate weeks. A loyal 25 per cent of our readers subscribed, paying an additional \$7 a year for the privilege of once again receiving *NR* weekly, lulled by McFadden's selling slogan: "We know you're getting less, but remember, it's costing you more!" What doomed the *Bulletin* was something no one at *NR* could do anything about: the U.S. Postal Service. Its handling of the *Bulletin* was so dilatory—so positively refractory—that in the last year or so it often limped in two or three

days after the magazine that had gone to press seven days later. It was a case of the Post Office standing athwart us, yelling Stop!



Rick has just called—apologetically. He is coordinating the big Twenty-Fifth Anniversary issue, and the Managing Editor's piece is embarrassingly late. Priscilla has noticed Anna lurking in the halls, looking gloomy. Anna's got a couple of hours carved out and would like to dummy the article, but she can't until she has the whole thing. Wilde was given the first pages an hour ago. He's being unusually cooperative—probably anxious to see what PLB has said about him—and is galloping along at a brisk clip with Mike Watkins in hot pursuit. At this rate he'll reach page 15, the last they have, in a quarter-hour. Jeanne Sobran and her copy readers stand ready, pencils poised.

You mean, says an exasperated Priscilla, that I don't have time to explain why one particular issue was hand-delivered to Ernest van den Haag with a sinister Fu Manchu moustache airbrushed on his photograph in the Table of Contents page? No, says Rick, and Linda, and Anna, and Jeanne, and even lovely Kevin. NO.

Stick around. We'll include that one in our Thirtieth. □

The

FOUNDING EDITORS

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

In undertaking to write a few words on the principal figures during the early years of NATIONAL REVIEW, all of them senior editors, I must warn that what I write is highly subjective, and that these little sketches are not to be understood to presume to serve as résumés, however truncated, of the careers of those I write about, namely William Schlamm, Willmoore Kendall, Frank Meyer, Whittaker Chambers, James Burnham, and Priscilla Buckley.

Willi Schlamm

WILLI SCHLAMM became conspicuous to those of us who dissented, and hungered for style and flavor. We became aware of him when he began to contribute regularly to *The Freeman*, then edited by Henry Hazlitt, Forrest Davis, John Chamberlain, and Suzanne La Follette.

Willi had come back to life, after the most implausible retirement in professional history, at age fifty, following a decade with *Time* magazine. There he had had a relationship with Harry Luce so complicated, historians seem never to want fully to plumb it. He left *Time* after losing a major bout of office politics; bought a house in Vermont with his wife Steffi, more or less expecting that it would evolve into a Northeastern Aspen, a watering hole for wanderers in search of holy water, and perhaps even liturgical emancipation from the current orthodoxy. His single commission, on leaving *Time*, was to write a more or less official biography of Clare Boothe Luce, who had gone off to Rome as ambassador. This commission, after the one year Willi devoted to research but before he had begun writing, was terminated, Harry Luce having decided that a penetrating biography, published at a time when diplomatic priorities should for conventional reasons prevail, would be inappropriate. Willi needed work, and began to write a culture column for *The Freeman*, and occasional political pieces.

His style was exuberant, colorful, witty, and iconoclastic; and he attracted a considerable following. When *The Freeman* suffered its civil war, the mass resignations included Willi's; and he went back to rustication in Vermont, undertaking here and there an occasional editorial chore, which included a commission by Henry Regnery to go over, shorten, and write an introduction to the manuscript Brent Bozell and I had written on the controversy surrounding the public career of Senator Joseph McCarthy. (The book appeared in 1954, *McCarthy and His Enemies*.)

The collaboration on the McCarthy book brought me several times to Vermont, and Willi to Stamford, where I live. A correspondence began. It was Willi's notion that I should launch a weekly conservative journal of opinion, by which he meant nothing less than that I should raise the capital for it, own the voting stock, and serve as editor-in-chief. These suggestions issued not out of any recognition of precocious talents (I was 28), but out of a conviction that my youth would prove precisely the catalytic agent; and I think Willi was correct in this. I doubt that, if I had been twenty years older, I'd have succeeded in engaging the attention, let alone collaboration, of the starting team at NATIONAL REVIEW, whom, with the exception of Willmoore Kendall, I didn't know well, certainly not intimately.

When the magazine was finally launched, it became clear



that Willi's personality would become a major factor. Having, however briefly, served as *éminence grise* to Harry Luce, he would not gladly serve in any lesser capacity to a new boy in journalism whom he had, after all, established. Our relations, at a personal level, were affectionate, but very soon it became plain that his analytical style was incompatible with that of James Burnham. Willi would have led the charge of the Light Brigade. Jim would calmly have organized the slaughter. The tension mounted, and Jim, in a brief memo whose reticence and self-effacement wonderfully contrasted with a strategic intelligence robust, daring, and self-assured, suggested that, in deference to Willi, he—Jim—pull out of the magazine; promising to make no theater whatever of it all.

But Willi's usefulness to the enterprise had, in fact, declined. After three months, he stopped, in tacit protest over my editing of them, writing editorials. Willi's mastery of English was phenomenal; but his pitch was not absolute. So he stopped writing editorials, and took over the editing of the book section from Willmoore Kendall, who had found it administratively burdensome; but the work he then put in on the book section was perfunctory, and his attention to it distracted. At one editors' meeting that lasted most of one day, at my home in Stamford (the high point of it, in my memory, was Willmoore Kendall's declaiming that he had no objection whatever to the proposed reforms provided that we would agree henceforward to denominate NATIONAL REVIEW on the cover as "A Journal of Jacobinical Thought"), it was amicably resolved that Frank Meyer would take over the book section, which he insisted he could easily administer from his eyrie in Woodstock, New York. Willi was now reduced to writing a weekly culture piece; in short order, a fortnightly piece, because indigence forced us to go from weekly to fortnightly publication.

At this point, unhappily, personal relations deteriorated. When Bill Rusher signed on as publisher, it seemed to me obvious that he would need to occupy the only other habitable office than my own (which was barely that)—the rest were cubicles. Willi was at that point coming in to the magazine only a few hours a week. As tactfully as I thought it possible to do, I explained the circumstances to Willi by letter, and got back from him, postmarked in Vermont, his resignation.

Five years later, I had a note from him; and there followed a rapprochement of sorts. During the Sixties he wrote a half-dozen pieces for us. Meanwhile, back in Europe, he had become a considerable success as a highbrow anti-Communist rabble-rouser, the center of much attention; and, as noted elsewhere in this issue, he died in almost ideal professional circumstances—as publisher, editor, and principal contributor to his own journal. He died in the course of an exercise in office politics, which always stimulated him. It was an irony that Willi—at his best—would have laughed over: shortly before his death, an attempt was made to take his journal from him. Willi's trademark was exuberance and passion. These are traits almost always tempered in maturity; but if ever I feel the need to repristinate my fires, I have only to go back and read a column or two by Willi Schlamm from the Fifties. ("*Scientists are people who first build and then buy the Brooklyn Bridge.*") The kind of thing that brings down the walls of Jericho.

Kendall



Willmoore Kendall

WILLMOORE KENDALL was hired by Yale University right after the war, on the dreadfully mistaken presumption that he was a manageable liberal. He proved to be not only something other than a liberal (he actually defended Joe McCarthy) but also a most unmanageable human being. This institutional judgment of him by so many of his colleagues (Dwight Macdonald once characterized Willmoore as "a wild Yale don who can bring an argument into the shouting stage faster than any man in town") surprised the undergraduates who had experienced him, because, with them, there was always that air of elegant civility that disarmed even the most hostile ideological adversaries in the classroom. I studied under him, and assert that no graduate of his courses would impute to him brutality of manner, or pedagogical sleight-of-hand. I came to know him most fearfully well. It is probable that during the decade of the Fifties I received one thousand letters from him (he loved to write letters, among other reasons because they served as anodyne for his delinquencies in getting on with the formal academic work). His dialectical brilliance was undisputed; but although he wrote a dozen memorable scholarly pieces (most of them gathered together in two volumes), his doctoral thesis on *John Locke*

and the *Doctrine of Majority Rule* remains the only book he wrote, start-to-finish, as a book.

He took great pleasure in the column he formulated for us called "The Liberal Line." I have seen provocative prose in my life, but there are liberals who went off to Skid Row to die from vexation and fury after reading some of Willmoore's columns, the operative thesis of which was that *somebody* (he would *never* reveal the identity) was telling the editors of the *New York Times*, the department heads at Yale, and most men of influence and power *what to think!* He wrote columns about individual actors in the theater of liberalism ("This week the *Christian Science Monitor*, the *Liberal Establishment's soft-throated daily . . .*"), and about some of liberalism's pet institutions ("Last week at *Arden House*, which by the way why doesn't somebody burn it down? . . ."). When Yale's provost complained to Willmoore that he was spending too much time at NATIONAL REVIEW, Willmoore answered that he spent somewhat less time on NATIONAL REVIEW than in playing chess, his other relaxation, and would the provost kindly mind his own business.

In 1961 Willmoore and Yale got rid of each other ("Every time I ask Yale for a leave of absence, I find it insultingly cooperative," he had written to me). The cost to Yale, \$45,000; the cost to Willmoore, a tenure contract—and off he went to teach at Stanford, as a visiting professor.

There he antagonized his regular ration of people, plus a few others, testimony to his accumulating skills; and so, after two years, went joyfully off to UCLA. I had a happy evening with him there in 1963, returning a day or two later

to New York where at one of our periodic editors' meetings it was suggested that if Willmoore was really going to have to cut down on his work for NR as drastically as he had done for two years, he should be re-situated on our masthead as a "Contributor" rather than as a "Senior Editor"—a proposal I routinely sent off to Willmoore as reasonable. He replied with a sundering blast; followed by a silence he maintained right up until his death (heart) in 1967, at which point he had been happily installed for several years at the University of Dallas. The single exception was a telegram from him in 1964 asking me "GODSON TO GODFATHER" (I was his sponsor when he joined the Catholic Church, shortly after I graduated from Yale) to pray for him on the day, now announced, when the annulment of his two previous marriages would be forthcoming, legalizing sacramentally his marriage to Nellie, who is very much with us.

The scholars will be reading Willmoore's fragmentary writings for a long time. Historian George Nash thinks him the most important political theorist of the postwar period. His contribution to NR was a relentlessly rigorous textual analysis (the kind of thing the Eisenhower crowd simply could not survive); a dazzling and eclectic prose style, one part Edmund Spenser, one part Will Rogers. And, of course, the unforgettable person. I think I wrote about him once that Willmoore made it a practice never to be on speaking terms with more than one friend at a time; I was sorry for my long exile.

Frank Meyer

WHEN FRANK MEYER first approached us, he was writing book reviews as a regular feature for the *American Mercury*. He was eager to be involved in our enterprise, and to press his notion about the overarching compatibility between libertarianism and traditional conservatism. But the book section was spoken for, so he began with a philosophical column ("Principles and Heresies") once a month, a hermeneutic exercise he continued until his death in 1972.

A few months earlier, Frank had written, for *The Freeman*, a derogatory review of Russell Kirk's book on academic freedom; and I think that about one-half of such diplomatic talents as I dispose of were regularly exhausted in editing a magazine that regularly published both Frank Meyer and Russell Kirk. Russell I considered indispensable to the health and prestige of NATIONAL REVIEW, and his name is indissolubly linked to the journal; but, living in Michigan, he was never a part of our administrative apparatus. The book section, which began under Willmoore, went on to Willi, soon ended in the hands of Frank—at which point he became a Senior Editor, it being the rule at NR that a Senior Editor has to perform administrative work for the magazine (the point Willmoore blandly failed to recognize). The natural geographical reclusiveness of both Frank Meyer and Russell Kirk made unlikely any social contact between them, so that both men could exercise their lively minds cheek by jowl between our covers without, so to speak, bumping into each other.

Frank's personal and professional habits became legend-



ary. He would rise sometime in mid-afternoon, and begin his working day, most of it over the telephone. His network included, without limitation of race, creed, or previous condition of servitude, a spectrum beginning (roughly) with British Marxist philosophers, and stretching over to teen-aged Goldwaterite scholarship applicants; and when he died at Woodstock, two days after joining the Catholic Church (I was with him during his last days, when, at one point, his wife Elsie and I convened in the bathroom, to weep together; and I heard him complain, in his physical agony, that the only remaining intellectual obstacle to his conversion was the collectivist implications lurking in the formulation, "the communion of the saints" in the Christian credo), there cannot have been, anywhere else, a more disparate group of mourners. The very young, the very old, and in between; politicians, journalists, poets. All of us—over many months—had felt the coming of the night; because while Frank was alive, nightfall never, ultimately, came; because he was always there, eager to answer the telephone, and to talk about matters light or heavy, and although he regularly accentuated the negative he knew that the gates of Hell—a collective enterprise—had, finally, to fail.

His distinctive editorial contribution to the magazine came from his eclectic contacts; and, philosophically, his was the massive insistence on the point that that which bound together the Founding Fathers had its roots in a vision of man burdened by his flawed self, and movable primarily by appeals to his conscience, and to the derivative civil sense of obligation—if necessary, to die for his country. He had another distinctive contribution to make, and that was to communicate the totality of the Communist appetite. Having himself attained relatively high standing in the Communist Party, he knew from personal experience what it is that the Party expects of its followers: nothing less than what St. Ignatius Loyola expected of his. And the two visions were, of course, *ab initio* at war with each other.

In the memory of NATIONAL REVIEW's staff, Frank cannot be recalled without recalling the memory of the lovely Elsie, whose grief at Frank's loss proved, finally, unbearable.

Whittaker Chambers

THE COURTSHIP of Whittaker Chambers was intense. From the beginning when Willi and I drove to Westminster to recruit him, he was amiably, but not conclusively, disposed. He had a distaste for amateurism. Meditating, as I am required by circumstances to do on those early letters, and on two or three conversations in New York, I think I discern that the salient objection to formal affiliation with NATIONAL REVIEW traced to a presumptive skepticism as to whether American conservatives could mount a successful journal of coherence, style, and grace. He believed in solidity. "I am an orgbureau man," he once told me, explaining why he would always vote the straight Republican ticket. He believed that NATIONAL REVIEW should think in terms of acquiring a half-million subscribers. I think he was right; and the distress of America, if one wishes to quantify it, is not more accurately measured than by the discrepancy be-



tween the size of the country, and the subscription list of NATIONAL REVIEW.

But when we had achieved only one-quarter our present circulation, suddenly Whittaker wrote to me (it was in the spring of 1957)—to say that he "wanted in." More. That he wanted in *in every way*: he wished to come to New York; to attend the editorial lunches, meetings; to write for the editorial section; to do feature articles and book reviews . . .

No one who survived the season doubts the sincerity of his intentions, and in his case, for a little while, both the spirit and the flesh were strong: he was unsparing in the demands he made of himself. His primeval suffering derived from the conviction that Western civilization is fated to lose the great struggle; and therefore that the best we could do, as he once put it in a paragraph so frequently quoted, was to snatch the fingernail of a saint from the rack to prove that someone, somewhere, sometime, cared. He set standards for himself that not even he could match.

His physical presence at NATIONAL REVIEW was brief. He came to us every other Tuesday, returning late Wednesday to Maryland. And he came, as it happened, for less than one year; his sickness overwhelmed him, and the doctor counseled against further trips. But for as long as he lived, when he wrote, he wrote for us. It is I think a symbol of the continuity of this journal that Whittaker, who if he were living would be the oldest, at eighty, of the founding editors, occupied the same little office now occupied by the youngest Senior Editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, Richard Brookhiser,

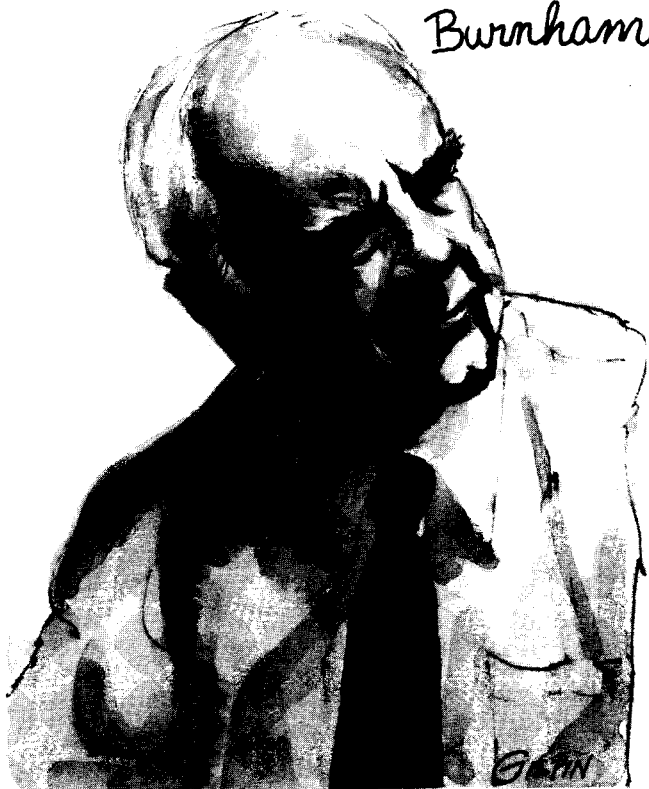
who is 25. In that little office, in great clouds of smoke, a man sat who, when the great clouds finally separate, will I think be recognized primarily as a poet. Even now, as those of us who knew him well will agree, one thinks back on him either to smile, or to weep. No man I ever knew spent more time laughing, or grieved more movingly for the predicament of the West.

James Burnham

JAMES BURNHAM withdrew from active participation in the affairs of NATIONAL REVIEW only a year ago, after suffering a stroke. Beyond any question, he has been the dominant intellectual influence in the development of this journal. He brought to it widely advertised qualities as a scholar, strategist, and veteran of the cold war. He had been a practicing philosopher, and editor; and author of seminal works on the nature of the current crisis.

Other qualities he brought to the magazine are almost certainly the primary reason for its survival. He had, to begin with, a (totally self-effacing) sense of corporate identification with it. He devoted, over a period of 23 years, more time and thought, to more problems, major and minor, than would seem possible for an editor resident in Kent, Connecticut, who came to New York only two days a week.

But every aspect of the magazine interested him. Its typography—just for instance. He cared always for what he would only call “tone.” He believed in “sentiment” but not in “sentimentality.” At the regular editorial meetings, which by tradition began by listening to his recommended list of issues about which we should write that week, his comments



were always made calmly, with the kind of analytical poise that is the trademark of the professional philosopher. Notwithstanding the gentleness of his manner, he brought great passion to his work: not ungovernable passion, because Jim doesn't believe that passion should be ungovernable. But his commentary, during such crises as are merely suggested by mentioning Budapest, Suez, Berlin, the Bay of Pigs, Vietnam, was sustained by the workings of a great mind and the movement of a great heart.

Although he once told me that twenty years of teaching was enough—he was twenty years professor of philosophy at New York University before going to Washington to serve as a policy consultant—his natural instincts were always pedagogical. Probably fifty writers have in the past 25 years had editorial experience in the offices of NATIONAL REVIEW. I don't think any of my colleagues would question that the figure for whom they had the greatest respect, to whom they felt the greatest sense of gratitude, was Jim Burnham, who was never too busy to give reasons for thinking as he did, or too harassed to interrupt his own work to help others with theirs. His generosity was egregiously exploited by one person, whose only excuse, now, is that at least he documented his gratitude by penning these words.

Priscilla Buckley

PRICILLA WILL NOT see these words until they are printed, because her juniors have conspired with me to accomplish something very nearly inconceivable, namely to insert into the magazine copy not first reviewed by the managing editor.

Priscilla, who attended Smith College with Nancy Davis Reagan, went directly to journalism, with the radio division of the United Press. She worked the graveyard shift (mid-

night to eight) six days a week for \$22.50 per week. That was the bad news, the good news being that every six months she received a fifty-cent-per-week raise. She was directed to cover sports, and so, at age 22, she saw her first professional baseball, basketball, football, and ice hockey games, rushing to the typewriter to report the results of the quotidian melodramas to a panting world.

In due course she was in Paris, the first woman to be put in charge of an entire editorial shift. Among her headaches was interviewing Princess Soraya after the Shah bounced her for not managing to produce a son; covering the death of Marshal Pétain; and tracking the war in Indochina. In one of her stories, she gave to the ministering

lady during the great siege, the title "The Angel of Dienbienphu"—which stuck. That was a pity, because the lady, when back in France, proved most unangelic. Priscilla quit after three years, to be with her mother during her father's illness, but dropped by *NR*'s office a few weeks after we began, just to help out for a month. A couple of years later she was the managing editor.

She does everything. For the magazine, for its editors and staff, for her friends. She writes "For the Record," and many editorials, including *all* the editorials on French sports. Without her, life at *NR* is, well, unimaginable. On top of everything else, at *NR* we don't have to worry when the lights go out, because Priscilla is smiling. □

William F. Buckley Jr.

and THE *Zeitgeist*

(A 25th Anniversary *Fun*versation)

WFB: Welcome to the party, Zeit.

I trust you had a smooth flight
From Liberal Land.

ZG: Bumpy. The turbulence was total and
The price of the ticket prohibitive.

WFB: Your misery was derivative
Of a certain Folly which now has been brought to bear.
I'm sure you're none the worse for wear.

ZG: (*Petulantly.*) I had my dream world all beautifully arranged,
Then suddenly everything changed.

WFB: I'm sympathetic, really I am:
When the juices are running, the dam
Is always felt as a curse—forgive the pun.

ZG: (*Smiling.*) It occurs to me that I could have a lot more fun
As a conservative sprite,
Standing athwart history, yelling "Right!"

WFB: What we shrieked 25 years ago was Stop.

ZG: And now the drop
To doom has been arrested, yes?

WFB: My best guess
Is that the Apocalypse
Is in eclipse—

Subject, of course, to the sanctions of Nemesis.

ZG: Yeah, we ethereal beings do have our sticky premises.
Speaking of which I like yours very much.

WFB: You mean virtue, freedom, morality, and such?

ZG: Heck, no. I mean the Plaza.

Your shindig sure has a
Passel of snazzy folk.

Hey, wanna hear a good Carter Joke?

—JOHANNES EFF

LibertyPress LibertyClassics

Economics and The Public Welfare

Financial and Economic History of the United States, 1914-1946

By Benjamin M. Anderson

A careful critique of government money-management and economic planning over a third of a century, beginning before World War I and ending with the Bretton Woods Agreement. Dr. Anderson with experience as both a professor of economics and a bank economist presents a unique view of a crucial period of American financial and economic history. Hardcover \$10.00, Paperback \$4.50

The Counter-Revolution of Science *Studies on the Abuse of Reason*

By F. A. Hayek

Nobel Laureate F. A. Hayek explains the errors of *scientism*—the misapplication of the methods of physical science to social phenomena—and shows how this intellectual mistake leads to the tyranny of social engineering and the totalitarian state. Professor Hayek traces the origins of scientism to the works of Saint-Simon and Auguste Comte. Hardcover \$9.00, Paperback \$4.00

Fugitive Essays *Selected Writings of Frank Chodorov*

Edited and with an Introduction

by Charles H. Hamilton

Frank Chodorov played an important role in the re-awakening of American conservatism after World War II. These essays contain his thoughts on a variety of subjects which are still of immediate interest. His overriding concern with individual liberty is evident throughout. Hardcover \$9.00, Paperback \$4.00

The Keynesian Episode

By W. H. Hutt

A fresh masterpiece of economic history and analysis, by one of the leading critics of Keynesianism. Hutt looks back to tell us why Lord Keynes' economic doctrines had such great appeal—with such disastrous results—and looks ahead to tell us how to restore a sound economy. Hardcover \$10.00, Paperback \$4.50

What Should Economists Do?

By James M. Buchanan

A collection of Buchanan's important essays on method, many of them previously unpublished. James M. Buchanan is University Distinguished Professor and General Director of the Center for Study of Public Choice, Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University. As a founder of the subdiscipline of public choice and of a modern school of public finance, his work has had worldwide recognition. Hardcover \$8.00, Paperback \$3.50

We pay postage, but require prepayment, on orders from individuals. Please allow four to six weeks for delivery. To order these books, or for a copy of our catalog, write:

LibertyPress/LibertyClassics
7440 North Shadeland
Indianapolis, Indiana 46250

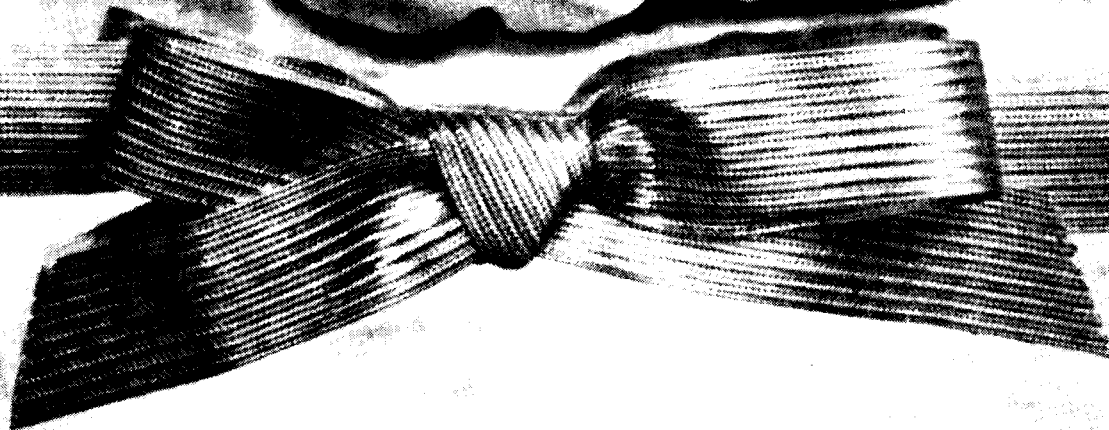
PROGRAM

DECEMBER 5, 1980

NATIONAL REVIEW

25th

1955/1980



**TO CELEBRATE (REMARK)* (DEPLORE)* THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY
OF NATIONAL REVIEW ♦ FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1980 ♦ GRAND BALLROOM
PLAZA HOTEL NEW YORK CITY ♦ HOSTS: BARRY M. GOLDWATER ♦ CLARE
BOOTH LUCE ♦ ROGER MILLIKEN** (*our guests are an eclectic lot)

Invocation by Monsignor Eugene V. Clark

Lord, you are indeed the Alpha and Omega of our accomplishments. We pause now to express our gratitude for the grace by which you have sustained us.

Thank you, Lord, for all of it. For the ideals and people of NATIONAL REVIEW, for intelligence and good humor, for love of truth, and love of friends, for hard decisions and problems resolved, for gentility and unfailing civility, for companionship in unpopularity now and again, and for true liberality of mind.

Thank you for all of that.

Lord, tonight answer a special prayer by rewarding for us those whom we owe so much for the gift of their minds and friendship. Protect them, surround them with your love, and grant them a happiness that only you can give.

And bless this evening of satisfaction, which we share, always, in your name. Amen.

Master of Ceremonies M. Stanton Evans Excerpts

... The election was a "thundering mandate for racism, voodoo economics, and thermonuclear holocaust." ...

... The voting results in the Senate vindicate Jefferson's timeless axiom, "That government is best which McGoverns least." ...

... NR's staffers hope Bill Buckley will be made Pope "because then we'd only have to kiss his ring." ...

... There will be a debate on *Firing Line* between Buckley and Gore Vidal on the proposition: "This nation cannot survive as long as the income of 50 per cent of the population is below the median. Mr. Vidal will take the affirmative." ...

"It's 11 o'clock. Do you know where your congressman is?"

For the Hosts Clare Boothe Luce

There are only two classes of human beings: the ordinary and the extraordinary, the common and the uncommon.

By definition, the common man is always in the majority. In Biblical accounts this majority was called "the multitudes"; in ancient Rome "the plebs." In our grandparents' time it was called "the populace." But today's word for the world's overwhelming majority of human beings is "the masses."

The uncommon individuals have always been (also by definition) in the minority in every place in every age. Nevertheless, all mankind's history books are essentially biographies of the relatively few extraordinary men and women who have shaped the minds and hearts, and guided the fortunes and fates, of the masses. We call these

shapers and makers of history geniuses, creators, inventors, discoverers, reformers, and leaders.

The essential difference between them and the common man is that they lay upon themselves disciplines, tasks, obligations that no one else lays upon them, and the demands they make on themselves are excellence of performance that no law and no mores require of them.

The editor of NATIONAL REVIEW is surely a rare and extraordinary human being who has demanded of himself, as a professional, that consistent excellence of performance that characterizes the aristocrat in every profession. Buckley has also wisely understood that good writing and clear thinking are virtually inseparable.

Three hundred years ago John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham and Normanby, wrote a couplet that could well have decorated the masthead of NATIONAL REVIEW during the past quarter of a century:

An Announcement

Early on in these happy proceedings I want to report our disappointment that Governor Reagan won't be with us after all. We had expected him; we are proud of him and grateful to him, for the leadership he has given the conservative political movement in America, and for his long-standing explicit support of NATIONAL REVIEW. Before he even ran for governor of California, he was signing letters urging the uninformed to subscribe to NATIONAL REVIEW. As recently as early this year, he publicly designated NATIONAL REVIEW—in a promotional advertisement sponsored by the Leadership Network—as his favorite magazine. In doing so—posing beside a facsimile of NATIONAL REVIEW, cheek by jowl with Professor Galbraith, John Chancellor, Henry Kissinger, and other magnetic fields, who posed on behalf of their own favorite journals—Ronald Reagan gave the editors, staff, writers, and readers of NATIONAL REVIEW that exhilarating sense that they were engaged in an enterprise not entirely Platonic in its ambitions. (Three guesses who wrote that sentence.)

When Ronald Reagan called Bill early in the week to advise him that through an awful bureaucratic error his schedulers had tied him down three thousand miles away from this celebration, the President-elect volunteered to transmit his salutations and congratulations to us by satellite, TV, radio, telephone, telegram, or smoke signals, whatever. We are most grateful to him for his concern; we understand his having got caught up in a clerical confusion—which one of us is in a position to cast the first stone?—and we are grateful for his willingness to participate in these proceedings in absentia. But, after consultations between the sponsors of this evening, and the honored guests, the decision—the theatrical rationale of which could hardly be misunderstood by Ronald Reagan—was that tonight would be an all-live show. So: we salute Governor Reagan, reiterate our disappointment at his absence, five years after, at our Twentieth Anniversary celebration (see below), he spoke so generously about the role NATIONAL REVIEW has played in his own political education—and move on to the animated schedule we have in store for you. ...

—From toastmaster Evans's greetings

*Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.*

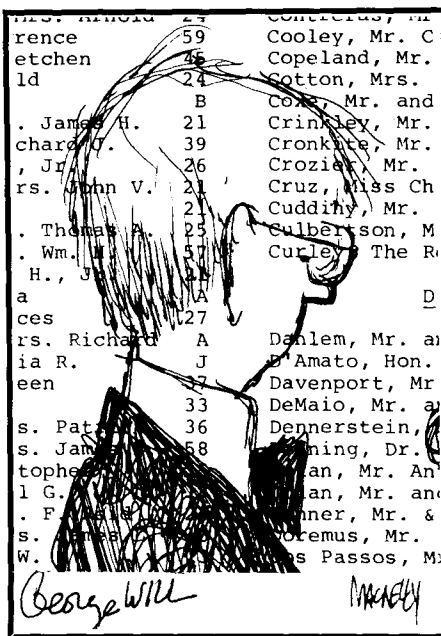
And how uniform the standard! One thinks back to the quality of the prose of Whittaker Chambers. Or John Chamberlain, and the great and wise James Burnham, the incomparable Hugh Kenner. Of Jeffrey Hart, and Bill Rickenbacker, of the inimitable Keith Mano, the brilliant John Simon, the all-knowing Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, Joseph Sobran, Richard Brookhiser, James Jackson Kilpatrick, Stan Evans, Ernest van den Haag, Francis Russell. The list is very long, but it would be incomplete without the droll Bill von Dreele. Yet these writers and so many others, for all that their specialties, stylistic and scholarly, are individual, have in common the ability to handle the language with the devotion which the English tongue so richly merits.

Tonight, then, we join Bill and his elite group of writers in celebrating NATIONAL REVIEW's Twenty-Fifth Anniversary. Although NATIONAL REVIEW has never enjoyed much more than 125,000 circulation, the fine writing and clear thinking of its many distinguished contributors have now decisively entered the contemporary thought stream and are in the process of changing the course of American politics. □

For Senator Barry Goldwater George F. Will

In your program it says that at this point you're to be addressed by the senior senator from Arizona, the man who bore into electoral politics the banner bearing the words he took, I believe, from General Douglas MacArthur, "There is no substitute for victory." I am acutely aware that there is no substitute for Barry. I will, however, say a few words about Barry Goldwater and about the magazine the fate of which has been entwined with his and with the conservative movement.

I cast my first vote for President at Princeton University as a graduate student, in 1964, for Barry Goldwater. That was the year in which the Princeton faculty voted, my research tells me today, 93 per cent for Johnson, 4 per cent for Goldwater, and 3 undecided.



Thus giving fresh meaning to the generic Ivy League ballad, "Don't send my son to Princeton, the dying mother said."

It took approximately 16 years to count the votes in the 1964 election, but finally they all came in, and Goldwater won. He won in two senses. He won in the sense that he sealed, with his triumph in capturing the nomination, the civil war that had simmered and occasionally raged within the Republican Party since the split of 1912 between William Howard Taft and Teddy Roosevelt. After Goldwater's nomination, the Republican Party was a conservative party. Second, he won in the sense that, cleverly taking down to defeat a number of Republicans with him, he broke

the modern liberal agenda. And by 1980 the American people turned round with regard to the liberal agenda and those who advocated it, and paraphrased Dr. Johnson's remark about a manuscript that was sent to him. Dr. Johnson said, "Your manuscript is both good and original. But the part that is good is not original, and the part that is original is not good."

What happened in 1980, I believe, is that American conservatism came of age. In 1964 Barry Goldwater made the Republican Party a vessel of conservatism, and, starting before that and particularly after that, NATIONAL REVIEW magazine has filled that vessel with an intellectually defensible modern conservatism. Now, the principal architect of this achievement of course is William F. Buckley, the Pope of the conservative movement, operating out of a little Vatican on 35th Street. I have in mind with Bill a particular Pope: Urban IV, who, when he entered the room, chose to be addressed by his aides, "*Deus es, Deus es,*" which means roughly, "Thou art God, Thou art God." Urban IV said, "It's a trifle strong, but really very pleasant."

But all great Biblical stories begin with Genesis. And before there was Ronald Reagan there was Barry Goldwater, and before there was Barry Goldwater there was NATIONAL REVIEW, and before there was NATIONAL REVIEW there was Bill Buckley with a spark in his mind, and the spark in 1980 has become a conflagration.

Those of us who are privileged to have worked at NATIONAL REVIEW, and have graduated from that exacting

IT IS MOST APPROPRIATE AND SIGNIFICANT THAT NATIONAL REVIEW CELEBRATE ITS 25TH ANNIVERSARY IN THE REAGAN LANDSLIDE YEAR. YOU HAVE MY BEST WISHES AS YOU CONTINUE TO BE THE VOICE OF RESPONSIBLE CONSERVATIVES IN AMERICA.

RICHARD NIXON

what had existed in the Congress since 1938, which was a basically conservative legislating majority. For two years thereafter, the Democratic Party was cursed with the principal curse in politics, which is too much opportunity. And they enacted what was to be called, first with high hopes, and then with the taste of ashes, the "Great Society." And there began, I believe, the undoing of

school, know that Bill will be known to history as Priscilla Buckley's brother. For some reason I am in complete thrall to female writers. My favorite novelist is George Eliot; the greatest journalist of the century (*all* present company excepted, of course) is Rebecca West; my favorite columnist (*all* present company excepted) is my colleague at *Newsweek*, Meg Greenfield; and I will never have a

better or more fair editor than I had in Priscilla Buckley.

Priscilla, aided by Bill, has made NATIONAL REVIEW an instrument of making the Republican Party—for the first time since 1912, when Woodrow Wilson eclipsed Teddy Roosevelt as the animating force of our politics—the principal party of ideas in the United States. And what the Republican Party's success indicates, and no doubt in some future event the resurgence of another party will indicate, is that history is still the history of mind. It is the history of ideas. We have been plied and belabored for more than a century by bad nineteenth century ideas, deriving from, or attributed to, Darwin or Marx or Freud, all of which purport to show that we are passive instruments of vast impersonal forces. It seems to me that what NATIONAL REVIEW shows is the power of the little platoon, the power of the individual mind, in a century otherwise dominated by large forces. Now, in a way it's against the conservative inclination to devote as much time to politics as conservatives have had to do in this century. John Adams, the great conservative of the American Revolution, said, "I study war so that my children can study politics, so that their children can study poetry." A civilized hierarchy of values: expressed, perhaps, with more concision by Oscar Wilde, who said, "The trouble with socialism is, it takes too many evenings."

And so I do believe that NATIONAL REVIEW's stupendous success is a peculiarly American story. As Yogi Berra said when told that a Jewish gentleman

assertion that, evidence to the contrary notwithstanding, the trajectory of American history has not passed its apogee.

I think his spirit is the spirit of the first Republican President, who, on the eve of going to Washington to take power, gave an address in which he told the story of the Oriental despot who assigned to his wise men the task of finding a sentence to be carved in stone, to be ever on view, and always true. His wise men came back with the sentence: "This too shall pass away." "And yet," Lincoln said—"And yet, if we attend to the cultivation of the physical world around us, and the moral and intellectual world within us, perhaps we shall endure."

NATIONAL REVIEW has endured for 25 years and will for 25 more. And that is one reason why the United States shall endure and prosper. Thank you very much. □

For National Review

William A. Rusher

We have come, both in this little magazine and in the life of our country, to a great watershed. As Winston Churchill said of another historic moment, "This is not the end. It is not even the beginning of the end. It is, perhaps, the end of the beginning."

But enough about the past. For I solicited and obtained the privilege of talking to you this evening about the future. That, of course, assumes that there is going to be a future for NATIONAL REVIEW and similar small journals of opinion in

so many able young people ready to do it. [Here Mr. Rusher paid compliments to the staff and to the editors. See PLB, "Among Ourselves," p. 1623.] . . .

So there is plenty to celebrate tonight. For our part—and here I speak for all those of us who actually work day by day on the magazine to all of you who have supported it across these 25 years—let me say at once: NATIONAL REVIEW could not possibly have survived, or accomplished any part of its mission, without you. □

For National Review

Jeffrey Hart

I have, in a way, an astonishing assignment to perform here tonight. The mimeographed instructions that were sent for this occasion had this item: that if President-elect Ronald Reagan showed up, he would speak for ten minutes; if he didn't, I would speak for five. Any number of interpretations could be put on that instruction.

In the year 1937, if my memory of the date serves me well, Clifford Odets wrote a play called *Waiting for Lefty*. He meant the Communist Party. Today, all of Washington is waiting for Righty. Previous speakers have alluded to the role that NATIONAL REVIEW, Bill Buckley, and other conservatives have played in helping to create a climate that has made that possible.

My own experience with NATIONAL REVIEW dates back to 1962-63, and I'm curious to remember now that in those days, for an academician, writing for NATIONAL REVIEW was slightly dangerous for your career. That was a part of its charm, as a matter of fact, that this was so. But now I look up to find that NATIONAL REVIEW is sort of a mainstream publication. Most people agree with it. This has certain literary disadvantages. I remember how easy it was to write my newspaper column during the George McGovern presidential campaign. And when McGovern disappeared, it was like losing a favorite target. It is difficult to have worked as a kind of iconoclastic wit and political polemicist and then find that the icon you've been attacking for so long has disappeared—and certainly it has. The *New York Times* as a matter of fact now seems to be the fringe publication. . . .

I'm going to break two rules—not break them very seriously but break

TIME HAS A WAY OF FUGITING. CAN'T BELIEVE WE'VE BEEN ENJOYING YOUR HANDIWORK FORTNIGHTLY FOR A QUARTER OF A CENTURY. HEARTBROKEN WE CAN'T JOIN YOU IN CELEBRATING AT THE GALA ON FRIDAY DECEMBER 5 BUT MUST BE OUT OF TOWN. GOOD WISHES, CONGRATULATIONS, AND AFFECTION TO YOU FROM YOUR FANS,

AUSTINE AND W. R. HEARST

had been elected mayor of Dublin, "Ah, only in America!" But it is not the last 25 years that we should be concerned with, but the next 25 years. It was five years ago in this room that Governor Ronald Reagan of California gave a stirring address, featuring a somber and sobering quotation from the works of Whittaker Chambers, contemplating the perishable nature of Western values. Ronald Reagan's campaign, if it were to be reduced to a single sentence, is the

this country; and I do assume it, though I must warn you that, thanks to skyrocketing postal rates and the general inflationary trend of expenses, the five to ten years directly ahead may well prove the most precarious, in financial terms, that we have yet traversed. It does not, however, seem to me likely that the good Lord, who has nursed this colicky little publication through the past quarter of a century, will desert it now, when there is so much to do and

Why tax capital gains when America needs more capital for new jobs?

The capital gains tax is stifling investment and killing incentive. Never has there been more convincing evidence.

Two years ago, Congress realized that investment incentives were needed to stimulate capital formation and employment. So it reduced the maximum capital gains tax rate from 49% to 28%.

That was a step in the right direction. But it's still not enough:

The Real Rate of Return on a 100% Profit After Capital Gains Taxes*			
	Under Previous 49% Capital Gains Tax	Under Current 28% Capital Gains Tax	Under Proposed 20% Capital Gains Tax
INFLATION RATES			
1) 2.3% (1960s)	3.5%	5.4%	6.1%
2) 7.1% (1970s)	(1.1)	0.7	1.3
3) 18.0% (March, 1980)	(10.3)	(8.6)	(8.0)
4) 10.0% (?)	(3.7)	(2.0)	(1.4)

* Investment held 7.2 years.

Take a close look at line 3 in the chart above. It shows what happens to an investor who doubles his money in 7.2 years (the average holding period for stocks).

As you can see, at an 18% inflation rate, the investor would experience a *real* loss of 8.6% per year under current tax laws.

Now suppose inflation were to drop to 10% (as we all hope it will). Line 4 of the chart shows that our investor would still have a 2% *annual real* loss after taxes.

And even if the maximum capital gains tax rate were reduced to 20%, as has been proposed in Congress, the capital gains tax would still confiscate all the investors' profits, and then some.

Clearly the tax must be eliminated.

Capital gains taxes are especially damaging to the growth of small business and the generation of new jobs. Between 1969 and 1976, over 80% of all new jobs were created by companies with less than 100 employees.

With small businesses accounting for most of America's new jobs, we can't afford a tax that stops investment in small business. And this has happened, as follows:

Equity Capital Raised by Companies Having a Net Worth Under \$5 Million			
	Maximum Capital Gains Tax Rate	Number of Stock Offerings	Funds Raised in Constant 1980 Dollars
			(\$ MILLIONS)
1) 1969	25%	698	\$2,869.5
2) 1975	49%	4	23.2
3) 1977	49%	13	54.8
4) 1979	28%	46	201.1

As you can see, when the capital gains tax was raised from 25% to 49%, there was a staggering decrease in new stock offerings. And, when the tax was lowered in 1979, that trend reversed, and the number of new offerings (and new jobs) began to grow — just as expected.

But the chart also shows that we're still lagging far behind 1969 levels.

It's time for Congress to again act in the interests of all of us. It's time to eliminate the tax that still stands in the way of capital formation, economic growth, and new jobs.

At W.R. Grace & Co., we urge you to write your elected Senators and Representatives and tell them to:

1. Eliminate all taxes on capital gains.
2. Stop the unprecedented government deficit spending which has become a major source of inflation.

An economy that depends on private capital for jobs can't afford to bite the hand that feeds it.

One step ahead of a changing world.

GRACE
chemicals • natural resources • consumer products

W.R. Grace & Co., 1114 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10036

them anyway—what's the use of being a senior editor if you can't break a rule or two? We were told, quite sensibly, that we should not from the podium mention distinguished people who are here tonight—there are just too many. People who write books, novels, poems, and the like, people who govern major cities, people who edit other magazines, people who do astounding things. But I would like to break the rule to welcome and celebrate the presence here tonight of someone who is incontestably one of the great statesmen in the history of this nation, who has written a book which I judge in complete confidence will be read with both literary and intellectual admiration in the year 2080, Henry Kissinger.

Finally, I'm going to break another rule. Clare Boothe Luce has paid her eloquent tribute to Bill Buckley, but I'd like to say a word about him from the point of view of someone who works with him—say, an insider's perspective on him. When you bring together a bunch of intellectuals, people who write political polemics or think about politics a lot, you're going to get a lot of, well, friction and difficult personalities and so on. Bill, over the years, has kept this whole operation going. He has more patience and tolerance for human diversity than anyone I think I have ever met. And I think without Bill and his patience, that the thing would not have



SENATE OFFICE BLDG
WASHINGTON D.C.
DEC. 4, 1980

MY GAME LEG, WHICH KEPT ME IN THE HOSPITAL MOST OF LAST SUMMER AND WHICH HAS NEVER COMPLETELY HEALED, FLARED UP AGAIN ON ME YESTERDAY AND JUST NOW THE DOCTOR TOLD ME THAT I MUST RETURN TO THE HOSPITAL TO BE KEPT OFF MY FEET. THIS MEANS THAT I CANNOT BE WITH YOU WHEN YOU CELEBRATE YOUR 25TH ANNIVERSARY AND I AM TERRIBLY SORRY FOR I WAS REALLY LOOKING FORWARD TO BEING WITH EVERYONE. PLEASE UNDERSTAND MY INABILITY TO BE WITH YOU AND IT SADDENS ME. REMEMBER WHAT I WROTE YOU LAST SPRING WHEN YOU INVITED ME.*

BARRY GOLDWATER

*Win, lose, or draw I'm going to take a vacation after the election. I don't even know where I'm going except to my customary little island out in the Bahamas, then probably back to Haiti, and then to Jamaica.

I'll tell you one thing, I will have my black tie, my old tuxedo with the holes in it, and I will be with you at the Plaza Hotel on the fifth of December.

There is no way that I could overlook the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of such a wonderful contribution to American life as NATIONAL REVIEW.

worked. And finally, Bill has a quality that, to this degree anyway, I've never experienced in anyone else. That is to say, he has a positive genius for improving every occasion, whether it's a lunch, a sail, or whatever. This party tonight I think stands as evidence for it. Bill makes things better than they otherwise might have been. □

An Acknowledgment **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.**

This is a merry occasion, and there are too many people to whom I and my colleagues feel gratitude, to make it safe to name names, though in due course—and you will be happy to know that in due course is very soon, because very soon I shall bid you good night—I shall make a single exception to The Rule. I elect tonight to abjure solemnity. It is barred from the proceedings.

I reiterate Stan Evans's sentiments with respect to our missing guest, the President-elect. We have had a merry correspondence for many years, focused in recent months on the role I would play in his Administration. I wrote to him in May to advise him that I could not accept the anticipated invitation to serve him as Secretary of State, or in any other office. He replied that he was very sorry to hear this, as he had in mind for me ambassador to Afghani-

stan. I replied that I would consider the position if he would provide me with a bodyguard of 15 divisions. That proposal was not resolved.

A few weeks ago I advised him that I had received the periodic form from *Who's Who* asking whether there were any changes I wished to put into my forthcoming entry. I asked the President-elect whether he would acquiesce in my substituting under the designation "Profession: editor and writer," "Profession: ventriloquist." He laughed. But laughed longer than I would have done, and this persuaded me that, as a ventriloquist, I was a failure. But I am not a total failure tonight: because I have been made to feel like an extension of the Equal Opportunity Office. When it transpired that the President-elect could not be with us I received a telegram. "DEAR BILL: SORRY ABOUT THE PRESIDENT-ELECT. COULD I SUBSTITUTE? I'M ABOUT THE SAME AGE, WAS ONCE IN A TRADE UNION, HAVE PAST ADA CONNECTIONS, AND, UNLIKE GOVERNOR REAGAN, I WILL ASSOCIATE WITH PRACTICALLY ANYBODY. ALL THE BEST. JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH." We would welcome Professor Galbraith to our ranks. NATIONAL REVIEW, like the White House, makes way for late vocations.

I note that I said to Miss Carmody of the *New York Times*, rather weightily, that the role of NATIONAL REVIEW in the months ahead would be to attempt

In an exclusive new interview, Dr. FRANZ PICK warns...

"The U.S. Government will issue a new currency within 12 to 24 months."

"It will change 100 old dollars for one new hard dollar."

Dr. Franz Pick is one of the world's most respected authorities on currency matters and precious metals. He studied currency and inflation theories at the University of Hamburg and the Sorbonne in Paris. His degrees include BS, MA, MBA, LL.D., and PhD. He is the Publisher of *Pick World Currency Report* and *Pick's Currency Yearbook*, two internationally respected publications on currencies. He is the author of 6 books on silver and gold.

Now, in an exclusive new interview with the *Silver & Gold Report*, Dr. Pick tells why the dollar and dollar-denominated investments are headed for disaster. Here are excerpts:

On the dollar

"The most serious problem we face today is the debasement of our currency by the government... Between 1940 and 1980, by official government figures, the U.S. dollar lost 81% of its domestic purchasing power... The government will continue to debase the dollar until it is worth about a penny. [Then it will repudiate its debts] by exchanging 100 old dollars for one new dollar. This may happen within 12 to 24 months."

On government bonds

"People always lose their money on bonds... Inflation destroys the principal. Taxes eat the interest... Government bonds are certificates of guaranteed confiscation."

On the future of the economy

"The destiny of the currency is the destiny of the nation... By debasing the currency we have endangered the economic existence of the U.S. We may be the richest nation in the world, but our assets are melting away before our eyes and virtually no one recognizes this fact."

On the outlook for investors

"[Dollar-denominated assets] will be wiped out... A currency reform will be performed with swiftness and brutality. The holders of paper in any form will suffer substantially... I'm afraid the readjustment to

real values will bring much pain and suffering. Many people will be ruined."

"The sins of the U.S. Treasury have not yet been paid for — but they will be."

— Dr. Franz Pick

In this exclusive interview, Dr. Franz Pick tells you what will happen in the final stages of the dollar's collapse. He gives you answers to critically important questions such as:

- Savings and checking accounts: Would they be blocked?
- Certificates of deposit: Would their redemption be delayed — or cancelled altogether?
- Mortgage payments: Would you be forced to renegotiate them?
- Bonds and preferred stocks: Would interest payments be stopped? Is trading likely to be halted?
- Pensions: Would they become totally worthless?
- And annuities too: What would become of them?
- Life insurance policies: What about death benefits? How would they be affected?

"Gold is your best protection."

— Dr. Franz Pick

Dr. Franz Pick is NOT all gloom. Based on his first-hand experience with collapsing currencies, Dr. Pick is convinced that, despite the dollar crisis, you can preserve the value of your assets.

He tells you why he believes gold is the single best holding available anywhere for preserving your assets. He explains why worldwide demand for gold — as both a hedge and an industrial commodity — is rising sharply. He discusses three new developments — involving OPEC, U.S. Treasury, and a possible new world monetary agreement — which may cause gold to go to astronomic prices.

How to invest

Dr. Pick shows you what forms of gold to invest in. He tells you about a popular

method of investing in gold which allows you to own gold outright and enjoy a significantly leveraged position as well. He warns you about the pitfalls associated with certain gold delivery orders.

In addition, Dr. Pick explains how to buy gold and legally avoid sales taxes. He points out a serious danger of buying gold coins — overlooked by many — and describes how to avoid it, too.

Furthermore, Dr. Pick explains the critical mistake many investors make by taking out a safe-deposit box, and tells you how to avoid it. He tells you what countries he feels it is safe to store your assets in. And he tells you about a little trick — perfectly legal — which will protect your assets held abroad from death taxes. In sum, Dr. Pick tells you precisely how to conserve your assets while the dollar collapses.

Special Introductory Offer

Dr. Franz Pick's interview recently appeared in the *Silver & Gold Report* — an impartial, independent, twice-monthly newsletter specializing in precious metals. A copy of this interview can be yours absolutely FREE with a three-month (6-issue) Introductory Subscription for only \$15.

The *Silver & Gold Report* is not a cheerleader for silver and gold. It's in the business of selling information and advice — not buying and selling silver and gold. Sometimes we're bullish; sometimes we're bearish. Sometimes we're right; and sometimes we're wrong. But we're always impartial and fiercely independent.

For these reasons, the *Silver & Gold Report* is probably today's largest publication specializing in precious metals. The *Report*, started in February 1976, has grown to a worldwide circulation greater than twenty thousand.

For your BONUS copy of Dr. Pick's new interview and a three-month, 6-issue Introductory Subscription to the *Silver & Gold Report*, simply clip and mail the coupon with your \$15 check or money order. Or, if you wish, you may charge your subscription to your Master Charge or Visa account.

Regular Features of the Silver & Gold Report...

In-depth interviews with a broad range of experts in silver and gold, such as Dr. Franz Pick, Ira U. Cobleigh, Harry Browne, Henry Hazlitt, Dr. Nicholas Deak, and F. A. von Hayek • Analyses of price movements • Price charts • Relevant economic data • Book reviews • Editorials • In-depth analyses and advice about silver and gold.

SILVER & GOLD REPORT, P.O. Box 325, Newtown, CT 06470

Please send me a BONUS copy of Dr. Franz Pick's new interview and enter my subscription to the *SILVER & GOLD REPORT*.

☐ **Regular Subscription.** One year: 24 issues, for \$96. I will also receive — as an additional bonus — 4 complimentary issues (a \$16 value).

☐ **Introductory Subscription.** Three months: 6 issues, for \$15.

☐ My check or money order for \$_____ is enclosed.

Please charge my ☐ Master Charge ☐ Visa

Acct. _____ Exp. Date _____

Note: Your subscription is tax-deductible if used for business or investment purposes.

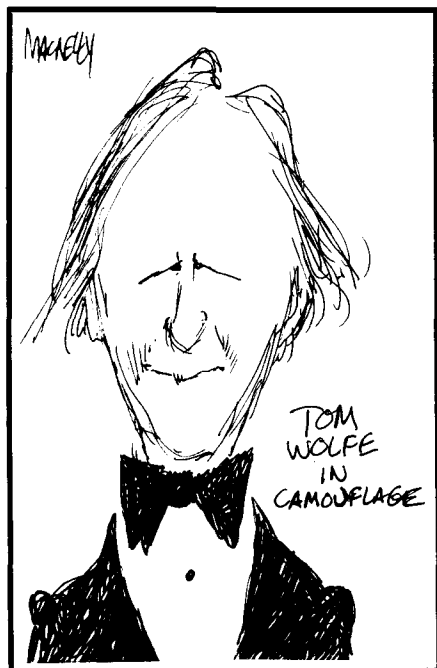
Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

(Foreign subscribers may pay in either U.S. \$, or the equivalent amount in other currency. Overseas subscribers please add \$16 per year for airmail postage and handling.)

to measure the distance between the paradigm and the actualization of policy (Grandfather, what big words you use!). It is part of the conservative philosophy to be grateful that no single person will ever achieve sufficient power to transcribe into public policy all of the prescriptions of any single voice. Our journal, although it is primarily a vehicle for thought and analysis understood as conservative, is many other things, none of them conflicting. We seek to illuminate and to entertain, to criticize and to heighten the sensibilities. Inevitably, the observance of criteria as other-worldly as the injunction against coveting one's neighbor's goods means that any success will be both partial, and tentative. Mr. Reagan departs now from his sometime role as tablet-keeper to the role of carrying out executive policies that share those attributes



with the sausage so often remarked, namely that familiarity with the processes by which public policy and sausages are made, would kill the appetite for either.

Still, there is pleasure in even a little progress—even among those of us taught, at our mother's knee, not to seek to immanentize the eschaton.

The spirit is keener in America today than it was five weeks ago, and on this point I question that there is widespread disagreement. This is not because there is an abatement in the power of those who seek to destroy liberty, or an evanescence of such forces as bring lending institutions to ask for 18 per

DEAR BILL:

SINCERE CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU AND YOUR STAFF ON COMPLETING A QUARTER-CENTURY OF VALUABLE SERVICE TO THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE OF OUR NATION. MAY THE ELEGANT LANGUAGE AND UNCOMPROMISING OPINIONS EXPRESSED IN THE NATIONAL REVIEW REMAIN WITH US ALWAYS, ALONG WITH THE IRREPRESSIBLE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINE'S DISTINGUISHED EDITOR. WITH FOND REGARDS.

CARLOS ROMERO BARCELÓ
GOVERNOR OF PUERTO RICO

cent interest on their money. We are refreshed by the enfranchisement of a fresh set of governors, with fresh recognitions of ancient vices and temptations.

Ronald Reagan now writes me, "After all, I've been reading NATIONAL REVIEW for 25 years"; and five years ago, in this hall, he said, "I want to express to NATIONAL REVIEW my appreciation for a fund of great knowledge that I've acquired." I take girlish pleasure, on behalf of the editors and writers at NATIONAL REVIEW, in that statement. Even while feeling the same embarrassment experienced by President Lincoln when, in a receiving line, on one occasion a lady thrust into his hands a huge bouquet of flowers, leaving him physically paralyzed. His handling of the situation was exemplary. "Are these really mine?" he asked. The lady giggled with pleasure and said: "Yes." "In that case," said Mr. Lincoln, returning the flowers to his guest, "I wish to present them to you." With all gratitude to Governor

Reagan, we make him a gift of that fund of great knowledge he has acquired by reading NATIONAL REVIEW.

I said that there was an exception to the rule that cautions me against acknowledgments. [At this point, WFB read the tribute to James Burnham that appears on p. 1640.] . . .

Words. Many of us in this room live off them, if not by them. They are useful, dangerous, salvific. "If any man offend not in word," St. James tells us, "the same is perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body. Behold, we put bits in the horses' mouths, that they may obey us; and we turn about their whole body. Behold also the ships, which though they be so great, and are driven of fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very small helm, whithersoever the governor listeth. Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

I join you in saluting NATIONAL REVIEW. □

Greetings from Omega

Excerpts, speech by Ronald Reagan, Twentieth Anniversary Banquet of NATIONAL REVIEW, November 17, 1975:

"I'm very proud to participate in this joyous and significant occasion and to have the opportunity to express my appreciation for many exciting hours of happy reading and for a fund of great knowledge that I've acquired. Whenever the Postal Service brings my copy of NATIONAL REVIEW, which in itself is something of a suspenseful adventure, . . . I settle into my favorite chair, NATIONAL REVIEW in one hand, the dictionary in another. I've spent so many hours there, actually now here on the Twentieth Anniversary I'm already up to the O's and figure by the Twenty-Fifth I'm going to make it all the way to Z* . . . But to get back to NATIONAL REVIEW, what other periodical gives you when you pick it up a compulsive feeling, a compulsion that you don't just go through it looking for articles you'll pick out and read—you have to read it from cover to cover.

" . . . with wit and brilliance NATIONAL REVIEW has taken a stand against the Zeitgeist. It has braced itself against the wind of our time which would have us believe that moderate is somehow a model word; that moderation is the noblest aspiration of mankind."

*"Z" has been our secret code word for the White House.

—ED.

This Book Will Tell Your Children More About 1980 Than They'll Ever Learn in School

And 1980 is one year they should never forget. So many amazing things happened (Reagan's landslide, the conservative "New Majority," etc.) so suddenly, every conservative will want to have a permanent record of it all — and one that can be relied on.

You get that and a whole lot more in *National Review's* Bound Volume XXXII, your personal record of an incredible year. It's all there for you and your children, history that cannot be rewritten, just as it happened, unclouded by hindsight and misinterpretation. Everything you want (and *need*) to know about the exciting events of 1980 at your fingertips, fully indexed for quick and easy reference.

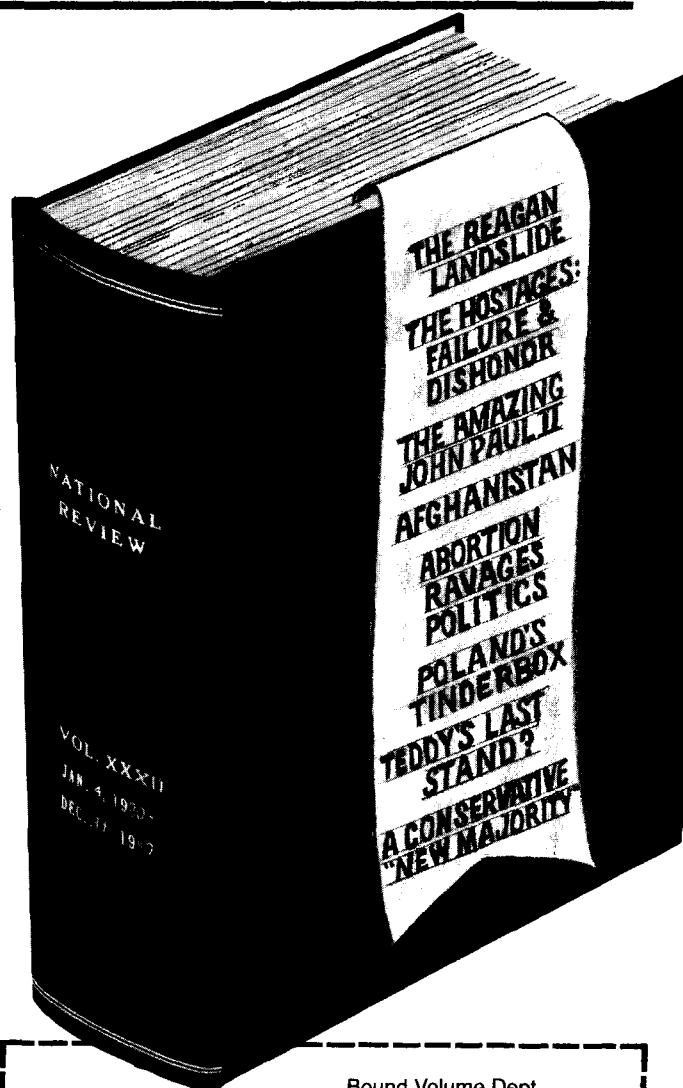
This year's Bound Volume contains over 1650 pages packed with a veritable treasure-trove of some of the best writing in America. It's something every member of your family will enjoy having handy for source material or for leisurely browsing.

Please Act Now

Don't delay. Fill in the coupon today and send it to us to make sure a copy of this impressive book is reserved in your name (since only a limited number of copies are bound, reservations are made on a first come, first served basis). By acting promptly and ordering now, you'll be eligible for the pre-bindery price of \$39.95, a saving of more than \$10 over the regular price of \$50.

NR's Bound Volume XXXII is certainly one that shouldn't be missed. Start your collection *now* with this handsome book. It's bound in rich maroon roxite and imprinted in 24-carat gold to make a prize addition to any library. You may pay with order or enclose a \$10 deposit and we'll bill you for the balance when we ship your book in early April. Just fill in the coupon and mail it to us today. You and your whole family will be *very* glad you did

**Get it now at
this special
pre-bindery price!**



NATIONAL REVIEW

Bound Volume Dept.
150 East 35th Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

Gentlemen:

Please reserve a copy of National Review's Bound Volume XXXII in my name at the special pre-bindery price of just \$39.95. I understand that by ordering now my name will be placed on file and I will be notified in advance of the opportunity to acquire future volumes at a special price.

☐ I enclose payment in full of \$39.95.

☐ I enclose my \$10. Bill me later for the balance, \$29.95.

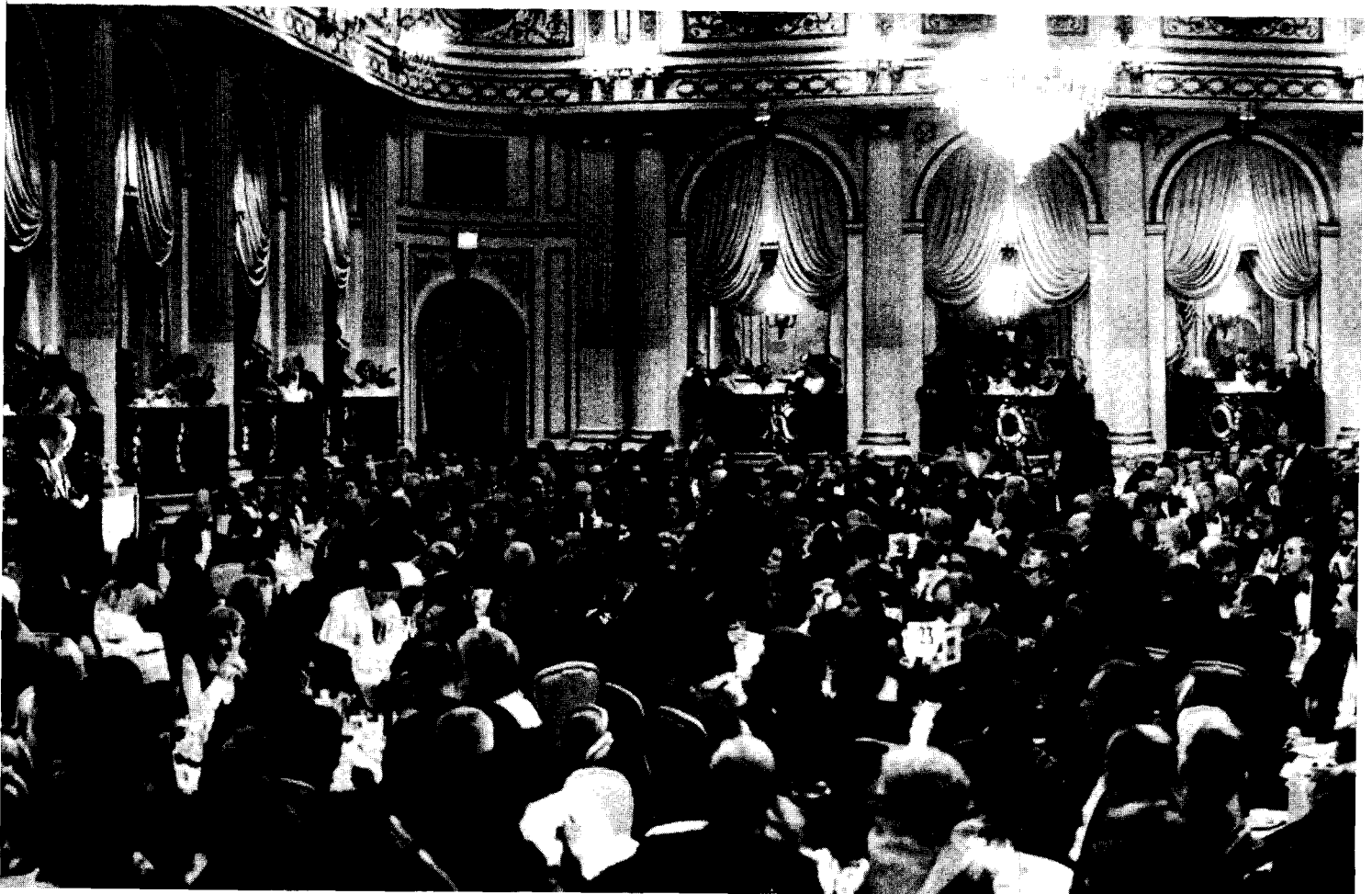
Name _____ please print
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Barry M. Goldwater
Clare Boothe Luce
and
Roger Milliken
cordially invite you to join in celebrating the

Twenty-Fifth Anniversary
of

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

at a
Gala
on
Friday, December 5, 1980
in the
Grand Ballroom
of the
Plaza Hotel
59th and Fifth Avenue
New York City

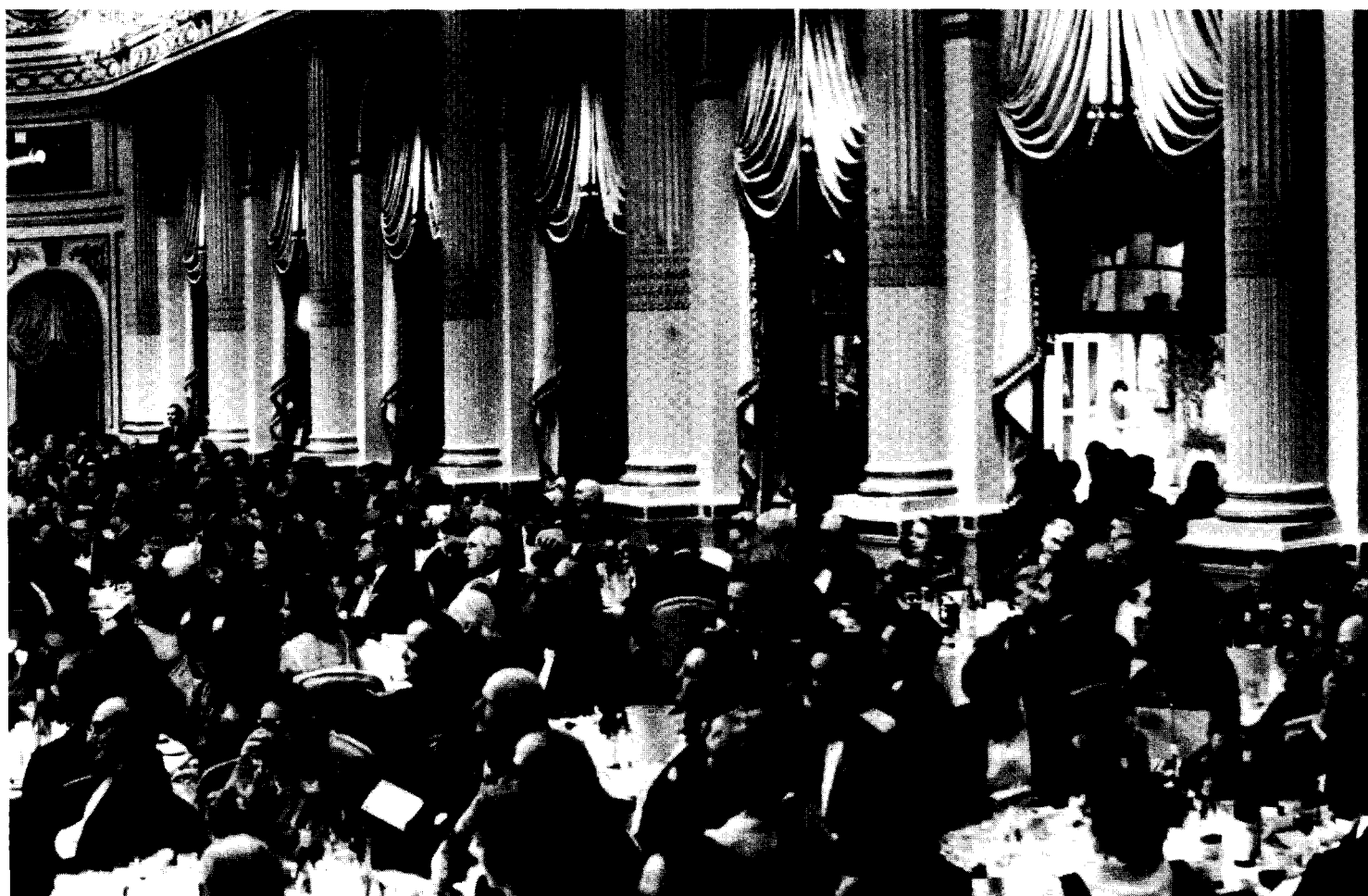




Publisher Bill Rusher announces there are shoals ahead. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Burton Marshall, behind, appear to take the news somberly.



Columnist George Will extemporizes, to the delight of most of the laity. At table to his right are Msgr. Eugene Clark, Lawry Chickering of the Institute for Contemporary Studies, and Marcia (Mrs. James) Burnham. Above Msgr. Clark, J. P. McFadden savors joke and cigar.





Master of ceremonies M. Stanton Evans: "Reading NATIONAL REVIEW is like sex: when it's good it's terrific; when it's bad, it's still pretty good."



No, not tonight. NR Director Roger Moore and the party's co-sponsor, Roger Milliken, will not discuss NR's finances tonight.



Marcia and James Burnham listen enraptured to George Will. Priscilla Buckley has just caught sight of a long-time-no-see former editorial assistant (not shown) in the box behind her. George is (always) understanding where Priscilla is concerned.



Alfonse D'Amato is saddened to hear that Jacob Javits will not, after all, attend.



Murray Kempton missed the serious part, since "those in no state of Grace should not take Communion."



Clockwise from foreground: J. S. Bach's representative on earth, Rosalyn Tureck, Hizzoner Ed Koch, Henry Kissinger, Bill Finucane, Clare Boothe Luce, WFB, Nancy Kissinger, Reagan-manager Bill Casey. Bill Rusher is at the podium, pronouncing the death of liberalism. The listeners are registering various emotions. See if you can spot: Distress, Fatalism, Joy, Nostalgia, Secret Delight. One of them is a Mole. Can you tell who? If so, keep your mouth shut. It's our secret. Our party. Who asked you?



Senior editor and syndicated columnist Jeffrey Hart, professor of English at Dartmouth, entrances the multitude, and astonishes his NR colleagues more accustomed to seeing Jeff in a Budweiser tie and floor-length raccoon coat.



Bill Buckley: "I wrote him [Reagan] in May to advise him that I could not accept the anticipated invitation to serve him as Secretary of State, or in any other office. He replied that he was very sorry to hear this, as he had in mind for me ambassador to Afghanistan. . . ."



Dick Wellstood gives the assembly "A tribute to Fats Waller." He is playing "St. James' Infirmary Blues" "even though Fats Waller didn't write it, and didn't play it, but I'm sure he liked it." Nat Hentoff calls Wellstood finest living jazz pianist.



The great Rosalyn Tureck in a salute to Johann Sebastian Bach. The audience, she will tell Bill Buckley later, was as attentive as in any concert hall.



Bill Buckley is gently disbelieving of tall tale Hugh Kenner has just told him and former Nixon counsel Len Garment (back to camera). At right Mary Ann Kenner and NR's Joe Sobran enjoy the joke.



Clare Boothe Luce—at her fourth NR celebration. Behind: Agatha Schmidt Dowd and Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn.



The receiving line rotated, with WFB, WAR, and Priscilla Buckley there for the whole hour. At left, NR's long-time attorney and legal analyst, C. Dickerman Williams. On Rusher's left, co-sponsor of the evening, Roger Milliken, president of Deering Milliken. He, and the Milliken family, have been the staunchest supporters of NR. Roger, usually the most obliging of men, flatly refused to make a speech. No request of his to NR has ever been dishonored.



Lowell Thomas explains to Walter Cronkite he should travel more—"Good for longevity, gets you away from New York in-group. So long until tomorrow."



John Chamberlain: on NR's masthead from the beginning. His career includes daily book reviewing for New York Times in the '30s . . . editor of The Freeman . . . editorial writer, Life magazine . . . syndicated columnist—and wrote intro to God and Man at Yale.



From left: NR director Dan McGrath, NR supporter Nan Kempfner, Lowell Thomas, Pat Buckley, Walter Cronkite, John Chancellor, the latter two having a mysterious attraction for photographers. Jan Lukacs couldn't find Human Events editor Tom Winter, N.Y. Daily News editor Mike O'Neill, Fred Friendly of CBS-Columbia, or Neal Freeman.



Midge Decter and Norman Podhoretz Mr. and Mrs. at home. Norman is e of Commentary, author of The Press Danger. Midge is Executive Director the Committee for the Free World. Free World is in pretty good hands. At right, Pat Buckley.



WFB during his tribute to James Burnham. Next day, at Firing Line, WFB advised the Rev. Wm. Sloane Coffin that NR's party proved that verily the meek had inherited the earth.



Tom Wolfe, author of The Right Stuff, exhibits the Wrong Profile. Christopher Buckley (now of Esquire) talking with American Spectator editor R. Emmett Tyrrell. Sheila Wolfe giving Tyrrell what half America has wanted to give him, the fico. He will transcend it. Crowding makes socializing difficult. But the guests forgive the sponsors.



Nancy Kissinger. Something has amused her. She won't say, but the rumor is that she won't have to return to Washington. Besides, New York clearly becomes her.



Daniel Oliver, sometime Executive Editor of NR; a director of NR Inc., attorney, and prospective participant in Reagan Administration. Keep your eye on him.



Leonard Garment, practicing law after Washington turmoil, is here without his saxophone, on which he accompanied Dick Wellstood at NR's 20th.



Jim and Ann Buckley with good friend Lewis Lehrman, industrialist, head of Lehrman Institute, candidate for Secretary of the Treasury. Scarcely visible, former Ambassador (Argentina, Spain) and Governor (Connecticut) John Davis Lodge, and direct-mail tycoon and Conservative Digest publisher Richard Viguerie.



Morley Safer (who is doing a 60 Minutes, scheduled for January 18 viewing), with Time Inc. Editor-in-Chief Henry Grunwald and Walter and Betsy Cronkite. "Have you ever been to a better party, Henry?" "Never." "Walter? Betsy?" "Never." "Why can't CBS and Time Inc. give such nice parties?" "Can't afford it."



Essayist Wilfrid Sheed (foreground, left). Historian Thomas Wendel, NR contributor. Behind him, George Nash, director of Hoover biography project, and author of The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America, featured in NR's 20th Anniversary issue.



Robert Bartley and friend. He is head of the editorial page of the Wall Street Journal. He practices affirmative action by occasionally publishing Arthur Schlesinger Jr.



Richard and Shirley (People) Clurman endure a right-wing joke as Frank Shakespeare (formerly of USIA, now RKO) enjoys same. To Frank's left, Right-to-Worker Lee Edwards.

THE

university

The University Bookman is a quarterly edited by Russell Kirk. Each issue is devoted to the restoration and improvement of the standards of higher education in America. Most of the articles for this quarterly concentrate on two topics: the reviewing of university and college textbooks; and the sensible criticism of educational theory and practice today. Every **National Review** subscriber, living in the U.S.A., gets **The University Bookman** free. Others may subscribe at \$2.00 a year. Subscriptions and editorial correspondence should be sent to:

bookman

The University Bookman, P. O. Box 3070, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. 10017

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

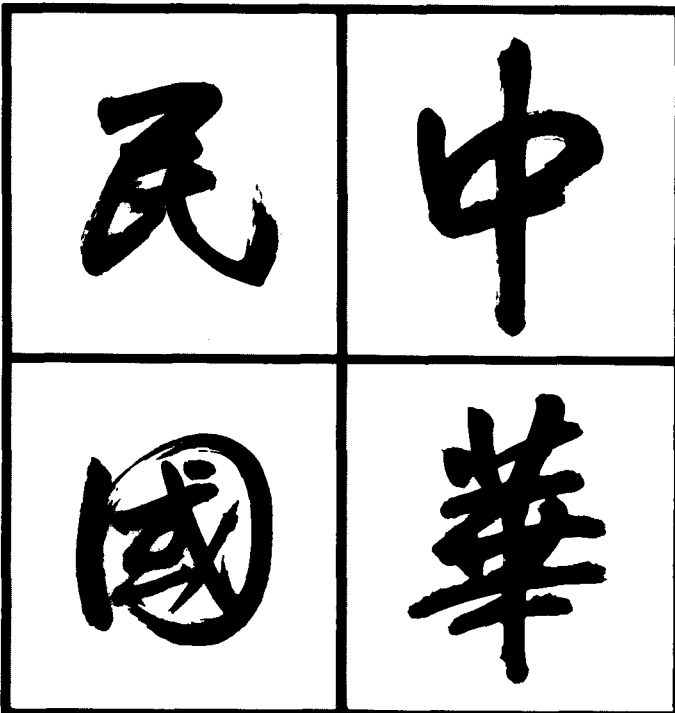
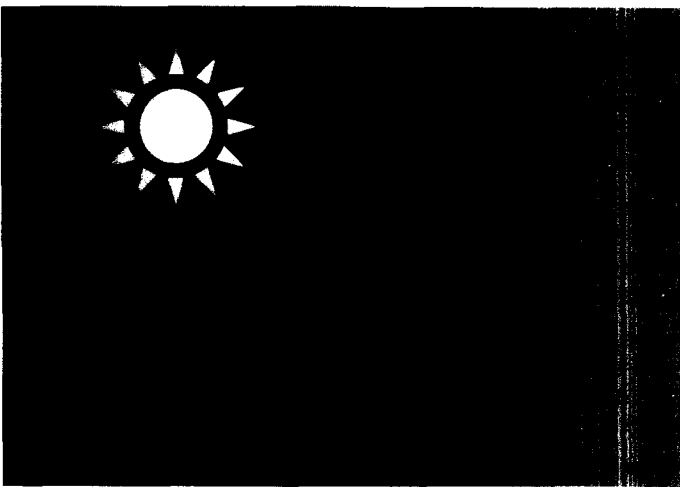
ongratulations

to

Mr. Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

on

National Review's
25th Anniversary



REPUBLIC
OF
CHINA

Subscription Service

TO SUBSCRIBE OR RENEW:

- ☐ new subscription ☐ 1 year \$24 (USA)
☐ renewal ☐ 1 year \$26 (Canada)

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ 1 year \$28 (All other foreign).
☐ Bill me Initial here _____

CHANGE OF ADDRESS AND RENEWAL:

Please attach the mailing label from the front cover when writing about service or change of address. Allow 3 weeks for change of address to take effect. Thank you.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

MAIL TO: National Review, Readers Service
150 East 35th Street, New York, NY 10016

NR CLASSIFIED ADS

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

Pay for two ads—
get a third ad FREE
Advance payment
(minimum 2 ads)



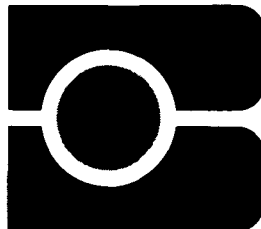
AD COPY:

Enclosed \$ _____
 Mail to
 Classified Director
 National Review
 150 East 35 Street
 New York, NY 10016

Rates:
 90c per word.
 \$2.00 for NR
 box number

Freedom to change, Brady style

BRADY



**ADHESIVE
AND
GRAPHICS
CHEMISTRY**

Despite the many ways government at all levels increasingly intrudes in our business and personal lives, we still enjoy more freedom than most of the rest of the world.

Like *freedom to change*, just as Brady has recently done with its own corporate identity. In order to make businessmen more clearly aware of who we are, and what we do, two steps have been taken.

- First, development of a new corporate signature, logo, symbol and slogan. You see it above, and you'll soon be seeing it in our ads, packaging, letterheads, signs, and calling cards.
- Second, a colorful new corporate brochure that tells you who we are, how we got started and what we make, and where we make and sell it. We'll be pleased to send you a copy.



Brady LiteTouch™ low voltage membrane switches combine contemporary graphics and solid state electronic technology in a sealed package. Just one of many innovative Brady products for industry and business. Perhaps you'll see a place to put Brady to work in your company as you review our new corporate brochure.

WBC-6

BRADY



**ADHESIVE
AND
GRAPHICS
CHEMISTRY**

W. H. BRADY CO.
 727 W. Glendale Avenue
 P. O. Box 571, Milwaukee, WI 53201

AS YOU CAN GIVE THE MAN WHO HAS EVERYTHING
SOMETHING HE'S NEVER HAD BEFORE.



W
IN OAK PATIENTLY. JUDGED RUTHLESSLY FOR TASTE, BOUQUET AND SMOOTHNESS.
WHISKY IS BOTTLED STRAIGHT FROM THE BARREL AT 114 BARREL PROOF AND BECOMES
THE MOST EXPENSIVE BOURBON IN THE WORLD.

114 BARREL PROOF.

FROM OLD GRAND-DAD.

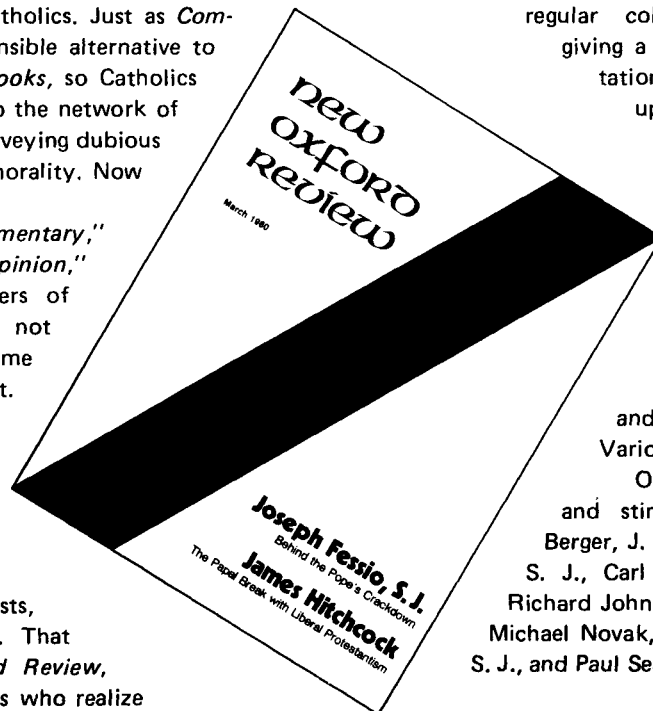
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUPPORT THE POPE

Catholic Christians need a monthly magazine devoted to the high-level discussion of general ideas that **stands with Pope John Paul II** in his struggle to save Christian orthodoxy from Hans Kung and other doubting theologians who have had a field day undermining the faith of a generation of Catholics. Just as *Commentary* magazine is the sensible alternative to the *New York Review of Books*, so Catholics need a sensible alternative to the network of Catholic opinion journals purveying dubious theology and pre-Christian morality. Now they have it.

We are a "Catholic *Commentary*," not a "Catholic *American Opinion*," because we believe defenders of doctrinal orthodoxy must not allow themselves to become captives of the radical right.

Now there is a Catholic journal that is written for both laity and clergy, and focuses its fire on the modernists while maintaining open doors to Evangelicals, Pentecostals, and the Eastern Orthodox. That journal is the *New Oxford Review*, published by Anglo-Catholics who realize that the battle for Christian truth today is not being fought between Catholics and Protestants, but inside all denominations and communities.



A current issue features a symposium on where and why **Pope John Paul II should be supported by all orthodox Christians**. Each contributor is a prominent *non*-Roman Catholic.

The *New Oxford Review* features a regular column by **James Hitchcock** giving a running account and interpretation of the epic battle shaping up between the Holy Father and the modernists. Our Rome Correspondent files dispatches from **inside the Vatican**. Law professor Michael E. Smith writes a monthly column on **personal sanctity** from, of all places, Berkeley!

A variety of both religious and secular issues is addressed. Various viewpoints are aired.

Our writers include such diverse and stimulating people as Peter L. Berger, J. M. Cameron, Francis Canavan, S. J., Carl F. H. Henry, Sidney Hook, Richard John Neuhaus, John T. Noonan Jr., Michael Novak, Paul Ramsey, James V. Schall, S. J., and Paul Seabury.

The *Library Journal* says: "Recent contributors have been Russell Kirk, John Lukacs, and the *New Oxford Review's* own brilliant, young editor, Dale Vree. This fine journal **will doubtless command increasing attention.**"

SPECIAL DISCOUNT RATES FOR FIRST-TIME SUBSCRIBERS

- | | |
|--|---|
| ☐ One-year subscription . . . \$6 (regularly \$9) | ☐ One-year Canadian or foreign subscription . . . \$9 (regularly \$11) |
| ☐ One-year student or retired person's subscription . . . \$5 (regularly \$7) | ☐ Sample copy . . . \$2 |
| ☐ Three-year subscription . . . \$15 (regularly \$24) | |

Mail to:

New Oxford Review
Department C-4
6013 Lawton Ave.
Oakland, CA 94618

NAME (Please print or type)

STREET ADDRESS

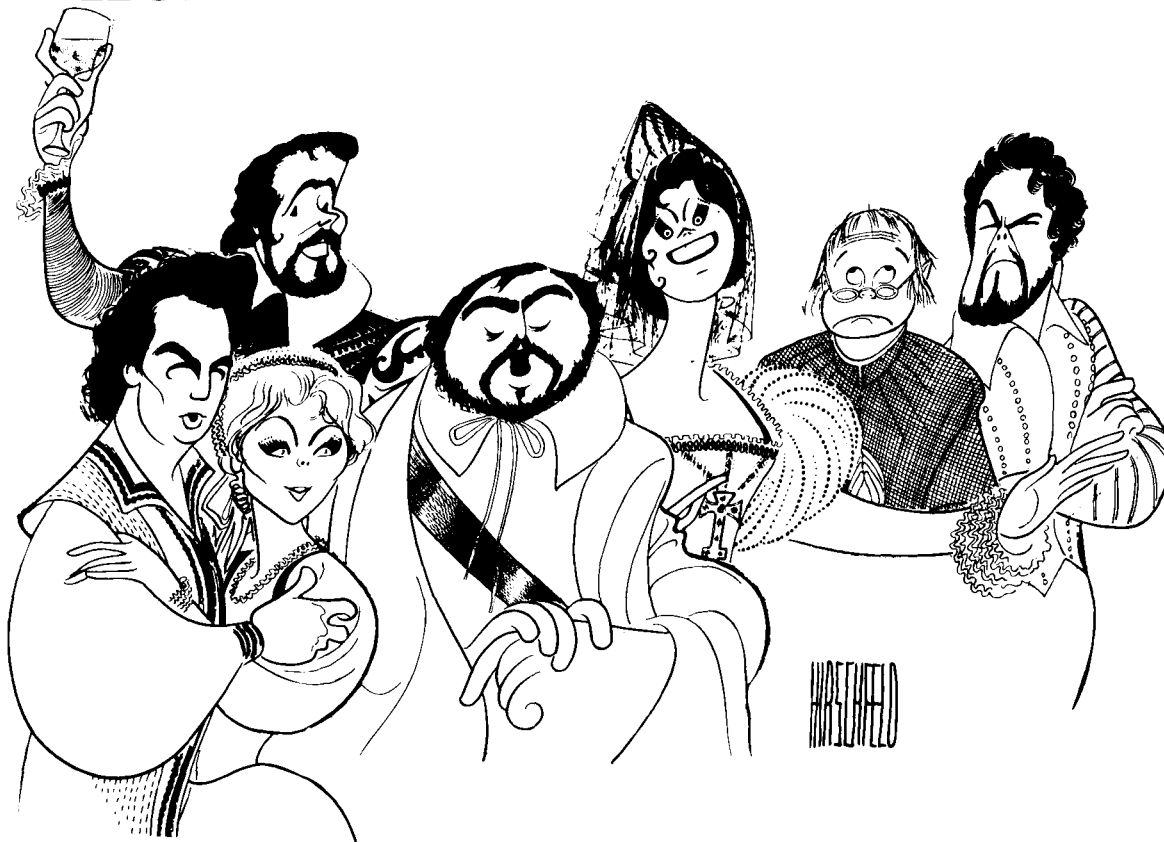
CITY

STATE

ZIP CODE

PAYMENT MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER

Yes, Violetta, there are Saturday afternoon broadcasts from The Met this season.



**Texaco and the Metropolitan Opera
are delighted to announce the 41st season
of the Metropolitan Opera radio broadcasts
every Saturday, now through April 18th.**

1980-81 OPENING SCHEDULE

Date	Opera and Composer	Start EST (PM)	Date	Opera and Composer	Start EST (PM)
Dec. 6	*La Traviata-Verdi	2:00	Dec. 27	Hansel and Gretel-Humperdinck	2:00
Dec. 13	*Bartered Bride-Smetana	2:00	Jan. 3	Lulu-Berg	2:00
Dec. 20	*Cosi Fan Tutte-Mozart	2:00	Jan. 10	Dialogues Des Carmélites-Poulenc	2:00

And every Saturday afternoon thereafter through April 18th over the
Texaco/Metropolitan Opera Radio Network.

*Recorded

Your ticket to The Met for over 40 years.

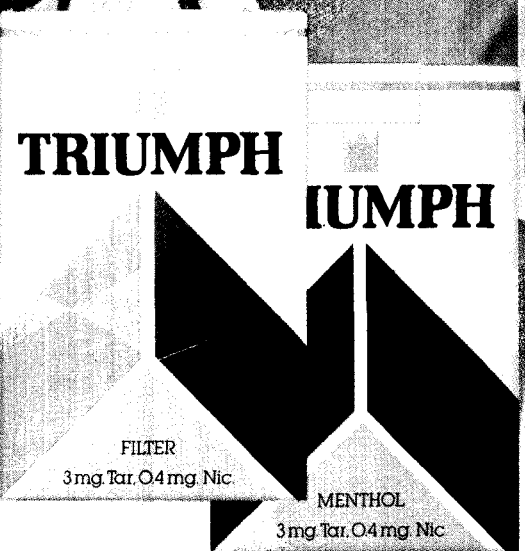


**Don't miss the "Live From The Met" PBS telecast
of "Lulu," Saturday, December 20th.**



TRIUMPH

Waste the money
TRIUMPH
only 3 mg tar



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

©Lorillard Inc. 1980
Filter: 3 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. 1980.
Menthol: 3 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

LICENSED TO UN2.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED